



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 08160334 6

Diary
of a
Sikh

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 12.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 4.5 million to 6.5 million (Office of National Statistics 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of older people in the community. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for older people, which sets out a vision for the future of older people's services. The strategy is based on the following principles: older people should be able to live independently in their own homes; older people should be able to participate in the community; and older people should be able to access the services they need.

The strategy also sets out a number of objectives for the future of older people's services. These include: to improve the quality of life of older people; to reduce the number of older people who are in care homes; to increase the number of older people who are employed; and to increase the number of older people who are active in the community.

The strategy is a key document for the development of older people's services in the UK. It provides a framework for the development of policies and services for older people. It also provides a basis for the evaluation of older people's services.

The strategy is a key document for the development of older people's services in the UK. It provides a framework for the development of policies and services for older people. It also provides a basis for the evaluation of older people's services.

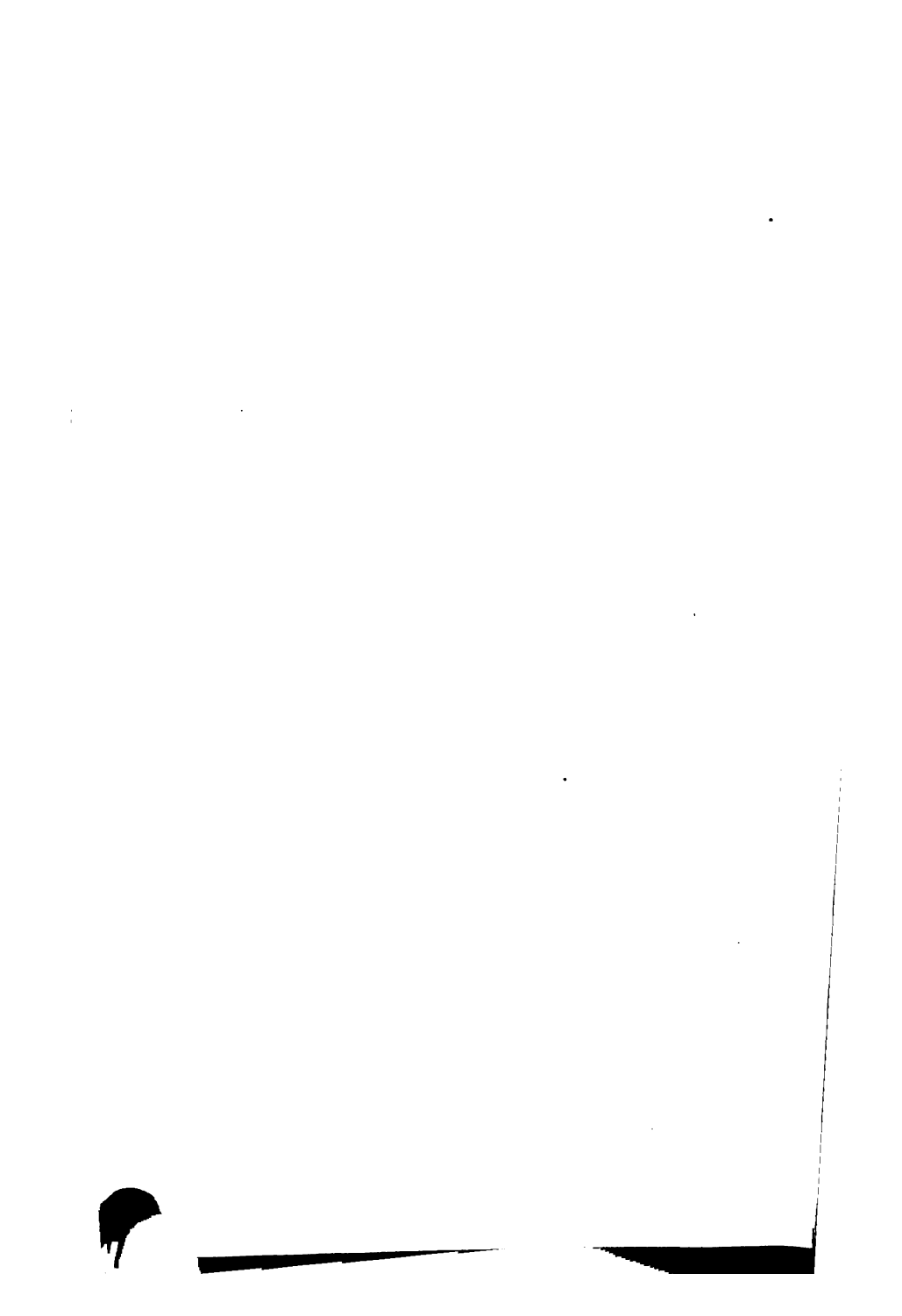
The strategy is a key document for the development of older people's services in the UK. It provides a framework for the development of policies and services for older people. It also provides a basis for the evaluation of older people's services.

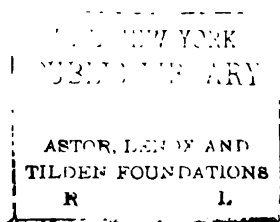
The strategy is a key document for the development of older people's services in the UK. It provides a framework for the development of policies and services for older people. It also provides a basis for the evaluation of older people's services.

The strategy is a key document for the development of older people's services in the UK. It provides a framework for the development of policies and services for older people. It also provides a basis for the evaluation of older people's services.

Dup. to
Be Kept

C-13
2019







AUGUSTIN DALY

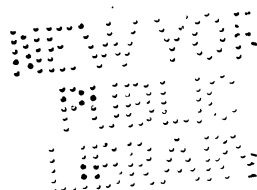
Dated
1910

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

**BEING PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEMBER
OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S FAMOUS COMPANY
OF PLAYERS**

[Ransom, Dec. 11, 7.]

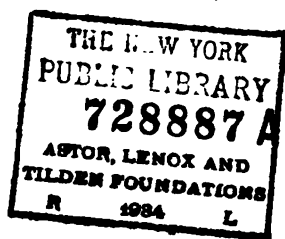
ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
DUFFIELD & COMPANY

1910

F 3



COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY
DUFFIELD & COMPANY

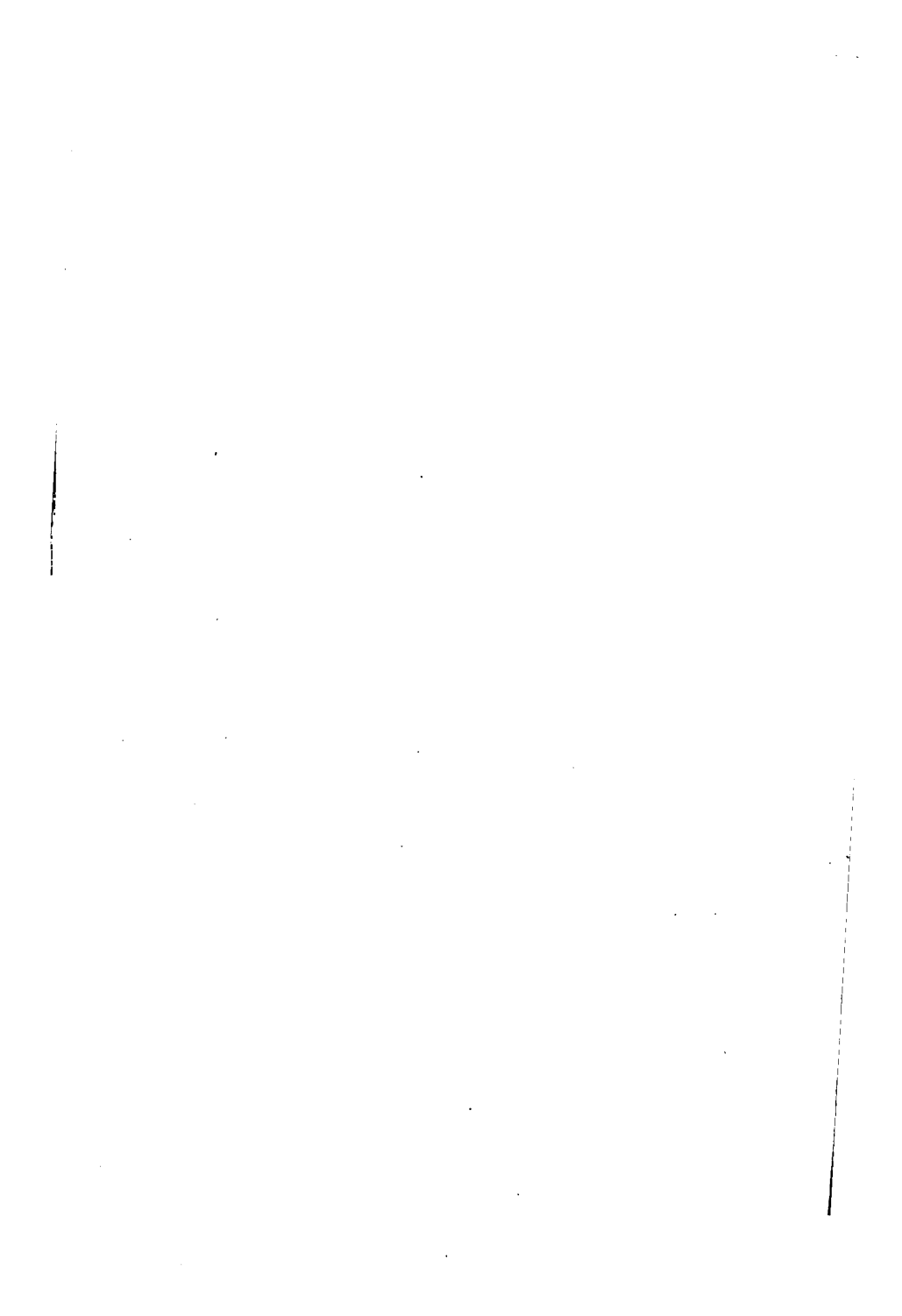
Published, February, 1910

101 W 33d
St
New York

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of Augustin Daly *Frontispiece*

	PAGE
Portrait of Charles Leclercq	10
Ada Rehan as <i>Lu Ten Eyck</i>	22
Portraits of Salvatore de Carlo and Madame Carola Malvina (from original drawings by Mr. John Drew)	46
Portrait of Estelle Clayton	48
Portrait of Harry Lacy (as the <i>Rev. Harry Duncan</i>)	58
Portrait of John Drew	72
Facsimile of Augustin Daly's Autograph	98
Portrait of William Davidge	108
A Royal Middy	114
Catherine Lewis as <i>Fanchette</i> the Gipsy . . .	120
Hart Conway as <i>Don Januario</i> (from a contempo- rary sketch)	122
Don Domingos Perplexed (scene in <i>The Royal Middy</i>) (from a contemporary sketch) . .	150
Portrait of Isabelle Evesson	166
Captain Norberto Vanquished (scene in <i>The Royal Middy</i>) (from a contemporary sketch) . .	184
A Royal Middy under Discipline (scene in <i>The Royal Middy</i>) (from a contemporary sketch)	238



PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THIS Diary of a Daly Débutante in the early 'eighties is printed from a manuscript which, quite by chance, becomes available for publication some thirty years later. It is printed verbatim, with only such omissions as have seemed expedient for personal reasons, the writer having since become well known in another walk of life. The Diary as a whole, in a perfectly unconscious way, gives so true a picture of a vanished life and of other times behind the footlights that no apology is made for offering it to true lovers of the theatre.

Diary of a Daly Débutante

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879.—To-day I have had my first glimpse of life behind the scenes in a real theatre, the place where I expect to spend most of my waking hours for many months. I think it will be interesting and amusing to keep a record of my experiences in this new world, for it seems like that to me, everything is so different from any former experiences in my life.

Mamma has wished for some time that I should go on the stage, as she thinks I have dramatic ability; so, although I am only just out of school, she has been trying several months to find a place for me in a New York theatre. None of my family ever has been connected with the stage, and we had no acquaintance or influence with theatrical people; but I have taken a long course of instruction with Mr. Frederic C. P. Robinson, an English actor of high standing, formerly of the Union Square Theatre and later of Wallack's. We were told that he was the best dramatic teacher in New York. When I finished my course of lessons last June, Mr. Robinson brought about a meeting between Mr. Augustin Daly, the famous theatrical manager, my mother and myself. Mr. Daly was then engaging actors for a company with which he intended to open his new theatre at Broadway and Thirtieth Street early in the autumn. Mr. Robinson told us that he wished to engage several young girls of good family

2 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

and education, who had had some dramatic instruction, although he preferred that they should have had no actual theatrical experience. He means to train this "raw material," as Mr. Robinson expressed it, from the rudiments in the art of acting until he makes "stars" of them.

I was lucky enough to come up to his standard, and an engagement was made at this interview. After we had come to an understanding, Mr. Daly graciously bade me good-by, saying that a contract would be sent to me to sign and that I should hear from him in good time, as soon as he should decide to begin rehearsals for the coming season. Our interview took place in a bare, unfinished room in the theatre itself (it used to be called Wood's Museum, and later the Broadway Theatre, I believe); tools were scattered around the floor and we had to sit on carpenters' benches. I peeped out into the auditorium, but saw nothing interesting, only wild disorder and dirt. The theatre was to be entirely rebuilt inside, and the work was only just beginning. Mr. Daly smiled at my surprise, and said the place would look very different the next time I saw it. He has a very agreeable smile, and is a distinguished-looking man. He is tall and slender, with a pale complexion and the most remarkable blue eyes; they are of so dark a shade and have such long, thick, curving black lashes they remind me of the blue fringed gentian. He was most courteous, though I fancy he can be pretty sharp when he likes, from the way he spoke to one of the workmen who did something that annoyed him.

Mamma and I returned to our home in the country, where I studied hard all summer until last week, when I received a letter from Mr. Daly asking me to come to the theatre on the morning of September 4th at eleven o'clock. So mamma and I came back to New York, September 1st, settled ourselves comfortably in a street near the theatre, and this morning I was at the stage door at eleven o'clock precisely, full of curiosity and excitement.

The stage entrance was far from inviting. I had to go through the hall of a tenement house on Sixth Avenue and across a stone-paved back yard. A great gathering of heads of interested Hibernian spectators appeared at the rear windows of the tenement house, calling one another's attention to the "theayter people." At the farther side of the yard was the real stage door, guarded by a cross little old man, who acted as suspicious as if he thought I wanted to steal some of the stage scenery. He finally let me pass, and I groped up a dark, winding stairway and suddenly found myself on the stage. The place certainly appeared very different from the way it looked last June. The auditorium is decorated in rich, dark-red colouring, with touches of gold, and the whole effect is very handsome.

The stage was full of people, and new arrivals appeared every minute. Mr. Daly was rushing about, with a very odd-looking hat on the back of his head, shaking hands with some of the actors; and trotting after him everywhere was a white-haired little old gentleman, who I learned was Mr. John Moore, the

4 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

prompter. He has been with Mr. Daly ever since he first managed the old Fifth Avenue Theatre in Twenty-fourth Street. Mr. Moore asked the name and address of every one present, and wrote the names in a book he carried under his arm. He called all the ladies "my dear," which sounded very queer.

There seemed to be no end to the crowd that kept coming in. Some appeared to be old acquaintances, others were strangers. We all stood about the stage and looked at one another until the last arrivals were registered; then we were dismissed and instructed to report to-morrow morning for the first regular rehearsal. I can hardly wait for to-morrow to come.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.—The first rehearsal took place to-day, and I found it very amusing. Everyone arrived at the theatre at ten o'clock, and we younger girls (the much-advertised débutante school) were directed to go into the greenroom to be taught the music for the play by Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, the leader of the orchestra. He is a fine musician, they say, but I never have heard him play. He is certainly an excellent teacher, with the patience of a saint, for he never frowned at our slowness, and a false note produced merely a pained expression on his face. Some musicians would have raved and torn their hair over the sounds we made.

The principal actors in two plays that are to be produced on the same night remained on the stage, and we could not hear anything of their doings at first, as we were all in the greenroom. This place is

not very attractive; it is long and narrow, with a full-length mirror at one end of the room; next to the mirror is a door leading into Mr. Daly's private office. There is a green velvet carpet on the floor, and around the walls runs a leather-covered bench. A few chairs stand here and there, and a fine Weber piano occupies one corner. Several good pictures and some curious old English play-bills hang on the walls. There is only one window, so the room is dark and gloomy by daylight, except just by the window, though at night it is light enough. A door opens into one end of the property-room—a place where all sorts of things are kept that are used on the stage—and through that we pass out to the stage.

We worked a long time on the incidental music for the new play, a comedy with the title *Newport; or, the Singer, the Swimmer, and the Cipher*. Olive Logan wrote the play, and the music is by a French composer named Lecocq. I don't know who he is, but his music is perfect trash, in my opinion. I hope the play will be better than the songs. Perhaps the audiences will forgive the music for the sake of those that are to sing it, for I never have seen a prettier group of girls anywhere. Some of them are positively beauties. There is a list of names of those who are to sing on a bulletin-board in the greenroom, and I have copied it. They are Blanche Weaver, Lillie Vinton, Emma Hinckley, Fannie McNeill, Ella Remetze, Emma Hamilton, Minnie Wharton, Grace Logan, Laura Thorpe, Isabelle Evesson, Estelle Clayton, Dora Knowlton, and Sara Lascelles. Two of these young ladies are sisters,

6 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

I hear, although they are called by different names—Estelle Clayton and Isabelle Evesson—and I think they are the most beautiful girls I ever have seen. Both have fluffy golden hair and large, velvety, dark-brown eyes with long curling lashes; their complexions are perfect and their features exquisite. Their expressions are quite different, however. Miss Evesson looks like a wondering cherub and Miss Clayton like a Madonna.

After our music rehearsal was over we went out on the stage, and for some time I watched the principals in a little one-act play called *Love's Young Dream*, which is to precede *Newport*. All the company was present, some on the stage, others sitting at the side, and a few persons were out in the auditorium. Mr. Daly sat on an old wooden chair on the stage with his back to the footlights, so close to them I thought he would surely topple over; old Mr. Moore held the book of the play, and the actors moved slowly about the stage with manuscript copies of their rôles in their hands and read their lines aloud. Mr. Daly would often bounce up to rush to some actor, twisting and turning him about, waving his long arms, and going through the funniest motions showing him how to do things; then he would return to the kitchen chair, push that hat a little farther to the back of his head, and watch the action until he felt called upon to bounce up again. I wonder whether he ever takes his hat off; I haven't seen him do it yet. Still more do I wonder where he ever bought such a queer hat.

I learned the names of the rest of the company while

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 7

I was watching them. They are Mrs. Charles Poole, a handsome old lady, May Fielding, Catherine Lewis, Helen Blythe, Maggie Harold, Ada Rehan, May Bowers (they say she is a daughter of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, the tragic actress, a sister of Mrs. F. B. Conway, of the Brooklyn Theatre), Georgine Flagg, Regina Dace, Mabel Jordan, Annie Wakeman, Maggie Barnes, and Sydney Nelson.

The men of the company are Charles Fisher, Charles Leclercq, William Davidge (all three of whom I recognized as soon as I saw them), Harry Lacy, Hart Conway, John Drew, George Morton, George Parkes, Frank V. Bennett, Walter Edmunds, Earle Stirling, and a number of other younger men whose names I do not know yet. The names of the whole company were on a bulletin-board at one side of the stage. Some of the company sing as well as act. Catherine Lewis and May Fielding are the leading singers, and Helen Blythe is engaged as the leading dramatic actress. She is from the West, I hear, and her début in this company will be her first appearance in New York.

I watched the play for some time, but could not understand much of it in its first stages, and I went home about two o'clock. We shall have rehearsals every day until the opening night, which is set for the 17th of this month. It doesn't seem possible that two plays can be made ready in that short time.

I think that I will write up my journal once a week after this, as I shall be too busy and tired to write in it every day.

8 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.—We have had one week of rehearsals—such hard work as I never dreamed was connected with anything that looks so easy and jolly as play-acting. Actually, we have spent almost the whole of every day in the theatre, busy all the time, and the two plays begin to run pretty well now. But I don't like *Newport*, and I never shall, although the scenery for it is lovely and the acting of the principals is good. The costumes came yesterday, and some of them are extremely pretty. In the first act we girls are to wear the very giddiest bathing-suits I ever beheld. If such suits should appear on any beach the wearers would certainly draw a crowd. My costume is pretty and becoming, I think. It has a short skirt of pale blue silk-and-wool material, trimmed with bands of pink silk; I also wear blue silk stockings, white shoes, and a large white hat with pink and blue ribbons. Wouldn't that costume be useful in the water? The other suits display all colours of the rainbow, and a few more; but they are pretty, and at a dress rehearsal that we had to-day one of the English actors said "the little girls look very fetching." Mr. Daly, too, looked at us with a pleased smile. The older actors call us "the pets," "the kids," "the little girls," "the nursery contingent," and even "the trundlebed crowd." I don't mind it, but it makes some of the girls very indignant.

There is one lady they call "the nursery governess." She is Madame Carola Malvina, who teaches us dancing, walking, and other exercises to make us quick and graceful. She is a good-looking woman about

forty, I should think, a beautiful dancer and a fine linguist. They say she speaks every language spoken in Europe, and really it seems so, for she talks fluently with the members of the orchestra, every man in which seems to have come from a different country. Madame has a lively temper of her own, but she is kind-hearted, entertaining, and an excellent teacher.

In the third and last act we girls are to wear white organdie and lace summer costumes and garden hats, as the scene is a fashionable hotel at Newport. As good luck will have it, I shall not have to buy a new dress for this scene, for which, as it does not call for fancy costume furnished by the management, we have to provide our own gowns. I ran around to see Henry and Beatrice de Mille the other evening, and when I told Beatrice about this scene the dear girl offered to give me a sweet white organdie dress of hers which is almost new. Her baby, little William, is a year old now, and she is obliged to give him so much time and attention that she says she shall not go anywhere for some time to wear the dress, and that I might as well have it as not. She is a dear! One reason why I am so delighted with it is because it has a lovely long train, and I've always been crazy to swish around with a train like that.

The rehearsal yesterday was a trying affair. It did not go as well as usual, and Mr. Daly used some very strong language, right before the ladies, too—I never heard him do that before. I shouldn't think he would do so. But I don't believe he likes the play very well himself, and I don't wonder.

10 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

Love's Young Dream is a pretty little piece, however, and it is interesting to watch the rehearsal of it. I admire Ada Rehan; she has such a merry way with her, such an odd, yet musical voice and accent, and she seems very nice and pleasant, too, with no silly airs or affectations. She is not exactly pretty, but has the sweetest smile and a dear, deep dimple in her cheek. She is tall but very graceful, and has fluffy reddish hair and more than a few freckles. There is something very fascinating about her, particularly when she laughs.

May Fielding is a pretty blonde with a lovely soprano voice, but she can't act much, in my opinion. They say she is married, but everyone calls her "Miss." Harry Lacy is a good-looking young man, and he sings with Miss Fielding a pretty duet, "This 'tis to Love." Miss Fielding and Miss Rehan sing a cute little duet, "The Men will Deceive," Miss Rehan singing alto. She doesn't sing so well as she acts. This is the cast of

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

(Scenery by Louis Duflocq, Esq.)

Jotham Dibble, Esq.	Mr. Charles Fisher
Florence, his daughter	Miss May Fielding
(Her first appearance on any stage)	
Nelly Beers (née Wheelks)	A dissolved { ... Miss Ada Rehan
Jack Beers	partnership { ... Mr. George Parkes
Fred Schemerhorn	Mr. Harry Lacy
Nap, { Walter at the Superior Sulphur {Mr. E. P. Wilkes
Springs Pavillon.	

In the *Newport* cast it is interesting to watch some of the clever people, such as Charles Leclercq, William Davidge and John Drew. Mr. Leclercq is a fine actor. I remember seeing him for the first time sev-



CHARLES LECLERCQ

eral years ago, when I was taken to a *matinée* to see George Rignold and his great English company playing *Henry the Fifth* at Booth's Theatre. Mr. Leclercq then played Bardolph, and was very amusing. Shouldn't I have been surprised if anyone had told me that when I grew up I should be in the same company with him!

Mr. Davidge is a funny and delightful old gentleman and a splendid actor. He seems like a link connecting us with the English stage of a time long past. He is always growling and grumbling at everything in a humorous sort of way, and often says very witty things.

John Drew is nice, too. I think him the most agreeable of all the younger men in the company; he is full of fun and a great joker—"guy" the actors call it—but his manners are so charming and courteous that everyone likes him. He is a good actor, too; I can see that even in the silly and unimportant part he plays in this idiotic *Newport*. I should like to see him in something really good. He is so clever and amusing it seems a pity that he doesn't have better parts to play. Perhaps he will have later.

Catherine Lewis is what I should call piquante and original—at least, I never have seen anyone at all like her. She has very taking little ways and a round, baby-like face, with wide-open blue eyes. She, too, has a dimple that it is hard to keep one's eyes off for envy, but it is in her chin. She has decidedly "a plump and pleasing person," as they say in *Pinafore*, and pouts like a spoiled baby.

12 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

Annie Wakeman is another clever woman; she plays the part of a French maid in *Newport* with so perfect an imitation of broken English that I supposed of course she was French until yesterday, when I heard her speaking English as well as anyone.

Only three days more before the opening night. I wish they were over. This is the cast of

NEWPORT

OR, THE SWIMMER, THE SINGER, AND THE CIPHER

Hon. Peter Porter, U. S. Ambassador to Rome, on a "Home Leave"	Mr. Charles Leclercq
Hon. U. B. Blode, late Consul at Hotlands	Mr. William Davidge
Ben Boulgate, the Champion Swimmer of the Universe, etc., etc.	Mr. Hart Conway
Capt. Chickering, of the Brooklyn Twenty-second, just returned from Canada	Mr. George Parkes
Tom Sanderson, a master bather, with an overmastering secret	Mr. John Drew
Captain Blackwell, a swell of the beach with a yacht to sell	Mr. Frank Iredale
Crutch Reynolds, another, without the yacht	Mr. Walter Edmunds
Undo, Porter's Private Secretary	Mr. Frank V. Bennett
Toggs, Porter's Marine Tiger	Miss Maggie Barnes
Midget, a Middy on Blackwell's yacht	Miss Laura Thorpe
Thompson, Clerk at the Grand Flummery	Mr. Earle Stirling
Ginger, Bell Boy at the Flummery	Mr. E. Wilkes
Officer	Mr. P. Hunting
Bathers, Promenaders, Guests, Arrivals, &c., by Misses Sydney Nelson, Sara Lascelles, Emima Wharton, Isabelle Evesson, Emma Hamilton, Lillie Vinton, Dora Knowlton, Emma Hinckley, Fanny McNeill Grace Logan, and Madame Malvina; and Messrs. Stirling, Watson, Solomons, Murphy, Smith, Walshe, Hunting, Burnham, Laurence, Newborough, and Edwards.	
The Hon. Mrs. Peter Porter, formerly of the Grand Comlo Opera	Miss Catherine Lewis
The Widow Warboys	Mrs. Charles Poole
Miss Belle Blode	Miss Georgine Flagg
Cosette, the Hon. Mrs. Porter's French maid	Miss Annie Wakeman
Miss Alexander Byrddæ	} Swells of the Beach {
Miss Eugenie Fyshhe	
Miss Victoria Cattelle	
	Miss Estelle Clayton
	Miss Blanche Weaver
	Miss May Bowers

Act 1.—The Beach at Newport. Act 2.—A yacht off Newport.

Act 3.—The Grand Flummery Hotel in Newport.

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 13

THE NEW MUSIC IN ACT I

Words of Songs adapted to the Music by Mr. Fred Williams.
Opening Chorus of BathersCompany
Song, "I am the Champion Swimmer"Boulgate
Song, "The Continong"Boulgate
Song "Bathers on the Beach"Mrs. Porter
Song, "The Ambassador's Wboing"Mrs. Porter

IN ACT II

Song, "Crutch and Toothpick"Mrs. Porter
Song, "Lalla Rookh"Mrs. Porter

IN ACT III

Chorus of Porters, Waiters, and Guests.....Company
Song, "The Muddle Puddle Brakeman"Boulgate
Song, "Twixt You and Me"Mrs. Porter
FinaleMrs. Porter, Boulgate and Company

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.—Well, the great night has come and gone, and we still live! We have played *Newport* at four evening performances and one matinée—yesterday. I am sorry to say it was a complete failure, but am not at all surprised.

The house was crowded with a fashionable audience, curious to see the much advertised company and play. The curtain rose at a quarter to eight on *Love's Young Dream*. Of course we of the *Newport* company could not see it, for we were all in our dressing-rooms struggling with the mysteries of "make-up"—oh, how I hate that messy business!—and those spectacular bathing-suits; but we could hear Roberts, the call-boy, and the dressers say that the piece was going well, and there was a constant sound of laughter and applause. It seemed so strange to be under the stage of a real theatre, to hear the applause, yet not be able to see the audience. The sound gave me little cold shiv-

14 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

ers and a curious sort of "homesick" feeling, for I knew that I too must soon go out on that big stage before all those people, in the glare of those blinding footlights; but the nervousness of the other girls, who were as new to it as I—some of them, at least—gave me courage.

The first play lasted three-quarters of an hour, and at nine o'clock the curtain fell and the stage was set for *Newport*, with scenery representing a beach on the Newport coast. Everyone was called up to the stage, the principals stood ready to go on, and the rainbow-coloured bathers took positions on little platforms behind the doors of canvas bathing-houses, ready to run gaily out on the beach at the proper moment. Then there was trouble. Some of the bathing-houses were very wobbly and toppled over at the least touch. Mr. Daly tore about like a madman, called the carpenters and scene-shifters, and used—well, decidedly lurid language, the worst I've heard yet; but I didn't wonder, for it was maddening.

The situation was funny, even if rather alarming; it was so comical to see perched up on each little platform, behind a row of doors, a short-skirted damsel looking at Mr. Daly with terrified eyes as he stormed away at the carpenters. Finally matters were arranged by stationing a stage hand beside each platform; they were to brace up each house until the scene was over, and to open and shut the doors for the girls, who were forbidden to touch a door almost on pain of death. At last the curtain rose, and a burst of applause greeted the beautiful scene. The play began, and at

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 15

certain cues the bathers, one after another, ran out of their wobbly houses and skipped around on the beach. We had a lovely time, but did not get a drop of water on our bathing-suits.

The first act did not go well, and not only was there no applause, but when the curtain fell a great many persons left the theatre and did not return. The same thing happened after the second act, too. The third act was the scene in the hotel, and we girls were society belles, walking, talking, dancing, flirting, in our fluffy dresses and picturesque hats; but we could not help seeing as the action progressed with the principals that that act was no better liked than the others; in fact, it was played to about half the original audience, and I don't think there was a single round of applause when the curtain fell for the last time. It was really too bad, and poor Mr. Daly's face was terrible. But I don't see what else he could expect. The play itself was bad; one of the actors said it was "hopelessly damned," and it deserved to be.

The next day we had to go to a rehearsal of *Newport* in order to have it smoothed down and curtailed; some of the more idiotic of the songs were left out and some of the silly talk also. This made it shorter but no better, in my opinion, which I think the public shares, for there were only thirteen people in the house last night. When the curtain rose I thought the auditorium was perfectly empty, but after a few minutes I could distinguish a few lonely individuals scattered here and there, like rocks in a desert of red plush. I heard some of the company in the greenroom wondering why Mr.

16 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

Daly did not "paper" the house, just for the looks of the thing. This was a mysterious phrase to me, but I learned that it meant the giving out of free passes in order to fill the theatre. Evidently Mr. Daly does not choose to do this, hence the unlucky thirteen.

I have heard that we are to be called to begin rehearsals for a new play, to be produced as soon as possible. Anything will be better than this horrible *Newport*. An amusing but rather embarrassing thing regarding *Newport* is that we girls have just discovered that Grace Logan is the sister of the author of the play. If Grace tells her some of the things she has heard us say in the dressing-room and greenroom about the play, the author will have exact knowledge of what the company thinks of her work.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.—Last Monday morning we all went to the theatre at ten o'clock in answer to a notice put up on the bulletin-board Saturday night; and found that we were wanted to begin rehearsals for the play *Divorce*, written and produced by Mr. Daly a few years ago at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and a successful play in its day.

There was quite a gathering in the greenroom, and parts were given out by Mr. Daly. I was chosen to be one of three girls to act as bridesmaids in two acts, and I have a few lines to speak. I am very glad, for I want to be in every play that is brought out. I should hate to stay at home nights now, and know that the other girls were having all the fun and excitement

and I was out of it. So heaven bless dear, good Mr. Daly and send him some larger audiences!

Rehearsal was begun at once, but the play seemed as stupid and unintelligible as I think all plays must be at first rehearsal; no one knows what to say or do, everyone has to read the lines, and it is impossible to make head or tail of the thing.

The leading lady in this play is Helen Blythe, the Western actress. A new lady appeared in the green-room that morning, and she is to play a small part. Her name is Margaret Lanner, and she comes from Washington. She is not pretty, but looks interesting and is graceful and well-bred. Miss Blythe has lovely eyes and a rather sweet face, but she is very thin and looks ill. Ada Rehan is to be in this play, too—I am glad of that.

We have been rehearsing *Divorce* all the week; it goes smoothly now and seems to me most interesting, even exciting, and very amusing in parts. It is to be produced Tuesday night, September 30th. Meantime we are going on with that deadly *Newport* every night, and it is the laugh of the town, although not in the way we should like to have it. One of the newspapers said it was early in the season for frosts, but that there was a severe one at *Newport*.

Last Monday night one of the young men said in the greenroom that he was glad the ghost was going to walk the next day. These people have such queer sayings I never know whether they are joking or not; but he was quite serious and no one else laughed, so I whispered to Mr. Earle Stirling to ask what that

18 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

meant, and he told me it was nothing alarming, but very pleasant—salaries were to be paid on that day. I had been wondering myself when that was going to happen. Later in the evening a notice on the bulletin-board directed us to appear at the business office at noon the following day, entrance at No. 1225 Broadway. So we met there on Tuesday, climbed a flight of stairs and went into an office where a very large old gentleman with a wide face, Mr. John J. Duff, sat at a table and dealt out interesting-looking envelopes to all that came. This gentleman I never have seen behind the curtain, but he is Mr. Daly's father-in-law, and I imagine he has something to do with the business management of the theatre. He is very solemn and awful. His son John isn't, however; he has a rosy face, a merry eye, and is full of fun. I think he is in the box-office at night; he does something out in the front of the house, I know; but he often comes up behind the scenes and cracks jokes with the other young men, and is very polite to all the girls.

I am amused and interested every night in the performance of *Newport* to witness what is called a "quick change" executed by Catherine Lewis, and she certainly does go through the quickest motions possible for any woman to make in getting into an elaborate costume. She leaves the stage in a bathing-suit, and the author's manuscript inconsiderately requires that she shall reappear in less than four minutes arrayed in full promenade costume. There was a prolonged "stage wait" on the first night because no one, strange to say, had foreseen what would happen, as

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 19

Miss Lewis did not wear these costumes at the dress rehearsal because they were not finished. So there was an awful wait, while Miss Lewis tried to get into her clothes in her dressing-room at the foot of the stairs under the stage, and Mr. Daly was all over the place at once with his long legs, swearing like a pirate. The poor actors on the stage were wondering what was the matter and trying to fill in the time by "gagging," to use their far from pretty expression. Finally Miss Lewis rushed up stairs and out on the stage, and succeeded very well in assuming a gay and careless manner, for she was in as great a rage as Mr. Daly. The next night a temporary dressing-place was contrived for her just off the stage on the O. P. side (that means opposite the prompter); one maid was stationed there to help her in stripping off her bathing-suit, and another held ready her pretty blue silk gown for her to pop into; the three women fairly flew over the dressing process, and in four minutes Miss Lewis was ready to go on at her proper cue, fully dressed in a dainty costume, with blue silk stockings and low shoes, a large blue hat, a parasol tucked under one arm, while she drew on a pair of long white gloves in an easy, careless manner, as if she had all the time in the world to spare. This operation interests me so much that I like to watch it every night—it is a perfect whirl of silk and lace and hosiery. Of course she has the blue stockings on under the bathing stockings, and all she has to do is to stick her feet into the cunning little blue slippers that stand waiting. If I ever have to make a quick change myself, I have picked up some valuable points.

Another nightly incident in *Newport* occurs in a situation where I find occasion to be of some use to one of the older actors, Mr. Leclercq. In the first act he comes rushing into the bathing-house next to mine, stays about two minutes waiting for his cue, and then rushes out on the stage again. The door of that bathing-house has an annoying trick of sticking, and the platform is so small that when he does burst the door open he almost falls off the narrow planks, as all these bathing-houses are raised quite a little distance from the stage floor, in order that the girls can run down steps in front of them. Well, this happened several times, and Mr. Leclercq would say very emphatic things about that door under his breath, but never paid any attention to anyone that might overhear him. I was amused but thought it must be a nuisance, so I discovered a way to open the door quickly so that it would not stick, and that night I opened it for him the instant his hand touched it on the other side. He did not notice it the first time, as he was in such a rush, but after that he did, and smiled at me appreciatively; so now I open the door for him at every performance. He talks to me a little now and then, and I like him very much. He is well along in years—about forty-five, I should think—and is very reserved and dignified when he is not playing queer, eccentric parts. He rarely speaks to anyone except Mr. Fisher and Mr. Davidge, the two other old gentlemen. He is to play in *Divorce*, and has a highly amusing part. This is the cast of principals for

DIVORCE

Alfred Adriance, who regarded Marriage as an episode and found it Fate	Mr. Harry Lacy
Captain Lynde, a friend in need, indeed, and a friend in the way	Mr. George Parkes
Rev. Harry Duncan, successor to the Martyrs.....	Mr. John Drew
De Wolf De Witt, an excellent authority on the management of wives	Mr. William Davidge
Templeton Jitt, Esq., of the New York Bar.....	Mr. Charles Leclercq
Mr. Burritt, ex-Policeman and Private Detective	Mr. Charles Fisher
Judge Kemp, a relic of the last generation	Mr. John Moore
Dr. Lang, late of Bloomingdale Asylum	Mr. J. F. Brien
Jim, with a new system of naturalizing allens	Mr. Frank V. Bennett
Richard, Adriance's man	Mr. E. M. Smith
Christmas, one of the Emancipated	Mr. E. P. Wilks
Guinea, another of the same sort.....	M. Watson
Mrs. Ten Eyck, a Mother of Society who has provided well for her two daughters	Mrs. Charles Poole
Miss Lu Ten Eyck, who made the Newport Match	Miss Ada Rehan
Miss Fanny Ten Eyck, who got the best match of the season, after all	Miss Helen Blythe
(Her first appearance in this city.)	
Mrs. Judge Kemp, the partner of the relic....	Miss Sydney Nelson
Grace, "Our Niece," for whom we must find something after the dear girls are provided for.....	Miss Margaret Lanner
(Her first appearance on the Stage.)	
Flora Penfield, a bud in the Florida Groves....	Miss Regina Dace
Molly, the Maid	Miss Maggie Harold
Alfred, a Child	Belle Wharton
Kitty Crosby	Miss May Bowers

I must write one more illustration of the disillusion of things behind the scenes. In one act Hart Conway has to make a rush across the stage, in his character of a champion swimmer, and in a hideous bathing-suit he plunges madly into a piece of canvas surf, which opens by a square hole large enough to allow him to go in head first, just as swimmers plunge into the water. The canvas through which he dashes is fastened with some kind of hinge that makes it return instantly to its place as soon as he has made his dive,

22 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

landing flat on his stomach on a mattress that lies ready for him. Then he calmly gets up, walks over to a bucket of water and soaks his hair dripping wet, afterward dipping his face and arms into it so that they will drip realistically when he has to run back to the stage. Mr. Conway goes through this absurd performance with the utmost gravity, but we girls can't help giggling every night to see him do it. We are glad we don't have to do that. Fancy us all plunging through the surf and landing on mattresses!

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5.—*Divorce* was produced last Tuesday night, and was fairly successful. Of course it was not a novelty to the public, but it was such a welcome change from *Newport* that the audience was quite enthusiastic. There was a good house, and the Western débutante, Helen Blythe, had a hearty welcome. She was very nervous and did not act as well as at rehearsals, but at times she was pretty good. The fourth act calls for strong emotional acting, and she did that so well that two sensitive ladies in the audience were carried fainting into the foyer, creating a little excitement out in front as well as behind the scenes. Miss Blythe looks pretty and wears some lovely clothes in this play; one costume is a black satin Watteau robe, with a very long train, and the whole fabric is covered with rich hand embroidery, roses and vines running up the entire length of the Watteau fold and train. Someone said that her mother embroidered it all herself.

Ada Rehan wears a bridal costume in one act, and



ADA REHAN as *Lu Ten Eyck*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

she looks charming, much prettier than she did in *Love's Young Dream*. Her acting was delightful, too, and she was applauded loudly.

The greenroom was full of beautiful flowers sent to Miss Rehan and Miss Blythe, also to several of the other ladies; the place was like a conservatory.

John Drew was good in the part of the Rev. Harry Duncan, a fashionable young clergyman. There is something particularly pleasing about his style of acting; I can't say exactly what it is, but he commands attention whenever he speaks, no matter how unimportant the words may be; and when he has anything really good to say or do, he says and does it so well that one can fairly feel the magnetic sympathy the audience has for him. But he will indulge in all manner of mischievous tricks when he is acting, although the audience never suspects it, he is so clever in disguising his antics. I don't think even Mr. Daly has discovered what an inveterate "guy" he is, and I think Miss Rehan really dreads to go near him on the stage, for he is always trying to make her laugh, and she laughs very easily, in a nervous, hysterical way. But she and Mr. Drew are very good friends apparently, for all that, and call each other "John" and "Ada." She used to belong to his mother's Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and I suppose that is how they happen to know each other so well. I can't think why he carries on so, unless it is to relieve the monotony of playing the same part over and over. But he is certainly awfully funny when he likes, and I don't wonder Miss Rehan laughs.

Mr. Drew is something of a tease, too, and he makes

fun, in a good-natured way, of George Parkes, a peculiar little man, who almost always plays the part of a dude of some kind, and plays it extremely well, too. He is as much of a dandy off the stage as on it, and is always fussing over his coat, or his collar or cravat, and he prinks before the mirror in the greenroom as much as any of the pretty girls.

One night this week the people in the greenroom were talking of some actor in another theatre whose talent, someone said, was in the low comedy line. Mr. Parkes was gazing at himself in the mirror as usual, and carefully stroking down his lovely coat in the back. John Drew got up and strolled to the door, which he opened; then he turned and said: "Yes, low comedy is certainly that fellow's line, but can anyone here tell what is Parkes's line?" Everyone looked at him inquiringly, while Mr. P. threw him a haughty glance. "The clothes-line," said Mr. Drew, and vanished through the doorway, followed by groans from all present. Mr. P. did not laugh at all, but got red in the face, stuck his monocle in his eye, and strutted out of the room.

The two old gentlemen, Mr. Davidge and Mr. Fisher, are both delightful in this play. And Mr. Leclercq as Templeton Jitt, a wily lawyer, is immensely funny. What a handsome, courtly old gentleman is Mr. Fisher! His face is full of the beauty of goodness. He is always kind to everyone, and has such a genial smile it is a pleasure to awaken it.

We girls looked pretty in our bridesmaids' finery; our skirts had nice long trains, and we wore short

veils, white flowers, gloves and shoes; and when we went on the stage with Miss Rehan, surrounding her and chattering girl talk over her bridal array, we looked charming, so the rest of the company told us in the greenroom. This was a novelty to me—I never thought it possible that anyone would think *me* charming! Now I'm going to write a silly thing. Last night, just as I was leaving the greenroom, I overheard Mr. Leclercq say to Mr. Davidge in a low tone, "Pretty girl, isn't she?" I don't remember that anyone ever called me a pretty girl before.

That night Mr. Daly crept about behind the scenes softly, softly, like a pussy-cat, with a pleased and gracious smile, because the play was going well. He did not look much as he did the first night of *Newport*; why, his face then was like a tragic mask, enough to frighten one. When things go well he tiptoes about softly as if he went on velvet paws; but if there is any trouble he tears about like a madman, and as for his language—well, I've heard enough now to become quite hardened to it. But he never says those bad words unless he is excited and angry, I will say that for him, though perhaps some folks would think that was no excuse. But no one outside could possibly understand what he has to put up with. I should think he would go crazy.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12.—One more week of *Divorce* has passed, and the play runs smoothly now. The houses are only fair—I suppose because the piece is not a novelty. Everyone has improved in acting ex-

26 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

cept Miss Blythe. I don't think she will ever be popular in New York.

Miss Rehan is delightfully gay and girlish; her laugh is delicious and her peculiar yet pleasant voice charms the ear. She plays the part of the spoiled and petted bride of a crusty old man, the match having been made by her scheming mother.

In the second act part of the orchestra comes up on the stage every night to play for a dance supposed to be going on behind the scenes. They are the first and second violin, a violoncello and a flute. We have a very fine orchestra, by the way—said to be the best theatre orchestra in the country. The first violin is a romantic-looking young German who plays remarkably well on both violin and piano; the flute-player is an Italian named Salvatore De Carlo. I have seen him often in Gilmore's band, in which he plays the most beautiful flute and piccolo solos. He is an immense fellow, and is very amusing. Everyone talks to him, his English is so odd, and he has a profound and general admiration for the ladies. The blond German has a name a mile long, and he reminds me of the hero in Jessie Fothergill's novel, *The First Violin*. They play a lovely waltz behind the scenes; one of Strauss's, called *Lovely May*, in the opera *Prince Methusalem*. I mean to get it.

Last Monday we were called to begin rehearsals for a new play to be produced October 20th. It is by Bronson Howard and is called *Wives*, being a translation of two of Molière's comedies, *L'École des Femmes* and *L'École des Maris*, the plots of which are woven to-

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 27

gether to make one play. It seems as if this would be a strange mixture, but so far as I can tell from what I hear at rehearsals, it is a very witty and amusing piece.

This is the cast and synopsis of scenes in

WIVES

Arnolphe, Marquis of Fontenoy, also known as Monsieur La Souche: who has a special recipe for "Making a Wife"Mr. Charles Fisher
 Scanarelle la Marre, the guardian, jointly with Ariste, of Isabelle and Leonora; also having a pet recipe for "Wife Making"Mr. William Davidge
 The Vicomte Ariste, his brotherMr. George Morton
 Chisalde, a mutual friend of the periodMr. John Drew
 Horace de Châteauroux, the one ingredient overlooked in the good Arnolphe's recipeMr. Harry Lacy
 Captain Fieremonte, of the King's Musketeers.....Mr. George Parkes
 Dorival, the cunning valet who helped to spoil Scanarelle's recipeMr. Hart Conway
 Alain, in Arnolphe's service.....Mr. Charles Leclercq
 Jean Jacques, of Scanarelle's household....Mr. Frank V. Bennett
 Captain Ballander, of the Night Watch.....Mr. Walter Edmunds
 The CommissaryMr. Percy Hunting
 The NotaryMr. Earle Stirling
 Men of the Night Watch, by Messrs. E. M. Smith, Walshe, Watson, Newborough, Edwards, Laurence, Stirling, Meriden, Murphy, Solomon, Burnham, &c.

Agnes, the simple oneMiss Catherine Lewis
 With the song, "I'm Such a Little Fool."
 Isabelle de Nesle, the deep oneMiss Ada Rehan
 Leonora de Nesle, the artless oneMiss Margaret Lanner
 Lisette, the confidential oneMiss Maggie Harold
 Georgette, the deaf oneMiss Sydney Nelson
 Mousquetaires, by Miss Sara Lascelles, Miss Lillie Vinton, Madame Malvina, Blanche Weaver, Isabelle Evesson, Fanny McNeill, Dora Knowlton, Grace Logan, Emma Hinckley, and Kitty Maxwell.

The scene of the Comedy is Paris during the reign of Louis XIV and Cardinal Mazarin.

The Time of action, from the opening of the Comedy to its close, is but a few hours.

28 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

Act I.—Scanarelle's residence in the Faubourg St. Germain. (By Mr. James Roberts.) Four o'clock. Act II.—The La Souche Villa. Faubourg St. Marguerite, (By Mr. James Roberts.) Five o'clock. Act III.—At Scanarelle's, as before. Six o'clock. Act IV.—A Square in old Paris, near the old Cathedral. (By Mr. Louis Duflocq.) Seven o'clock. Act V.—Scanarelle's. Nine o'clock.

The Words of the Songs and Choruses are by Mr. Fred. Williams. The Music is by Mr. E. Mollenhauer.

We girls received the startling information that we are to be a picked company of the King's Mousquetaires, under command of Captain Fieremonte. This means that we are to wear—trousers! When I heard this I thought I couldn't and wouldn't dress like that. I didn't say a word at the theatre, however, but went home and told mamma. She thought it was horrid, too; but after we had talked it over she said I had better do as I was told, and if there was anything really objectionable about the costume she would speak to Mr. Daly. I don't think he would like that; mamma doesn't understand what kind of man he is or how he seems a sort of king in his own dominions; but I shall do as she says, and wait until I see the costume. To tell the truth, I am rather curious now to see how I shall look in trousers. I am slender and lively and think I might make a nice boy. But oh dear! suppose the people of "the loveliest village of the plain" should see me in those things—they would never get over it. Luckily, they seldom come to New York. Mamma, by the way, has been highly disappointed and disgusted because she is not allowed to go behind the scenes every night to help me dress. She thought that of course she would be, and so did I. But the first night of *Newport* she was firmly denied

admission at the stage door, and when she asked Mr. Fred Williams, our assistant stage manager, who happened to be coming in just then, to let her in, he told her very politely that it was quite impossible; that if all the ladies' mothers were allowed to come in there would be endless confusion and no room to move in the dressing-rooms. That seemed reasonable enough, but mamma was very reluctant to let me go in alone; she didn't see how I was going to dress, and I didn't either. But I got along somehow, though that first performance is a nightmare to recall. We live just around the corner, so now she comes to the stage door for me every night and takes me home.

The mousquetaires are to be on only in the fourth act, but the scene is beautiful and quite exciting, and I enjoy rehearsing it. The only music in that act is one lively chorus for us, composed by Mr. Mollenhauer, the words by Mr. Fred Williams. This gentleman is a most agreeable person, a fine stage manager, and is popular with the whole company. He never loses his temper and his courtesy is unfailing. Besides, he is a very accomplished individual, and is bright and witty.

Among the mousquetaires is a new young lady, Miss Kate Maxwell, an Irish girl with a sweet face and a deep, musical voice. She is somewhat older than the rest of us, and says she first came to this country with the Emily Soldene Opera Company.

Little Laura Thorpe is going to leave us soon. She has had an offer to travel with Louis Aldrich in *My Partner*, which is a great success. I am sorry she is

80 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

going, for she is a bright, pretty little thing. She used to play child's parts in Mrs. F. B. Conway's Brooklyn Theatre, and her mother, Hattie Thorpe, often played in the same cast with her. I used to think what fun that must be, when I was a little girl, and was taken to the theatre; such sport, I thought, to be on the stage with one's own mother!

The scene of *Wives* is in Paris, in the time of Louis XIV and Cardinal Mazarin. Mr. Daly has got some lovely quaint old furniture and ornaments for the interior scenes. I don't know whether it is really furniture of that period or not, but it looks as if it were. I hear that the costumes are to be gorgeous and that all the men are to wear great wigs. How queer they will look!

We rehearse almost all day long. I wonder whether all managers have such tremendous rehearsals as Mr. Daly has. I don't see what time he has to spend at home with his wife and family, for he is always in the theatre, looking after the smallest details. He is a wonderful teacher of acting; I believe he could teach a broomstick to act; he shows everyone just how to move, to speak, to look; he seems to know instinctively just how everything should go to get the best effect. Yet Mr. Davidge told us one night in the greenroom that the only time "the Governor" (that's what all the men call him) had ever tried to act himself he made a dismal failure of it and never had tried it since. That seems very strange.

Mr. Daly usually sits in one of the orchestra chairs during rehearsals, about five rows back, with folded

arms, hat on the back of his head, watching everything with those keen blue eyes; suddenly he will stop someone in the midst of a speech and request that person to repeat the lines or perform some bit of business in a different manner. Then, if the change does not suit him, he springs to his feet and rushes up on the stage, striding over the backs of the chairs and along a plank laid from the orchestra railings across the foot-lights. He darts about the stage, with his coat-tails fairly flying, while he talks fast, gesticulates emphatically, and assumes the most peculiar attitudes to illustrate his meaning, winding up with "Now do you see?" Then he strides over the chairs again, sits down and the rehearsal goes on.

Yesterday, while the *matinée* was going on, I had a glimpse of the inside of Mr. Daly's private office, which opens off the greenroom. He almost always keeps it shut tight and locked, but to-day he left it open while he was called down to the stage door for something, and I could see standing on a pedestal a beautiful marble bust of Fanny Davenport. She must be a lovely woman, and she was such a great attraction at his Fifth Avenue Theatre I wonder that she is not the leading lady in this new theatre. I saw some interesting pictures on the walls, but dared not venture nearer lest the ogre himself should pop back suddenly and catch me.

One morning this last week at rehearsal, when we arrived at the *mousquetaires'* scene in the fourth act, with all the principals on, there was no one to play the piano for the grand chorus which winds up the act.

32 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

My romantic German friend, the "First Violin," has been playing it all along at rehearsals on the piano, as it wasn't thought necessary to have the orchestra rehearse it yet; but the young man was nowhere to be found, and the scene was waiting. He had let me play the music from the score on the greenroom piano when we were first learning it, and Mr. Fred Williams had heard me playing it for the girls. So he took my breath away by asking me to sit down and play it then for all the company to sing to—for everyone joins in. Wasn't I scared! I was about to say I was afraid I couldn't, but Mr. Daly was looking at me with those ice-blue eyes, as if he expected immediate compliance as a matter of course. So I sat down at the piano and played it, trying to throw in as much dash as the First Violin gives it. It went well, too, and when it was all over I felt very grand to think what I had done. I have copied that chorus, for I think it is very pretty.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19.—Last night we gave the final performance of *Divorce*, and to-morrow night will see the first performance of *Wives*. Everyone is anxious about it, as it is a new venture, and so far Mr. Daly has not been very successful in this theatre. I am rather sorry not to play in *Divorce* any more, for I liked it, especially the bridal scene; and I am just beginning to get acquainted with some of the interesting people, as the cast is not large and I have been meeting them in the greenroom every night for the last three weeks. One night last week we were enter-

tained by listening to a conversation between Mr. Fisher, Mr. Davidge, and Mr. Leclercq; they were telling stories of the English stage and anecdotes of famous old English actors. Mr. Davidge said he even remembered seeing Edmund Kean, though he never had had but one meeting with the great tragedian. Of course we girls—Isabelle Evesson, Blanche Weaver, and I, sitting beside him—immediately asked him to tell us about it.

“I was a youngster then,” he said, “always hanging about the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre. Edmund Kean came there to play, and I was dying to see him, so I sneaked my way into the stage door and along the corridor, for they were much more lax about guarding the stage entrance then than they are now; and there I waited in the hope of catching a glimpse of the great Kean. Finally he came striding down the narrow passage; I was seized with sudden panic and tried to escape, but only succeeded in getting directly in his path. ‘Out of the way, boy!’ he growled; then he lifted his foot and distinguished me with a well-directed movement which considerably hastened my progress toward the door. And that was the first and only occasion of my meeting with the world’s greatest tragedian.”

Mr. Davidge is a dear old man, and although he grumbles at everybody and everything, he has the kindest of hearts and everyone is fond of him. Last Friday night Ada Rehan sailed into the greenroom in her bridal array, ready for the third act, followed by the call-boy, who carried a basket of beautiful flowers that

34 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

had been sent in for her. She began to select some white flowers to put in her corsage, and everyone gathered about her, looking at the blossoms, the men making her compliments, and the girls, too, and all of us admiring her as she stood before the mirror arranging her bouquet. At the farther end of the room sat Mr. Davidge, resting his hands on his stick and looking at the group around the mirror. Suddenly he heaved a tremendous sigh and said, "Ah, how I wish I were a beautiful young woman!" We all laughed and asked him why.

"Well, only see what it is to be a lovely young creature like that," he said; "everyone admires you, says pretty things to you, sends flowers, swears true love, eternal devotion, and all that sort of thing. Just look at me! I am an ugly, rheumatic old fellow, perfectly uninteresting, and almost ready to get off the stage of life; no one loves me, no one sends *me* any flowers!" And he sighed again and shook his head. He said it in a half-comic manner, and we laughed again; yet it was rather touching too, and Miss Rehan suddenly whirled around from the mirror, drawing a beautiful white rose from her bosom, and made a little rustling rush at him, saying, "You mustn't say that, Mr. Davidge, for *I* love you and I will give you this flower," and she fastened the rose in his buttonhole. She was laughing, too, yet she did this in a very kindly, tender, pretty way. Mr. Davidge caught her hand and kissed it gallantly, then he looked up at her with a comical smile as he surveyed the costume in which she appears as his bride in the play, and said, "Thank

you, my dear child, but really, you know, you ought to love me when you wear that dress."

Here's a queer thing—no one is allowed to make puns or to sing or quote anything from *Pinafore*. The other night I sat down at the piano and began to play softly "Sorry Her Lot Who Loves Too Well," when suddenly everyone made a rush for me and pulled me off the stool, and, as I thought, acted like lunatics. When I could make myself heard, I begged to be told what I had done to offend them, and one young man said, "*Pinafore* is prohibited; no one may sing, play, whistle or quote from it within the walls of this theatre." I don't know whether this prohibition is connected with any of their queer superstitions (they are the most superstitious set of people I ever saw), or whether it is just because they are all tired of *Pinafore*. They certainly are funny about some things. The other night I began to whistle softly in my dressing-room, which I share with Madame Malvina and two of the girls, and Madame immediately requested me to cease. I thought I was annoying her and begged pardon, but that was not the trouble. She informed me gravely that anyone whistling in a theatre dressing-room was likely to "whistle out" some of her companions, usually the one nearest the door, and that I must never do so if I wished to be popular in any company. I really thought she was joking, but not she. She was quite indignant with me until she realized my dense ignorance of this important matter. I promised never to do it again, and all was well. I went around to Madame's apartment

36 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

one day; she has the funniest pet I ever saw—a big fat green frog, which she keeps up in her rooms! His name is Mr. Green, and he reminded me of the Grimm fairy story of the Frog Prince. She allows him to do just what he pleases, so he hops out of his tank when inclined to take exercise and goes *ker-flop, ker-flop* all over the place. Fancy lying in bed in the dark and hearing that thing flopping in the dead of night!

I have just heard that John Drew is engaged to be married. Yesterday afternoon, at the matinée, someone brought a copy of the *Dramatic News* into the greenroom, and in it was a picture of a very pretty girl, an actress named Josephine Baker. The young man that had the paper showed it to Mr. Drew, who examined it with a frown and said that it was not at all a good picture of Miss Baker. I thought it extremely pretty, but he did not appear to like it, and when he went out of the room someone told me that the lady was Mr. Drew's fiancée, and that she is a niece of Joseph Jefferson. I think that they will make a charming pair, if she is as sweet and pretty as her picture.

I am all impatience for to-morrow night to come. We have had no dress rehearsals of this play, but we girls were all measured for our costumes last week, and were sent to a theatrical shoemaker to have our feet measured for the high top-boots we are to wear. Several of us went together to the shoemaker, whose shop was in a horrible place on the Bowery—a street I never have been in before and where I hope never to

go again. Such dirt and such smells! But there was any quantity of the loveliest, daintiest shoes and slippers of kid and satin lying all about the shoemaker's shop. I wonder how they can be kept clean in such a place. While I sat on a bench with my shoes off, and the shoemaker was getting something to measure our feet with, I saw an object moving on the floor, and on looking closer I beheld to my horror two great bugs of the kind called "thousand-legged" (I don't know their real name) running about near my feet. Sara Lascelles and Kittie Maxwell had their shoes off too. We grabbed up our skirts with wild shrieks, rushed for a wooden table standing near and climbed up on it, while the horrid old German shoemaker stared at us in amazement. We made him understand what we were afraid of, but he only laughed and said, "It is noding—dey not hurt," and tried to persuade us to come down. But we refused to step on that floor again with our shoes off, so we just stayed up on the table and put our feet out for him to measure us. I was glad to get out of that place. I never climbed on a table for a mouse, but "thousand-leggers" are another thing. I thought I felt them all the way home!

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18.—I snatch just a minute between the last rehearsal and dinner to say that we have been at it in that theatre all day long, and everyone is worked up to such a pitch of excitement over to-night's performance that a sudden word makes us jump with nervousness. We have been there since nine this morning, and when I left at five this evening

the last act was just called. Guess the poor principals must be having their dinners sent in to their dressing-rooms about now—I don't know how else they will have a chance to eat. But the play is perfectly splendid, and we are all wild over it. Now for dinner, and then off again. Mamma makes me laugh. She is as much excited as if *she* were going to play the leading part!

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19.—It is a joy to record that the new play is a triumphant and brilliant success. Every good bit in the piece was appreciated, and after the great scene in the fourth act the encores were so persistent that I actually lost count of how many times we gallant mousquetaires escorted little Agnes and her lover across the stage to the ringing music of our chorus. Catherine Lewis was simply bewitching as Agnes, a young girl brought up in complete ignorance of the world by an elderly French marquis who intends to marry her himself. Of course she elopes with a young lover, who gets a friend of his, a captain on the King's guards, to help him carry her off. Harry Lacy, the lover, was very handsome in a costume of pink velvet trimmed with silver lace; John Drew, who made a great deal out of a snippy little part, looked fine in pale blue satin, and his legs were lovely in long blue silk stockings; Mr. Morton wore cardinal velvet, and George Parkes, "the clothes-line," was truly gorgeous in a military uniform of dark blue velvet and gold lace. The men wore immense wigs, not powdered, however. They looked awfully

funny to me when I went up into the greenroom and saw them sitting around with their heads covered with those grotesque-looking things, but I didn't dare laugh, for everyone was deadly serious with the tense nervousness that fills those terrible moments that precede the rising of the curtain on a first performance. There is nothing like it.

Mr. Fisher wore purple velvet, and was a regular old beauty of a marquis; and Mr. Davidge was in black velvet. Ada Rehan appeared in a becoming cardinal satin dress with a long train, open in front over a white satin petticoat covered with lace. Miss Laner wore a lemon-yellow satin.

The costume of the King's guards is in exact imitation of the uniform of Dumas's three guardsmen: black velvet trousers, trimmed with gold lace, buttons, and fringe, white silk shirt, velvet coat, high boots, broad gold-trimmed collar, and a dark red mantle falling from the shoulders to the floor; curly wig, topped with a grey felt hat turned up from the face with a crimson plume. Oh—those trousers are all right! They are nice and baggy all around, and those pretty red cloaks of fine broadcloth are very full, so really we don't mind wearing the trousers at all. The top-boots are the cutest things! I thought they would make our feet look enormous, but on the contrary they make them look very small and pretty. They have high heels and a graceful cut. On the whole, the mousquetaires certainly look stunning in that get-up. There aren't many of us, but we made a great hit. Of course we arrived, led by our gallant captain, in the

40 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

nick of time to carry off the naughty Agnes, borne by two stout men in a sedan-chair, her old tyrant being left baffled on his doorstep while his hoped-for bride and her young lover were triumphantly escorted to the royal palace, "by order of the King." Those words are the cue for us to burst into our chorus, which, though simple, is very martial and melodious.

After we had given the finale of that act I don't know how many times, all the principals rushed off down-stairs to their dressing-rooms to change for the last act. Miss Lanner and Miss Harold, who plays Lisette, the maid, met at the foot of the stairs, took hold of each other's hands and jumped up and down, Miss Lanner saying, "A hit! A hit at last, thank heaven!"

Mr. Bronson Howard, the translator and adapter of the play, was in a box, but neither he nor Mr. Daly made any speech, in spite of all the applause. They say Daly hates speeches and never makes one if he can help it.

When the curtain went down on the last act it had to be raised three times before the audience would move. During that act I stood in the second entrance, right, watching the action, and pretty Miss Evesson stood beside me. We just couldn't tear ourselves away, the play was so fascinating. Suddenly Mr. Daly came behind us and asked us, smiling, whether we were so in love with our boys' clothes that we couldn't take them off. Then he patted us on the shoulder and said we had done splendidly and that he was much pleased with us. We thanked him and told

him we were very glad for his sake that the play was such a hit. So then he thanked *us*, and said we were "dear good little girls," and walked away on tippy-toes, beaming like the rising sun. That was a good deal for him to say, for he usually goes about not appearing to see anyone, though in reality not the least thing escapes him. It is etiquette in this little kingdom of his, I find, to wait for him to speak first. He is always so busy and worried he hates to be spoken to unless it is absolutely necessary, and he doesn't want to be bothered with even ordinary conventionalities. But when he does choose to unbend and be agreeable, I must say I never have seen a more fascinating man.

After the great strain was over last night Mr. Daly invited the chief actors to a supper to celebrate the first success in the new theatre. Of course the "trundlebed crowd" wasn't invited! Too bad! I suppose those favored mortals, the grown-up folks, had all sorts of nice things to eat, and probably drank champagne. I should like to taste it once. I am sure I could have drunk success to the new play as well as anyone. Instead of that, I trotted off home with mamma, who was waiting for me, wild-eyed with curiosity and impatience, at the stage door, and when I got home I had my usual bowl of bread and milk before I tumbled into bed. I find that anything else at that time of night makes me restless. I slept till noon to-day, without moving, I think. My face is plastered all over with thick cream; I don't look much like a king's guardsman to-day. I tried to wash off the un-

42 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

usually heavy make-up with cold water and soap last night, for my cold cream was all gone and I didn't like to borrow any; and as the weather has turned sharp my face felt as if it would crack all over when I woke up this morning. It is better now, though it is as shiny as a baker's bun, or as if it had had "a red-hot salamander passed over it to give it a gloss," as I read once in a French cook-book for royalty. This make-up business is hard on the complexion until one understands it; and now I know I must *never* try to wash it off with water. I can make myself up now to look much prettier than I did at first, but I hate taking it off. What did the poor actresses do before cold cream or vaseline was invented?

I am charmed with the wig I wear in this play. It seemed as if I should surely look a funny little fright in anything of the sort, for of course I never have had one on my head; but when the wigs were delivered at the theatre yesterday morning, and the dresser showed me how to put mine on, pulling out the lovely loose chestnut-brown curls around my face and on my forehead, I looked in the glass and was astonished at the effect. I had all I could do to keep from saying, "Oh, you sweet thing!" to my image. Wish I could wear it all the time. But I suppose it would not be so becoming by daylight and without make-up to harmonise with it. Speaking of that, I do hate matinées. Before I ever played in one I thought they were jolly, but now I think they are a nuisance, and I find that all the older actors think so

too. Mr. Davidge says there is a special place of torment reserved in the bad place for the manager who first conceived the idea of giving them. No one likes them, and the actors never play so well as they do at night. And the sights the people are in the green-room in the cold glare of daylight! The make-up on the face makes every man look as if he wore a mask; and the pretty girls—oh, dear me! Well, I have no beauty to spare; so after two or three matinées I decided to sit in my dressing-room and read, or listen to the beautiful music of the orchestra, rather than go up to the greenroom, for I fear that if—someone—really thinks me pretty he would change his mind should he see much of me in the searching light from that window.

Mr. Leclercq is such a queer man! I am told he is unmarried, but he never seems to pay any attention to the ladies, except always to be exquisitely polite to them. He is the most silent person I ever have known, and talks seriously only to the older men. He and old Mr. Fisher are very friendly. But he seems to like to talk to me, though I must confess he treats me as if I were about ten years old. Perhaps one reason he likes me is because I laugh at his jokes. Last night, in all the excitement behind the scenes, I met him three or four times back of the wings, and every time he passed me he looked at my costume with a smile, and addressed me as "Captain," with a military salute. I couldn't help laughing, though I was as nervous and excited as everyone else. The part he plays in *Wives* is not good enough for him, by any

44 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

means; but of course someone had to play it, and he did it to perfection, what little there was to do.

We have to go to rehearsal to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock to put the play through the usual trimming and polishing process, and I have heard that long rehearsals are to be begun soon for a play called *Fernande*, by Victor Sardou, the French playwright, to be produced only at Wednesday matinées before this month is out. This is the 19th; they will have to do quick work to get it ready, but Mr. Daly can do anything. Don't know who is to be in it. Now that *Wives* is well started, and I like it so much, I hope that I shall not be included in *Fernande*, having had enough of rehearsals for the present.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26.—Well, my hopes were in vain. Yesterday, after a mercifully short rehearsal of *Wives*, principally to quicken the movement of the fourth act, all the men, Miss Rehan, and some of the girls, were directed to go into the greenroom, and the others went home. In there we found Miss Blythe, Miss Fielding, Mrs. Poole, and Miss Clayton, and some of the younger men; and presently Mr. Daly stepped out of his "den" and proceeded to distribute the written parts for *Fernande*. Miss Fielding is to play the title-part, and Miss Blythe the part of a very naughty lady. I am to have a little part—a maid in the fourth act; not much to do, only to run around the drawing-room busily doing nothing, like all stage maids, and to hasten to my mistress to support her in a swoon and then assist her off the stage.

This sounds easy, but Miss Fielding is pretty solid, though she is short, and I don't know how I'll get along when she really lets herself go in a performance. Mr. Daly has been very kind and gentle with me all this week, showing me how to play my little part. I was scared to death at first to have to run about all by myself, with none of the other girls to depend upon for company; but Mr. Daly was so nice, when he saw how anxious I was to please him and do just as he wished, that I soon got my courage back; and if I can only brace up my fainting mistress gracefully and get her off without a collapse on my own part I shall do very well. The first matinée of it is to be next Wednesday, the 29th. I don't like the play itself. It is very immoral and altogether horrid.

Wives is now running smoothly, and our audiences are splendid, big and enthusiastic. No more rehearsals of it, thank goodness! I had begun to think we might as well have our beds moved into the theatre and get our meals at the French restaurant on the block above.

Fridays and Saturdays are our best nights. I mean we have the largest audiences then; and last night there was only standing room when the curtain went up. Mr. Daly glides around behind the scenes with the pleasantest of smiles, and everyone is correspondingly happy. No matter where he is in the building, he always appears at the right first entrance to watch the end of the fourth act, it is so pretty and exciting and gets so many encores. There he stands in the wings smiling at us, and sometimes patting his hands together softly when the encores come.

46 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

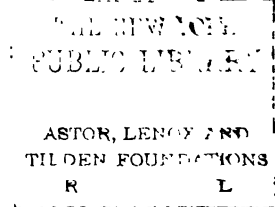
Week after next Edwin Booth and my teacher, Mr. Frederic Robinson, are to play *Othello* at the Grand Opera House, Booth as Iago and Mr. R. as Othello. What a shame that I cannot see it! But I don't see how I can get away.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2.—We have certainly had a lively week of it, what with rehearsals of *Fernande* the first three days, its production on Wednesday, *Wives* at night, and now we are learning, with Mr. Mollenhauer and the First Violin in the greenroom, the music for *The Chimes of Normandy*, which Mr. Daly means to produce after the run of *Wives*. I like the music very much, and I have a cute little part to play. I regret to say that the mysterious disappearances at rehearsals of my friend who plays so divinely, the First Violin, with the romantic face and the dreamy eyes, are due to the fact that he goes into a saloon on the next block and drinks prosaic, unromantic lager beer! How can he? The other day I was going home to luncheon, and inside the theatre Mr. Mollenhauer was looking everywhere for him when I left. As I was passing that saloon on the next block I saw my blond friend coming out of it; I was astonished, but he coolly walked up to me, said it was a fine day, and casually remarked that that was a good place to get imported beer! All his wings and feathers dropped off at that moment; and no matter how delightfully he plays hereafter I shall always remember that he drinks beer.

Some of the musicians in the orchestra are interest-



S. DE CARLO AND MADAME MALVINA
(From Original Drawings by Mr. John Drew)



ing, and a good many of the company talk to them, especially to Signor De Carlo, the wonderful flute-player. I always hated a flute till I heard him play—they are such squealy things. But his is as sweet as a beautiful voice. He walks around among the corridors down stairs with it tucked under his arm. One night he patted it lovingly and said, "Dis my wife—all de wife I have—where I go *he* goes!" John Drew made a pencil sketch of him playing his beloved flute and gave it me. It looks exactly like De Carlo. He has a friend in the orchestra, named Francesco, who plays the cornet almost as well as the great Levy. He and De Carlo went to college together in Italy, and afterward were in Garibaldi's great battles for Italy's freedom. They came to this country together, and appear to love each other devotedly. But they are so funny about it we can't help laughing at them. The other night, for instance, they were sitting on a trunk in the corridor, and suddenly De Carlo embraced his friend fondly, saying "Ah, I love you, Francesco, is it not true?" And Francesco turned and gravely kissed De Carlo on the cheek! It was awfully funny to see those two big men, both more than forty years old, I am sure, spooning like school-girls. But all foreigners are more or less funny, it seems to me. We have them of all nations in our orchestra.

Fernande was produced at the Wednesday matinée, and we had a rather small audience. Miss Fielding looked lovely as the sorrowful *Fernande*, but her acting was amateurish, I thought. She can sing like a

bird, but is not much in the way of acting. Miss Blythe had a disagreeable part, and looked ill; I guess she was, too, for she did not act well. Something seemed to be troubling her. The only really good one among the women was Ada Rehan. I thought so myself, and all the papers said so Thursday morning. The men were all good, though John Drew had a poor part. Harry Lacy looked very handsome, and Estelle Clayton was like an exquisite picture—never saw anything so lovely. Pity she has a rather thin, ineffective voice; it always sounds as if she were straining it. Mr. Leclercq acted as carefully as ever, but he told me confidentially that he hated those French plays, and so do I. He said he wished the Governor would have a big Shakespearian revival. Wouldn't that be lovely! I wonder whether he ever will.

I got along all right with the fainting business. Miss Fielding did that very well. She looked as if she had gone all to pieces, but I could feel her bracing herself a little. So I managed to hold her up till she revived, and then we made our graceful and pathetic exit without mishap. But the audience was cold and didn't warm up to anything. This is the cast of principals in

FERNANDE

Marquis André.....	Mr. Harry Lacy
Philip Pomerol.....	Mr. George Parkes
Le Commandeur.....	Mr. Charles Leclercq
Rouqueville.....	Mr. George Morton
Bracassin.....	Mr. John Drew
The Baron.....	Mr. Percy Hunting
Alfred	Mr. Walter Edmunds



ESTELLE CLAYTON

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 49

Fernande.....	Miss May Fielding
Countess Clothilde.....	Miss Helen Blythe
Georgette, Pomerol's wife.....	Miss Ada Rehan
Madame Seneschal.....	Mrs. Charles Poole
Madame de la Brienne.....	Miss Estelle Clayton

We have great fun playing *Wives*. It has caught the town, and the house is crowded every night. Miss Rehan plays the part of Isabelle, "the deep one," in the most mischievous way; she, too, as well as Miss Lewis as Agnes, is supposed to be about to be forced to marry a cross old fellow (Mr. Davidge) who is her guardian; but she has fallen in love with a dashing captain of the King's Mousquetaires who lives opposite, and who has been flirting with her by way of the window a long time. So she and he, with the help of her maid and his valet, outwit the old man the very same day that Agnes and her bold lover elope from the old Marquis's house.

Catherine Lewis as Agnes is the cutest, most innocent thing that ever was. When the old Marquis (Mr. Fisher), having heard that she has been receiving visits from a young man in his absence, comes rushing home and tries to trap her into revealing her flirtation, she frankly lets the whole thing out, like a little child, and the dialogue between them is delicious—the house roars at it every night. Agnes—who, as the Marquis boasts to his friends, "has been brought up in complete ignorance of this wicked, wicked world and its wicked, wicked ways"—comes in slowly, working on a piece of embroidery, and dressed in a blue and white costume, something like Marguerite's dress in *Faust*,

50 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

with two long golden braids hanging down her back. She looks about sixteen. The Marquis can hardly control his anger and impatience, but not wishing to alarm her he tries to be gentle and quiet. She lifts that adorable dimpled chin, looks up with her baby-like blue eyes, and says modestly and timidly: "You sent for me, sir?"

Marquis: Yes. Anything new since I've been gone, Agnes?

Agnes (curtseys): The old grey cat is dead, sir.

Marquis: Hm! Is he? Well, we are all mortal. Ah—anything else?

Agnes (curtseys): Your nightcaps are done, and the stockings I was knitting.

Marquis (with almost a snarl): Ah! Agnes, come and sit here, my child. (Takes a chair, while Agnes sits on a low stool at his knee.) The neighbours have been telling me that a strange young man comes here when I am gone.

Agnes (unhesitatingly, taking a stitch on her work): Yes, sir.

Marquis (angrily): Well?

Agnes (looks up in innocent inquiry): Eh?

Marquis: Well, what have you got to say for yourself?

Agnes (puzzled): Say for myself, sir?

Marquis: They say that you allow this young man to see you and talk with you when you are alone.

Agnes (with a bright frankness of a child): Yes, sir! The young man comes four or five times every day—sometimes oftener. He has been here twice to-

day already. (With an air of innocent surprise.) He never comes when you are at home.

Then the old Marquis goes off into a rage, and the audience roars.

Miss Lewis gets lovely flowers almost every night; one evening this week someone sent her a magnificent big bouquet, and fastened in the middle of it was a beautiful little jeweled watch with a long gold chain! I wonder whether she knows who sent it. I should almost think she would wish she didn't, for of course as she is married she will have to send it back if she knows who the donor is. I guess he would be chagrined if he knew she is a Mrs. Arfwedson! But the general public doesn't know that, and there are lots of men at the stage door every night now, waiting to see her come out, and some of them appear to be much interested in the dashing mousquetaires also, which is sometimes rather embarrassing; but they have to stay out on Sixth Avenue, as they are not allowed to come through the tenement-house hall or across the court to the stage door proper. Quite a number of escorts come every night to take the girls home; some are mothers, and others are fathers and brothers, I suppose, so those silly things out in the street don't bother us much. It is only since *Wives* began that this nightly crowd gathers. I should think they would feel awfully foolish to look at one another standing around out there, and what they do it for is a mystery to me—they know we'll never speak to them.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9.—We had a jammed house

last night, and everything went with a whoop and a hurrah. Such a number of distinguished persons in the audience! Colonel Mapleson, manager of the Italian Grand Opera Company, was in the left-hand stage box, with one of his sopranos, Mademoiselle Valleria. Lester Wallack sat in the right-hand stage box as Mr. Daly's guest; W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, the authors of *Pinafore*, were in the box above them; while Theodore Tilton, of some kind of notoriety, sat in one of the front rows.

Gilbert and Sullivan have recently come to this country, to organise a company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre to bring out their own production of *Pinafore* (they don't approve of the American production, it seems!); also their *Trial by Jury*, *The Sorcerer*, and a new comic opera, in which the characters are six girls, six burglars, and six policemen—don't know the name of it. One of our girls knows a girl in their company, and she says that the new piece is very funny and that the music is charming.

Between the acts last night Mr. Daly walked through the greenroom with Mr. Wallack, and they smiled benevolently on the assembled wall-flowers, as some of the men call us to tease us. (We can't help it if we have to sit around on a leather-covered bench with our backs against the wall!) They did not speak to anyone, but went right into Mr. Daly's private room, and we heard them laughing and talking, and pretty soon there was a sound like a toy pistol going off. I wondered what it was, and one of the boys made a motion as if drinking. I guess they must

have opened a bottle of something poppy, for we could hear glasses rattling, and they laughed and chatted a little longer, then went back to the right-hand stage box, which is the one Mr. Daly always uses for himself.

Mr. Wallack is a splendid-looking man; I saw him play *Rosedale* when I was quite small, and I remember that I wept quarts of tears at the episode of the stolen baby. He doesn't look young any more, but is still very handsome. He wore a monocle last night, which made him look as if he were about to play the part of a dude. They say that he always carries it.

Now I must record a very painful incident. Colonel Mapleson leaned over the railing of his box at the end of the fourth act, and applauded the all-conquering mousquetaires more heartily than anything else in the piece; so then the gallery gods simply broke loose, and we had to do the grand rescue scene four times, and every time we passed his box he leaned forward and applauded. We were all highly flattered at his evident admiration, and I guess all of us smiled at him in a pleased sort of way, just to show him that we thought he was very nice; but, my gracious, what a wiggling we got from "the Governor" the minute the curtain was down on that act! He left Mr. Wallack in the box and came flying downstairs after us, called us from our dressing-rooms, and told us that we must *never*, under any conditions, notice any living creatures on the other side of the footlights; they must be to us as if they did not exist. He said he was

shocked, positively shocked, to observe that we actually smiled at Colonel Mapleson's applause; no young ladies under his tutelage, he said, ever did that; and he intimated that the next young lady who should commit a similar indiscretion would shortly be conspicuous by her absence. We girls were astonished, of course—at least I was—and gazed at him in wonder; we really didn't think there was any harm in showing we were pleased, and I think Mr. Daly knew that, too, for suddenly he gave us one of his delightful smiles and said, "That's all—now be good girls!"

One night this week Mr. Daly's brother, Judge Daly, came around behind the scenes and stayed there almost all the evening. He is the only outsider that has ever appeared there as yet, except for Mr. Wallack's coming in last night. Mr. Daly never has a soul in the theatre at rehearsals, either, except those concerned in the play, or some member of the company. I am glad of it; it would be horrid to have strangers seeing us do the same thing over and over and laughing at our mistakes. Judge Daly doesn't look a bit like his brother; he is nice enough, but not romantic and distinguished-looking.

We had another performance of *Fernande* at last Wednesday's matinée; a rather better performance to a much better house. While I was standing in one of the wings, just before going on for *Fernande's* fainting scene, John Drew and one of the other men strolled up to me and chatted a bit; somehow my name was mentioned, and Mr. Drew suddenly said, "That's a pretty mane of yours—is it your own or a wig?"

This made me laugh so that when I had to go on the stage soon afterward I could hardly keep from grinning in an indecently unsympathetic way while poor Fernande went through her woes and her swoon.

For some mysterious reason we have stopped rehearsing *The Chimes of Normandy*, after practising the music a week; and last night a notice appeared on the bulletin-board calling a number of the people to a first rehearsal for a new play, which has a funny title: *An Arabian Night, or, Haroun al Raschid and His Mother-in-Law*. I am sorry to give up *The Chimes of Normandy*, for the music is lovely; but I think this new play must be amusing, and I am included in the call. I shall be very sorry to stop playing *Wives*, though, it is so bright, romantic, and beautiful. I have watched it and listened to it so closely that I can recite it by heart, act after act, which I do at home for mamma's entertainment. She, of course, thinks I could act either Agnes or Isabelle as well as Miss Lewis or Miss Rehan! Dear, foolish mamma, how little she knows about it! I thought once that I could act, just because I was the best actress of all the girls in our Athenæum dramatic club in Brooklyn; but my lessons with Mr. Robinson and my observation of these clever people have shown me that I really know nothing of the art. But I am determined to learn, and I may do something one of these days.

In one of the New York newspapers last week appeared this little verse addressed to Catherine Lewis; perhaps it is from the love-stricken swain that sent the watch and chain in a bouquet!

TO CATHERINE LEWIS

Cold is the heart that will not burn for thee,
Sweet child of innocence, in whose pure soul
The gentleness of peaceful Arcadie
Lives to enchant—enchancing to control.
Thine is the power that genius lends to Art!
Thine all the glad, bewitching graces are
To charm the cloudy sorrows of the heart,
And shine within it as a guiding star!
So may the clouds hung up around thy way,
Chased by the herald star of proud Success,
And this bright morning, deepening into day,
Cherish the light of thy own loveliness!

That doesn't seem very good poetry to me, though, to be sure, I don't know much about poetry. The one that wrote it must think Miss Lewis is no older than she looks in *Wives*—sweet sixteen. She is charming, but—she has a tall husband, and one child, at least—I don't know but more.

Mr. Daly has two dear little boys; they were in a box at the matinée yesterday, and came behind the scenes and into the greenroom between the acts. They are almost of the same size, and look like their father, having his deep blue eyes and long black lashes. Everyone made a great fuss over them, and Mr. Daly looked down at them with an air of quiet pride and tenderness that was pleasant to see. If those cherubs could only behold their dignified daddy racing and tearing all over the place when things go wrong they never would recognise him.

We play *Fernande* again next Wednesday, the 12th.

Someone says it is for the last time. I wonder what will come next for the Wednesday matinées.

If I can only find time at home, I think I will try to write out the whole of *Wives* from memory, just to see whether I can do it. I know it so well I could go on and play anybody's part, and it will be nice to have it to keep as a souvenir of some of the jolliest times I ever have had.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16.—One more week of *Wives* is ended, and the last matinée given of *Fernande*. Poor house and performance at the latter. Miss Blythe was cross, Daly ditto; Miss Fielding had a cold, and everything went wrong. Some sort of bad spell seems to hang over this piece, and we shall play it no more.

We met in the greenroom last Monday for the first rehearsal of the new play, *An Arabian Night*. I couldn't tell much about it the first two days, but now I think it is going to be splendid, immensely funny, and even better than *Wives*. Everybody laughs so at rehearsal at their own and everyone else's lines that they can hardly go on. Even Mr. Daly laughs more than I ever saw him before at a rehearsal.

John Drew has a very fine part—in fact, it is the leading male part, and doesn't he do it well! He is irresistibly amusing, and I am delighted to see him in something really good enough for his remarkable talent in comedy. We all laugh the whole time while he is rehearsing, first because the lines and situations are funny in themselves, and next because he brings

them out so well. Harry Lacy is good, too; and George Parkes plays the most ridiculous dandy that can be imagined, and Mr. Leclercq is simply killing as a ludicrously vulgar and impossible circus performer, a cannon-ball tosser, who travels about with a woman bareback rider (played by Miss Lewis); and these two get John Drew, who is a young husband in deadly fear of his mother-in-law, into no end of trouble. The piece *must* make a hit, I think, for most theatre-goers like to laugh.

Miss Rehan is in it, too, but has a small and not very interesting part.

Stately Mrs. Poole, always the embodiment of propriety and dignity, is the terrible mother-in-law, and Miss Lewis as the circus-rider is just as captivating as she is in *Wives*. We have rehearsed the new play every day this week, giving *Fernande* at the Wednesday matinée, and it is now rapidly taking shape.

An odd thing has happened this week. Mamma was ill last Monday with a terrible cold. I was afraid she would have pneumonia, so I told her she must not come for me after the night's performance, and made her go to bed before I set out for the theatre at seven o'clock. It was nonsense to think I couldn't come home alone just that little distance. She didn't go out Tuesday night, either, and Wednesday night I was sitting on a box behind the scenes, with my back against a stack of scenery, and my musket across my knees, looking very woebegone, I suppose, for I was feeling greatly worried about her. The third act was on, and Mr. Leclercq, who is not in that, came up the



HARRY LACY

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

stairway from the men's dressing-rooms, and seeing me came up with his usual military salute, which he always gives when I have that costume on.

"What's the matter, little captain?" he whispered. "Are you ill?"

I said I was not ill but worried, and told him about mamma. He was very sympathetic, asked whether she had had a doctor, and tried to cheer me up. Then he said: "She has been ill since Monday, you say. How have you got home at night, then?" He has seen my pretty mamma taking me home lots of times, and pretended he thought she was my big sister—which pleased her very much when I told her.

I said in a matter-of-course way that I had gone home alone, and he made me jump by saying quite loud and sudden: "God bless my soul, child, you mustn't do that! You shouldn't be out on Sixth Avenue alone at that hour—a child like you—impossible!"

I thought that was rather funny, so I smiled and said I knew the way home, as it was only a step—one block and round the corner.

"That isn't the point," he continued, quite earnestly; "you should not be alone even that distance. Doesn't some one of the other ladies live on that block, with whom you could walk home?"

I said no, and insisted that I wasn't afraid, and that I did not at all mind those silly men that hang around the stage door every night, but just hurried along and got home in five minutes.

"Well, get a veil, then," he said, in a rather dicta-

torial manner, as if I were a schoolgirl. I looked up at him and laughed.

"A veil?" I said. "What for? I hate a veil—they are such old-ladyish things. I never wore one in my life." But he insisted that I should get a thick veil and swathe my face in it, and assured me that all actresses of the better class in England always wear them when going home at night.

So, just to please him, I said I would get one. When I was ready to go home after that performance I found him standing in the court-yard rolling up his umbrella; he came toward me, saluted—even though I was not in uniform—and said: "I am told off to escort the little captain to quarters to-night."

I felt sorry and reluctant to have him take such trouble, and tried to protest; but he kept laughing, and quoted from the play: "By order of the King!" and taking my hand he drew me along through the hall out into Sixth Avenue. Then he said: "It has been raining, and now it is very slippery. If a mere civilian of my humble station may so far presume——" and he tucked my hand under his arm, raised the umbrella over his shoulder like a musket and called out: "*Allons, mon capitaine! Marchons! En avant! Silence à la mort!* That's all the French I know." And we tramped off at a great pace, like a pair of soldiers, he saying "Hay-foot, straw-foot! Hay-foot, straw-foot!" till we got into the middle of the next block, and then he talked so fast I couldn't say a word, even to thank him. When we got to the house he made a flourishing salute and I ran up the steps, unlocked

the door, and when I turned to look at him I saw his kind face smiling at me under the light of a street lamp. He waved his hand and off he went.

He has come home with me every night this week since Wednesday, and I think it is sweet of him, and so does mamma. But what *does* he think could happen to me? I am dressed very plainly, and don't look as if I had money or jewels enough to make it worth while to knock me down and rob me; the street is brightly lighted, and I only have to go by that French restaurant, a grocery, two saloons, a Chinese laundry, and that queer old Haymarket building on the corner of Thirtieth Street, which always seems to be full of people, with music playing until late—some sort of concert-hall, I think it is. But mamma and I pass those places every night, and never have seen the least disturbance anywhere. To-morrow night she will be able to come for me again, as she is almost well now.

Some of the girls have noticed that he went home with me and tried to tease me about it, calling him my "mash." That is a new slang word, and I think it is horrid. Besides, what they insinuate isn't true. He treats me as if I were a little girl, though of course I am not. Those girls don't understand, and it is mean of them to try to tease me—somehow it spoils the thought of his nice, friendly ways. I hope he won't hear any of their idiotic jokes, which are all the more absurd when one thinks of his age—why, he is certainly forty, if not more; quite an old man.

I have almost finished my writing of *Wives* from memory, and I flatter myself it is nearly as accurate

as Mr. Moore's prompt-book of the play, which he holds in his hands every night standing at the left first entrance. I don't believe there are ten words wrong in my manuscript. Mamma thinks it is quite a feat; but I have always had a good memory. If I read a part twice over I know it in a rough way, and a third reading fixes it in my mind. I have written in every bit of the stage business, too, and even have the music of the mousquetaires' chorus and of Agnes's saucy song, "I'm such a Little Fool," which she sings in the second act. I intend to write out the incidental music when I have time. Mamma asks me what I am doing it for, and I say "Just for my own satisfaction." All the same, any stage manager could produce the play from my written manuscript, though of course I never shall let anybody know that I have done it.

Mr. Daly is now rehearsing in the afternoons a company of some of the people that are not in either *Wives* or *An Arabian Night* to play *Divorce* in Jersey City and other places near New York. I have not seen the rehearsals, and I would rather play in the home theatre in these new pieces than to go over to Jersey, though I should dearly love to go traveling with the whole company, if Mr. Daly ever takes it to any other cities. I never have travelled very much, and I am crazy to see what theatrical travelling is like. I hear the older people tell such amusing stories of life "on the road"—delightful phrase! it suggests gipsying, romance, and adventure of all sorts. I hope I shall go some day.

The beautiful Estelle Clayton plays one of the principal parts in the new *Divorce* company, and Miss Mabel

Jordan plays Miss Rehan's part, I believe. She is a handsome, silent, marble-statue kind of girl. I never have heard her talk at all. No one seems to know her very well. She has a beautiful figure as well as a pretty face. But I should hate to see her try to play that part after seeing Miss Rehan in it. She can't possibly be anywhere near so good.

Mrs. Poole plays her old part of the mother, and complains bitterly about having to rehearse *An Arabian Night* mornings and *Divorce* afternoons. I don't wonder. But Mr. Daly stands the strain, apparently as fresh as a lark, and then is around all the evening watching *Wives!* I wonder when that man ever rests or sleeps.

I believe Miss May Bowers is in the *Divorce* cast, too; she is another pretty girl, but very quiet. I observe a certain sort of drawing in her direction on the part of Mr. Frank V. Bennett, who is a clever and amusing young actor. Whenever Miss Bowers is anywhere around he is sure to be in the immediate vicinity, though the young lady appears very demure and unconscious that they are noticed. Another little affair affords some interest; this is between Mr. Earle Stirling and Miss Fanny McNeill, the former a slender, well-mannered youth, with a pleasing light voice, the latter a plump little damsel, with skin as white as milk and eyes as dark as midnight. He is very jealous of her, and the other boys, knowing this, take delight in hovering around the fair Fanny.

There is a tall, heavy-looking actor, called J. F. Brien, who was in the *Newport* cast under the name of

64 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

Frank Iredale, and who seems devoted to Miss Helen Blythe. He played also in *Divorce* and *Fernande*, and some of the girls say they are engaged or married, but no one really knows. They are both in the theatre so little that we never see much of them.

These affairs are, so far as I can see, the only personal romances going on in this company, which is strange when one looks at all these pretty women and clever men. But I imagine they are all too busy and too ambitious to think of anything so frivolous as love or flirtation.

One of the best performances in *Wives* is that given by Mr. Hart Conway, in the character of Dorival, valet to Captain Fieremonte (George Parkes), who carries off the scheming Isabelle de Nesle. I like to study Mr. Conway's polished portrayal of the rascally, impertinent valet of that period. His costume is a sort of fawn-color and scarlet, and he looks like a Dresden china figure. His clear enunciation is a delight, and his every movement is full of grace. He, too, is silent and dignified, and seldom does he speak to anyone. He is a great friend of my teacher, Frederic Robinson, and the other night he came up and spoke to me very kindly, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Robinson had asked how I was getting on. I thanked him, and said he might tell them that I was having a very good time and was perfectly happy. He smiled, and said they would be sure to be glad to know that.

Two of the most amusing persons in the theatre—in a strictly private sense, as they seldom appear before the public—are old Mr. John Moore, the prompter and

assistant stage manager, who does sometimes play an old man's part, and young Roberts, the call-boy, son of the scene-painter, I believe. Mr. Moore is very old, is quick-tempered and quick in movement, and rather fussy and impatient at times, though he is as kind and good as he can be. Roberts is about seventeen, very slow and deliberate, given to going into a kind of trance or day-dream, so that he doesn't always start at once when Mr. Moore gives him the order to go and call someone for his cue on the stage. Roberts confided to me that he intends to be an actor and that he means to play *Hamlet*. I don't think he is tall enough, and he isn't very good-looking; but perhaps he will grow more and improve in looks. He is a nice boy, but pokey. Mr. Moore is always threatening to complain to the Governor about him, but I am sure he never will. The old gentleman is old-fashioned and precise in his ways, and tries to be very strict in his supervision of all these people, which is no small task with so many young men and girls to keep an eye on. He frowns and fusses if there is the least bit of fun going on, and is always talking about the good old days when everyone, from the leading actors down to the doorkeeper, had to toe the mark much more carefully than at present. But as for that, I think the rules and regulations of this theatre are strict enough, in all conscience; it wouldn't be pleasant if they were any more so. In our contracts we are warned that all sorts of fines will be imposed for various breaches of discipline and etiquette, such as five dollars for making the stage wait, two dollars for being late at rehearsal, and there is actually a

66 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

clause requesting that the young women of the company shall not walk on Broadway in the afternoons, though no fine is mentioned in case of non-compliance with this strange request. Also, we are warned never to allow a reporter to "interview" us on any pretext whatever, and not to breathe a word to any outsider as to the doings within the theatre. I can see the reasonableness of these two orders, but the one about walking on Broadway seems to me to be carrying chaperonage too far; I have learned, however, not to speak in a critical way about anything that goes on in the theatre. Someone—I can't imagine who—certainly must report to Mr. Daly everything that is said in the dressing-rooms; two or three times he has shown that he knows about what is said downstairs, and how can he know unless someone tells him? I don't suppose he is a clairvoyant. It is very curious. I wish I knew who was the obliging reporter.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER, 23.—All I have to record this week is rapid progress on rehearsals of *An Arabian Night*, which will be produced next Saturday night, the 29th. Also that we are having the same cartloads of fun every night playing *Wives*. I hardly have time to see mamma, as I am at home only between four and seven P. M., and that's about all. I ought to rest in that time, but I was so determined this last week to finish my manuscript of *Wives* that I have written on it every afternoon, and now it is done. Smart girl that I am!

Never have I laughed so as I laugh over *An Arabian*

Night. We have had at rehearsals this week the dearest little pony and donkey, which go on in the third act, when Moodle, the dandy (George Parkes), is run into and thrown down by the two circus-riders (Mr. Leclercq and Miss Lewis), who ride the horse and the donkey all around the stage. They do it with great dash and behave just like real circus people; and when poor Moodle goes sprawling the curtain comes down quickly. Both animals are very small, and are trained to do lots of things; they appear to understand everything that is said to them and do just what their caretaker tells them to do. That donkey knocks Mr. Parkes down with as much vigour as if it had a real spite against him and took pleasure in doing it. Everybody laughs tremendously except Mr. Parkes himself. He doesn't like it a bit, because it rumples him up and gets his trousers dusty.

John Drew is sure to make a great hit with his part. I never have seen anyone with so expressive a face; he talks with his eyes, and makes us laugh simply by his looks, without saying a single word. He gets into awful scrapes in the play, in perfect innocence, and it would be impossible for anyone to play that part better.

Ada Rehan, as his niece, who has been brought up in Europe, hasn't a very good part, but she makes the most of it, and by her own captivating personality makes it stand out more than the better *rôles* of the other ladies. She is an immensely clever girl, and always so jolly and kind-hearted. She is only twenty years old, and the brightest girl I ever saw. In my

opinion, she is the best actress in the whole company, yet she is simple and unaffected, without any of the airs so amusingly assumed by some of the other girls—with very little reason, so far as I can see. The difference between them is that Miss Rehan is the real thing, while they are merely trying to be. If they only knew it, the best people in any station are always the simplest in manner.

A curious thing happened at rehearsal one day this week, in which we saw the effect of Mr. Daly's discipline. A young lady, Miss B——, who has not been in any play since the production of *Newport*, had the part of a maid in *An Arabian Night*—quite a good part it is, too. At rehearsal, when she was "discovered" dusting furniture at the opening of the first act (by the way, that dusting business is *so* old—why don't they ever water the plants, feed the canary or the goldfish, or arrange the books in the bookcase?) she handled the feather duster in the most awkward way, and didn't really dust at all. Mr. Daly called out to her two or three times to do it differently, but she wouldn't; so he clambered over the seats and up on the stage, grabbed the duster from her, and proceeded to go for the furniture with all the energy of a brand-new housemaid.

"That's the way to dust," he said. "Haven't you ever dusted any furniture, Miss B——?"

"No, sir, I never have," was the haughty reply, at which we all smiled. Then he said something that I did not catch exactly, and handed back the duster to her. She made a few more feeble little dabs at a table,

looking very angry; Mr. Daly gave one of his withering sarcastic laughs, and said, "Oh, Lord!" whereupon the distressed damsel burst into tears, literally threw up the duster, left the stage, put on her things and went home. Mr. Daly simply turned and said, "Mr. Moore, send a messenger at once for Miss Flagg," and went back to his place, calm and cold as a load of ice.

So no girl can make a bit of an impression by playing the fine lady and pretending she doesn't know how to dust. I understand Miss B—— has sent in her resignation.

Miss Flagg arrived within half an hour, a bit flurried, but alert and attentive. She read the lines, of course, when they went over the scene again, but she took that duster and dusted! She is a slender little fairy sort of girl, with lovely dark eyes and a mouth so tiny I don't see how she eats with ordinary forks and spoons.

Somehow, everyone laughs at Mr. Parkes. I don't really know why, for in spite of his conceit and his devotion to dress he is bright and well educated. One day this week at rehearsal he was sitting beside Miss Rehan, trying, in the character of Moodle, to make love to her. Just as he said: "Adorable creature, never have I met a soul so congenial, so perfectly a mate for my own," that absurd donkey, standing behind the left wings, lifted his voice in an awful "hee-haw, hee-haw," completely drowning the rest of Parkes's speech.

Miss Rehan went off in a perfect gale of laughter,

and how she does laugh when she once begins! Everyone else roared too, even Mr. Daly. Only Mr. Parkes, as usual, was serious—or I should say cross. He scowled over his shoulder, and said something about “that d—— donkey.” He didn’t like poor Bertie—that is the little beastie’s name—very much before this incident, and now he will like him still less.

I can see danger ahead in that scene, because of Miss Rehan’s tendency to laugh at any lines at which she has once laughed accidentally when she shouldn’t. I’ll bet a box of chocolates with anyone that she laughs at those lines at performance. To be sure, Moodle is such a *noodle* she may very well be supposed to be laughing at his love-making.

We played *Wives* at the Wednesday matinée this last week, the 19th—no one wants to see that tiresome *Fernande*. Some of the hard-worked principals in *An Arabian Night* are actually rehearsing in the afternoons for a Wednesday matinée production next week of a dramatization of Wilkie Collins’s fine novel, *Man and Wife*. I am not in it, and I am glad, for it will give me a chance to see some of the company from the front in a real performance. That is, I think it will. It seems to me that if I should ask for tickets Mr. Duff would give them to me, as I am a member of the company. Anyhow I mean to try to-morrow morning, and I will take mamma. How I wish I could see *Wives* from the front! I wonder, now, whether I couldn’t—a part of it, at least. I could see the first and second act and part of the third, and then skip out in time to dress for the end of the fourth act. I

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 71

could do it perfectly easy, and I think I'll ask for two seats for Thanksgiving night, Thursday of this week, and take mamma to that, too; though it won't be much of a novelty to her, as she has heard me spout so much of it at home. "An excellent idea! I'll do it!" as Monsieur Scanarelle says in the third act of *Wives*.

I have bought a thick brown veil, and now I see *one* reason why "English actresses of the better class always wear them when going home at night." It is because they can put a veil right on over their make-up and nothing can be seen, thus enabling them to get away from the theatre sooner and to take off the make-up at leisure and in comfort in their own homes. Great idea! I'm glad my good friend and counselor advised me to adopt it.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30.—Once more have we passed through the ordeal of a first night, and the success of the play is even greater than that of *Wives*. The house was packed with the most brilliant and splendid-looking audience, and the play went as smoothly as if it had been running a month. The amusing situations and fine acting aroused great merriment, as we all felt sure they would. I never heard anything so inspiring as the waves of laughter and thunders of applause that followed the movement of every act. It was splendid!

John Drew won a great triumph. The newspapers this morning praise him highly and say he has the rarest talent as a comedian, which is only what he de-

72 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

serves. Yet last night, after the performance, when everyone was congratulating him on his own personal success, he was as modest as could be, and did not seem at all conceited because he had made such a hit.

Ada Rehan looked lovely, and was as fascinating as ever, though her part was not the leading one; while Catherine Lewis was irresistibly droll, and looked very pretty, too.

No mere words can tell how funny Mr. Leclercq was—the audience simply shrieked at him and Miss Lewis as the circus-riders. I got dressed early for the second act—the only one I am in—and went up to the green-room to be quiet and get away from the whirl of nervous excitement downstairs in the dressing-rooms. The only occupant of the greenroom was a very common-looking sort of man, with a rather tough and brazen face, sitting there quietly enough. I wondered who on earth he was and how such a very objectionable person had got past the stage door, and for whom he could be waiting. Just as I was asking myself whether I cared to sit down there alone with such a queer specimen, the man spoke. “Good evening, miss,” said he, with a familiar grin; “fine night, ain’t it?”

I stared at him, trying to think of something freezing to say, and he began to laugh. Then I saw it was Mr. Leclercq dressed as the cannon-ball tosser! Such a make-up! His own mother wouldn’t have known him. He had on a black wig with coarse hair sticking up straight around his face; his complexion was made dark to match the wig; his eyebrows were heavily blackened, and he wore the most awful big jet-black



JOHN DREW as *Alexander Spinkle*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

moustache with long waxed ends. He sported light, loud-checked trousers, a bright red cravat and a brown velvet coat, on the left breast of which was strung a row of glittering orders and decorations, presented, as he said, "by all the crowned heads of Europe." A regular rope of a watch-chain hung across his plaid waistcoat, big rings were on his fingers, and he carried the most dreadful little flat brown derby hat—perfectly hideous! I laughed till I almost cried, he was such a sight. He pretended to be very much hurt at my mirth; said he thought he looked like "a perfect gent," and declared that I was very rude and unkind to make fun of him.

While I was laughing at him Mr. Daly came tearing through the greenroom—it lacked about fifteen minutes before the overture—took one look at Mr. Leclercq and began to laugh in his suppressed way, nodding his head at the same time. Neither man said a word; they just looked at each other and laughed; then Mr. Daly rushed into his room and out again like a whirlwind.

Margaret Lanner played the part of John Drew's wife, and did very well. She is always refined and well-bred in manner, and Mr. Daly has taken a great deal of pains to drill her in this part; but she really is not very strong as an actress.

Mrs. Poole was a mother-in-law to tremble at, and her haughty disdain of her son-in-law's strange friend, the cannon-ball tosser, and that person's cheerful ignorance of the fact that he was being snubbed, were worth going miles to see. He even mistook her won-

74 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

dering stare for admiration of his manly "figger," and presumed to poke her facetiously in the ribs, saying with a wink, "You ought to see me in tights, mum!" at which the fastidious old lady closes her eyes with a gasp of horror. Oh, it is funny!

Handsome Harry Lacy looked the ideal artist, romantic and graceful, in a velvet coat and picturesquely long hair, painting at an easel. He likes to gaze fondly at his own image in the greenroom glass almost as well as does the amusing Parkes; he smiles, smirks, frowns, and makes eyes at himself, in the most comical manner, trying on expressions as a girl tries a hat, apparently quite indifferent to the fact that a roomful of people may be observing him. Well, he is always worth looking at, to be sure.

Miss Lewis has a funny scene in the house of John Drew, who, as Spinkle, was her friend in his bachelor days. She and the cannon-ball man have invaded the house when the young husband is alone there, his family being away on a visit; the dashing little rider, to illustrate an act she performs in the circus, jumps up on a sofa, seizes a long scarf, throws it over the sofa's arm for reins, and then jumps up and down on the springs, pretending she is riding bareback, kicking up her heels and singing this song, while Leclercq grabs a child's hoop that leans against the wall, and holds it up in front of her, like the paper "balloons" at the circus:

Hoop-la, hoop-la, hey!
This way, walk up this way!
'Tis here that you may
See a grand display

Of equitation gay;
This way, walk up this way,
All ready to begin,
Stand out of the way
That the rider may
Start off with a *bim, bim, bim!*

Round and round, with glance and smile,
Cantering gally, all hearts I beguile,
When to my feet on a sudden I spring
What a joyous thrill goes round the ring!
Hoop-la, hoop-la, hey, etc.

In the midst of this hilarious imitation of a circus act in a gentleman's drawing-room, in which the gentleman himself joins with great gusto, home comes mother-in-law from her journey—tableau and quick curtain! The scene went like a whirlwind; they got six recalls, and long after the curtain was down we could hear waves of laughter all over the house.

Little Miss Flagg looked sweet, and dusted the drawing-room in the highest style of the housemaid's art.

George Parkes was killing as Augustus Moodle; he was made up very much like the pictures of E. A. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, and got a laugh every time he spoke. But oh! the most awful thing happened with "Bertie," that blessed donkey. It is really almost too dreadful to put down, but as this is a strictly private registry of actual occurrences I will record that at the end of the second act, when Mr. Leclercq and Miss Lewis came riding out on the two animals from among the trees in the background and began to gallop around the stage, preparatory to the

donkey's making his rush toward Moodle and knocking him down, the naughty beastie committed an unpardonable breach of etiquette right on the stage, and then butted over the unfortunate Moodle, whose immaculate dandy suit, of light cream-color, was sadly damaged.

We all looked on in horror, and it was lucky the curtain came down just then. Parkes got up simply crimson in the face with rage, and his language went far ahead of anything I have heard from Mr. Daly in his most harassed moments! Daly and the man that brings the animals to the theatre rushed to the middle of the stage the instant the curtain was down, the former offering consolation to poor Parkes, the latter, with a whip, offering quite the opposite to the offending "Bertie."

Explanations got rather embarrassing, and we girls flew to our dressing-rooms, where we nearly choked with suppressed laughter.

Except when this sad mishap occurred—which was the only hitch in the piece—Mr. Daly's face was radiant; his eyes shone like blue stars all the evening. He didn't say much, but his looks showed his feelings. Even "Bertie" couldn't upset him.

There was great jubilation when the last curtain came down and the audience departed, after prolonged applause. We all felt that with the success of *Wives* and of this new piece, which is sure of a fine run, Mr. Daly's theatrical season will be profitable to him instead of a failure, as some people have predicted. No one can say he hasn't worked hard to win it. He

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 77

seems made of iron, and when he rests it would be hard to tell.

This is the cast and synopsis of

AN ARABIAN NIGHT

Mr. Alexander Spinkle, retired broker and ex-Caliph; a devoted young husband with a fatal passion for the Arabian NightsMr. John Drew
Herbert Rumbrent, artist and enthusiast, whose pursuit of the ideal results in successfully overtaking her....Mr. Harry Lacy
Uncle Major, a dear old soul to confide in....Mr. William Davidge
Lafayette Moodle, not such a fool as he looks for in the matrimonial marketMr. George Parkes
"Signor" Hercules Berrown, Premier Cannon Ball Tosser, and First Heavy Weight in Boom's Greatest Show on the PlanetMr. Charles Leclercq
John, Butler at Spinkle's, with a talent for nagging the old ladyMr. Frank V. Bennett
Peter, Waiter at Mrs. Portley's Summer Hotel on the BoulevardMr. Hunting
Mrs. Louise Spinkle, a model wife, i. e., she believes Everything He Tells HerMiss Maggie Harold
Miss Kate Spinkle, an American girl brought up abroad, and astonished at the ways at homeMiss Ada Rehan
Mrs. Weebles, who being Mrs. Spinkle's Mother-in-Law, is not partial to his RomanceMrs. Charles Poole
Rosa Maybloom, a young lady transformed by the Genil of Haroun al Raschid into what she is not—but always captivating, whatever she is. With a fleeting vision of the "Corsair's Bride," and a brief revelation of the "Great Indian Act"Miss Catherine Lewis
Mrs. Portley, Keeper of a Summer Hotel on the BoulevardMiss Sydney Nelson
Susan, Chambermaid at Spinkle'sMiss Georgine Flagg

INCIDENTAL

To the First Act.—Haroun al Raschid, in the privacy of home, reveals an adventure not to be found in the Arabian Nights. He's in for it, and in trying to get out opens up a series of hair-breadth escapes of the most thrilling character. The Wild Rose of Yucatan is transformed, and the Caliph escapes for one night.

To the Second Act.—The Caliph is down on his luck, and Mrs. Spinkle undertakes to have an adventure of her own. The American Girl from abroad undertakes straightening affairs. Mrs. Weebles undertakes matchmaking attempts on the Transformed Beauty, and Lafayette undertakes to assist. Great success of every undertaking except that of keeping a Secret.

78 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

To the Third Act.—The consequences of the Caliph's nocturnal adventure become more appalling. The stony-hearted Sultan sacrifices his Niece to save himself. The opportune arrival of the Cannon Ball Tosser brings a ray of light. The spell is removed and Rosa becomes for the moment "The Wild Rose of Yucatan; or, the Modoc Girl Pursued, and the Corsair's Bride." (But—for further particulars—see the play.) Grand Departure of the Beautiful Stranger and her faithful Cavalier, and disastrous overturn of Moodle.

To the Fourth Act.—The Cup of Hope is found to be cracked, and the bright anticipations dribble out. Haroun al Raschid is nailed by his Mother-in-Law, who reigns over Bagdad and the Boulevard for a quarter of an hour. Rosa keeps her promise, however, and saving everybody leads to a conclusion of Universal Happiness.

The entire action occurs within a day and a half. The first, second and fourth acts occur in Spinkle's house on the Western Boulevard. The action of the third act is in Mrs. Portley's Summer Hotel, opposite.

Last Wednesday I took mamma to the matinée of *Man and Wife*, and sat with her four rows from the front in the orchestra. I went to John Duff, Jr., in the morning, finding him in the box-office, and asked whether I might have tickets for the matinée, as I was not in the cast. He said "Certainly," and handed me two tickets with one of his blindest smiles. Then I nerved myself up to ask for two seats for the Thanksgiving night performance of *Wives*. He said he would see; so he looked over his tickets and gave me two fair ones—third row in the balcony, round on the side. I was delighted to think I was going to have the fun I wanted so much.

So mamma and I went first to the matinée and enjoyed it immensely. A theatre always used to seem to me a sort of enchanted place, and the players glorious, mysterious beings, whose lives were one long romance; and that day it was so odd to enter one of those

temples of mystery and to know everyone connected with it, from the man in the box-office to all the actors on the stage, as well as the men in the orchestra and the names of the ushers! Somehow, all the old illusion was gone. I knew just when John Drew was saying funny things under his breath to make the others laugh; and one of the boys, little Walter Edmunds, stuck a monocle in his eye and kept staring at me over the footlights with the most idiotic grin, to make *me* laugh. Occasionally I could see Mr. Daly's long black legs in the first entrance; mamma did not know whose legs they were, but I did! Altogether, it was a queer experience, and I was almost sorry to lose my dreams and fancies.

Two or three of the men in the orchestra nodded and smiled at me, which mamma thought highly improper, but it was all right. I know them, and they are all very good fellows, even if they are foreigners.

The play was interesting, and it was well acted in some parts. Mr. George Morton looked handsome as Geoffrey Delamayne, the athlete, but he was very nervous and didn't do himself justice. The best characters were Mr. Leclercq as Sir Patrick Lundie and Miss Annie Wakeman as Lady Lundie. She is a very pleasing actress, polished and elegant. I wonder why she is not in the bill more. She has not played since the production of *Newport*.

Helen Blythe was Anne Sylvester. The part is not suited to her. I wonder whether New York agrees with her; she looks so ill all the time. The house was pretty good, but not enthusiastic.

80 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

That was all very nice, and I had a good time, but dear me! why didn't some kind fairy tell me that my next attempt in that line was quite too dreadful and unheard-of, and everything that was wrong? I thought it would be great fun to see as much as I could of *Wives* from the front; so Thanksgiving night mamma and I went to the theatre again, arriving quite early. As I went through the gate in the foyer I looked around for Mr. Daly to tell him I was going to see the first two acts from the front; he usually stands beside the railing while the audience is entering the theatre, but that night he was not there. Instead, old Mr. Duff was beside the gate and gave me a long stare, but did not speak, although I bowed. I thought he did not know me because I was dressed quite differently from any way in which he ever has seen me. So I went calmly upstairs, found our seats, and with great enjoyment watched all the fine points of the first two acts, which I have often longed to see from a proper distance.

After the third act had opened I left mamma, went downstairs and out into the street, and was round the corner and up into my dressing-room in a twink. The other girls wished to know, in chorus and as one girl, why I was late, but I just laughed and did not tell them. Not that I cared, only I thought it was really no concern of theirs.

Nothing unusual happened that night to disturb my sweet satisfaction; but Friday morning I went rather early to rehearsal and saw Mr. Daly clambering down from the paint frame, where I suppose he had

been inspecting some of the new scenery. He caught sight of me, and in two steps was beside me.

"Miss ———," he began, fixing me "with his glittering eye," like the Ancient Mariner, "I am told that you were in the front of the house last night, although you appear in the fourth act."

"Yes, Mr. Daly, I was," I replied, rather surprised, and wondering why anyone should take enough interest in the trifling fact to report it to him. "But," I hastened to assure him, "I got around to my dressing-room and was ready long before it was time to go on."

Then he informed me, greatly to my astonishment, that I had committed a grievous fault; no one in any kind of reputable theatre, he said, ever was seen in front during a performance in which he or she appeared; such an act was against all theatrical rules, and usually met with a fine or some sort of discipline. I suppose I looked dismayed and surprised enough to amuse him, for presently he changed his severe and piercing gaze into a quizzical sort of smile, patted me on the shoulder, and said, "There, there! I know you were not familiar with the rule, so I'll say no more this time; but never do it again, child."

I felt extremely cheap, but at the same time I asked myself how anyone could suppose that *that* was any harm. I can't see any sense in the rule even now; but I shall take mighty good care not to do it again! I hope none of the older girls will find it out. Mamma was quite chagrined when I told her what a dreadful thing I had done. I suppose that of course John Duff never dreamed I was green enough to use one of those

82 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

tickets for myself when I asked for two seats; probably thought I wanted them for friends.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7.—Our new play has settled down to a reign of prosperity. The house is crowded every night, and the piece goes on wheels. Everyone in the cast seems to like his or her *rôle*; consequently all play to perfection, each one setting off his fellows to the best advantage. John Drew grows more and more amusing at every performance. So does Mr. Leclercq—yes, and Miss Lewis, too.

I regret to say, however, that “Bertie” appears to be incorrigible. Twice this week has he committed the *faux pas* of the opening night! It is really dreadful, and I think they are going to change donkeys. Parkes says he’ll be dee—dee’d if he stands it, and no one wonders at it.

Miss Flagg is a nice, bright girl. She had quite a little experience before she came into this company, her last performance being the part of Liz in a dramatisation of *That Lass o’ Lowrie’s*, produced by Marie Gordon (Mrs. John T. Raymond); one night last week she recited some scenes from that play to me in my dressing-room. She did it very well. She has good manners and has read a great deal, and it is a pleasure to know her.

Man and Wife was given at the Wednesday matinée, the 3rd, but I did not go.

It will be given again next Wednesday, and on that evening our performance of *An Arabian Night* will be for the benefit of the Seventh Regiment New Armory

Fund, and everyone seems to think that there will be big doings that night. I hope some of those nice soldier boys will be in front in their uniforms. What a pity we aren't doing *Wives*, so that they could see the lovely King's Mousquetaires in *their* uniforms! Perhaps they would want to join our small but select company.

I see something almost every night that amuses me --I don't just know why--no one else appears to think it funny. It is John Drew getting his hair curled by a hairdresser. Our dressing-rooms run around a deep cellar-like place, on one side of which are the men's rooms, and opposite are the girls' rooms; at one end are larger dressing-rooms for the principal ladies and the older men, and opposite those is the place where the orchestra stays, under the stage. All the rooms get very hot, of course, and when the people are at all presentable they open their doors for air. So when I go upstairs to the stage I can see Mr. Drew sitting in his room, with the door open, dressed in his stage clothes as Alexander Spinkle, except for his coat; a big barber's towel is pinned around his neck, and behind him is a hairdresser carefully curling his ambrosial locks with a hot iron into the loveliest little rings all over his head! I thought he looked funny the first night, though now I think the style is rather becoming. But he certainly does look funny getting it done--like a girl going to a ball.

In his distracted moments in the play he runs his fingers wildly through those curls, till they all stand on end, like a baby's.

That's a weird old hole down there, by the way—that cellar-like place. We peer over the railing and can see piles of old scenery, properties, furniture, and all sorts of stuff. I suppose it belonged to the old Broadway Theatre before Mr. Daly took the building. I should think he would clear it out. Suppose someone should drop a match down there!

Just as we thought we were going to have a lovely long rest from rehearsals we hear a rumor of a big comic opera to be produced; it is by a German composer and has had a run of more than a hundred nights at the Thalia Theatre in the Bowery, in German, with Mathilde Cottrelly in the leading part. No call has been put up on the bulletin-board yet, but we are expecting it any day. I like to rehearse, of course; it is just so much valuable experience and incidental fun; but I should like a few days more of rest, and an opportunity to see a little of the city I live in.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14.—Dear me, such a week as this has been! Last Monday night we found a call on the bulletin-board to rehearse music in the green-room for the new opera, which is called *The Royal Middy*, the original German title being *Der Seekadet*. So it has been sing, sing, sing all day long, with Mr. Mollenhauer and the First Violin, and now we know all the music of the first act. There are three acts. We know nothing of the stage business as yet—nobody does; principals and all are simply getting the music into their heads, and a nice job it is! Looks to

me as if the piece would be ready about the Fourth of July.

I rather like what I have heard of the music; it is odd and pleasing, slightly grand-opera like in spots. Next week we shall learn the business of the first act, and those of us who have small parts to play will have our lines to study. Mr. Fred Williams has been asking all the girls whether we ever have had fencing lessons. No one has except Georgine Flagg; she takes private lessons of him. I think we are to be taught something of the art. What fun! I always wanted to know how to fence. Georgine says it is very good exercise.

We younger girls—the “débütante school,” as some of the newspapers are fond of calling us—are to be, so far as I can understand it, Portuguese midshipmen at a naval academy, and some of the older and more experienced young ladies are to join us—the Misses Clayton, Bowers, Flagg, Weaver and Lascelles.

A new set of young women has been engaged for this piece; some are to be court ladies, others are to be dressed as sailors, and are to help swell the volume of the choruses. The names of some of the new ladies are May Sylvie, Gussie Lang, Bessie Justice, the Misses Millar and Fox, and a number of others whose names I don't know and don't want to know.

Divorce was played again on Wednesday, the 10th, at the matinée. I was surprised at being called for that play again. Wonder why they didn't play *Man and Wife*. It will be played next Wednesday, the 17th,

too. We ran through rehearsals of it out in the foyer with Mr. Moore, as the stage is in constant use for rehearsals of the *Middy*. Nothing is talked of now but the new opera, and I can see tremendous rehearsals ahead of us.

An Arabian Night is running beautifully to crowded houses. But, sad to say, my good friend Mr. Leclercq is very ill, and had to stay at home Friday night and let Mr. Hart Conway play his part. He appeared ill in the greenroom on Monday night, and kept getting worse every day after that; then he had to play twice on Wednesday, and by Thursday he looked terribly, though when he was on the stage no one would have thought that anything was the matter with him. It was wonderful to see him. He came off after one scene and sank into a chair near the wing, looking at me so strangely that I was alarmed. He motioned to me, so I went over and asked him whether I could do anything for him. "Get me some water, little captain," he whispered; "just water—that's all I want." I flew to get it for him, but when he drank he acted as if it hurt him. Pretty soon he looked up at me and said, "I'm almost done for; I haven't eaten anything this week but dry bread-crusts."

I didn't like to ask what was the matter with him, and in a minute he went on the stage again, though he appeared almost at fainting point. A carriage was called for him to go home in, and Friday night Mr. Conway played the cannon-ball tosser, after one day's rehearsal. He wasn't very good, but no one could play that part after Leclercq and show to advantage in it.

We heard yesterday that Mr. Leclercq has an attack of gastritis, whatever that is—something horrid the matter with his stomach. That was the reason why he couldn't eat anything but dry bread, poor dear! I shall feel dreadfully if anything happens to him. I wonder who takes care of him. I wish I could take him something nice—but then he couldn't eat it if I should. I know I am a little goose, but somehow the play seems flat to me without that odd, eccentric figure in it.

What curious persons one meets and what queer experiences one has in this strange life! Sometimes it is hard to know what to do. An amusing yet annoying thing happened to me lately, and I think I must record it as a romance in low life, for it is comical enough to laugh over some day, though I should hate to tell it now to any confidant but my diary. Yet I am as innocent in the matter as a spring lamb.

Behind the scenes every night are two firemen, on duty to look after the safety of the building. While the play is going on they wander around from wing to wing, like restless spooks; they never speak to anyone and no one notices them. Sometimes they get in the way, but they don't mean to, and heretofore have behaved very respectably. One night I came off the stage quickly and tripped against something the scene-shifters had left lying in the entrance, and almost fell forward—should have done so had not one of these firemen held out his arms and caught me. Of course I said "Thank you," and he said, "Not at all, miss," in a decidedly Irish voice and accent. I hurried downstairs and thought no more about it—never

should have done so if the same man had not stepped up to me the next night, as I was waiting for the act, saying, "I hope ye didn't hur-rt yer fut last night, miss. Is it all right the night?" I said yes, and strolled away from that wing, wondering whether my rescuer intended to keep up this conversation business.

The night after that, when I went up to the stage, he was standing at the head of the stairs and handed me the queerest, stiffest set bouquet done up in lace paper; first a row of carnations, then a row of pansies, then one of rosebuds; then more carnations, the whole topped off with a knob of tuberose. It smelled like a funeral!

"Will ye be plazed to take these, miss?" he said, like a bashful schoolboy. Really, he isn't a bad-looking Irish lad, but I was dreadfully embarrassed. I wasn't "plazed" to take them, but I hated to hurt his feelings; besides I was in terror lest Mr. Moore or Mr. Daly might come along, and what *would* they have thought? So I mumbled something like thanks, took the flowers quickly and ran downstairs with them, feeling at once that I had done the wrong thing, but I didn't know what else to do. The girls immediately asked who was the "mash" that had sent the flowers, and was he in a box? If they had only known it was the fireman! I laughed and was very sly and mysterious about it; then I went up to the greenroom, for the firemen never go in there.

Two nights later, as I was going downstairs I met that man coming up—for they prowl around among

the corridors, too—and he handed me a package done up in paper, saying, “This for you, miss,” and went on. I was provoked, but couldn’t say a word; I went down to my dressing-room, where I found only Madame Malvina deep in a French novel with her back toward me. I opened the package in impatient disgust, puzzled as to what to do to get rid of the tiresome creature without letting anyone know, and I beheld—a box of cheap, high-colored and decidedly high-scented soap! *Soap*, of all things! Ye gods! I was so wild I almost let out my rage; but I suppressed it, and was puzzled no longer as to what to do. I couldn’t help laughing at the inference I might draw from this peculiar offering; but I bundled the stuff all together again, stole quickly upstairs, and found the too gallant fireman standing in the R. L. E. He looked round at me with the most absurd grin; I marched right up to him, thrust the package into his hands, saying quickly that I never accepted presents from anyone, and hied me swiftly to the shelter of the greenroom. He has not bothered me since, except to stand in the wings and gaze mournfully at me. The ridiculous creature! I have hurt his feelings, but what on earth could I do? He should have known better. I haven’t told a soul in the theatre about it, and mamma says I did just right.

Last Monday night Miss Lanner’s part of Mrs. Spinkle was played by Maggie Harold, a daughter-in-law of old Mr. Davidge. She played the part of Lisette, the maid in *Wives*, very well indeed, but did not compare favorably with Miss Lanner as Mrs.

Spinkle. She is too stout, too loud and bouncing. A quiet character is not suited to her, but she gets all the fun there is out of broad comedy. Tuesday night Miss Lanner played again, and every night since they have alternated the part.

Wednesday night's performance was a gay affair. We saw all the soldier boys we wanted, and stunning officers in lovely uniforms filled the boxes. They sent quantities of flowers in at the stage door—Mr. Daly won't allow them to be handed over the footlights. There were flowers for everybody; baskets and things for Miss Lewis and Miss Rehan, and heaps more for anyone that wanted them. The house was packed, with a splendid and fashionable audience, and the play went with a bang! The actors could hardly make all their good lines heard, the applause and laughter were so great. Poor Mr. Leclercq, suffering as he was, never played better, and John Drew was applauded till I think he must have been tired of going out and bowing.

After the play we found a perfect mob of "the military" at the stage door; it looked as if the street were under martial law! I happened not to wear my veil that night, and I'm sure I saw among them one young man I used to know the year I went to Packer Institute in Brooklyn; he was a student at the Polytechnic Institute around the corner, and the brother of a girl I knew. But mamma hurried me along past all those gay boys in their natty uniforms, and anyhow I should not have wanted to speak to him there.

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 91

It was a great night, but we girls, remembering our awful experience with Colonel Mapleson, gazed into open space with stony stares at hearing audible stage whispers of "A-a-ah!" floating up from the front rows whenever we moved or a new girl came on; no one smiled a smile or fluttered an eyelash. I hope the Governor noticed how prim and proper we were.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21.—Here we are almost at Christmas time, but I have lived in such a whirl of work and excitement that I have not realised it was so near, and haven't done a thing in the way of preparation for it.

Last Monday morning a tall and handsome man appeared in the greenroom and was introduced as Mr. Alonzo Hatch, the tenor that sang the part of Ralph Rackstraw in the first production of *Pinafore* in this city last year at the Standard Theatre. He is quiet and dignified, but pleasant and unassuming, and he has a lovely voice. We girls used to think Harry Lacy could sing quite well, though some of the men said he couldn't; but his voice is a mere chirp compared to Hatch's. Lacy is not to be in *The Royal Middy*, neither is John Drew. Too bad! It will seem strange and dull without those two around at night. They do the most to entertain the crowd.

We began to learn the music of the second act Monday morning, and in the afternoon Mr. Williams gave eight of us girls our first lessons in fencing—lots of fun it was, too, but my opponent is so very vigorous I have to dodge her. Hope she won't finish by putting

my eye out. Mr. Williams is a splendid fencer—quick and graceful as a boy.

After the fencing-lesson Madame Malvina took us in hand to teach us some peculiar dancing steps supposed to be used by Portuguese naval cadets. All I can say is, Portuguese youths must present a strange appearance going through such gyrations in the ordinary affairs of life. I never saw anything like them on the school-ship in the Brooklyn Navy Yard! We were tired enough to drop at four o'clock and glad to go home. A number of new men have been engaged to sing; some look rather nice, and all have good voices, but I don't know any of them.

We hear that Mr. Leclercq is getting better, but have not seen him yet. I am so glad he is going to recover. Someone said that he would be in the cast again to-morrow night.

This week I had a strange experience, which I should find difficulty in making anyone else understand. As I have written before, we have a large and splendid orchestra, which plays unusually fine music for a theatre. One of my pleasures is to sit quietly in my dressing-room, shut my eyes, and listen to the lovely things they play. I have heard good music before, of course, including three operas—*Faust*, *Rigoletto*, and *Martha*, and thought I knew what real music was. But last Monday, after the third act, when all the people on in the second act only had gone except myself—I had stayed behind to read and listen to the music—the orchestra began to play the strangest thing I ever heard. I couldn't read another word, but sat motionless awhile;

then I felt as if I must do something, I didn't know what. The music grew more and more tremendous and awful, and I actually began to tremble and feel very strange—I can't describe it; as if something was all wrong with the world; that it was an unhappy place, instead of pleasant and gay; then I felt a fear that no one would ever love me, realising suddenly that I wanted to be loved. Soon that idea passed, and I felt that it wasn't love I wanted at all, but death. I longed to die right there—never to hear or to know anything again after that terrible music. I put my head down on my table, and cried and cried. Presently the melody began to ebb away in long, tired waves, and became only a reminder of the agony that had gone before; and after awhile I felt calmer.

As soon as the fourth act was on I went to the door of the orchestra room and spoke to Mr. Mollenhauer. He came over to me, and I asked him what was that wonderful thing they had just played.

"You like it, hein?" said he, with his pleasant smile. "That is the love music in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. It is great music, true. You have never heard it before, no?"

I said I had not; then he picked up a programme for the week and showed me the list of music to be played. After the *Tristan und Isolde* announcement were the words: "By request." I asked whether they had played it by Mr. Daly's request. Mr. Mollenhauer's son Emil had heard all that we said, and when I asked that he and his father looked at each other, said something in German, and laughed.

94 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

"No, certainly *not* by Mr. Daly's request," said the elder Mollenhauer; "by the request of—someone who loves the master well."

Emil looked at his father again in such a way that I was sure Mr. Mollenhauer had played that piece at his own request!

They have played it every night this week, and it has had an extraordinary effect on me. Nothing has seemed the same to me since. I feel as if I had grown much older. Somehow I have a distaste for all that I am doing now, if this is all that it is to amount to. If I cannot do something great and be something splendid I don't want to go on with this useless life. Never have I had such thoughts before. What kind of man was Wagner, I wonder, to have written such music as that.

We played *Divorce* at the Wednesday matinée to a very good house. It really seems soothing, somehow, to appear again in that comparatively peaceful play, after the racket and bustle and general hurrah of *Wives* and of *An Arabian Night*.

My observation of the actresses in the two performances that I saw from the front of the house has taught me a valuable point about facial make-up, and that is, the less one uses of red paint the better. Miss Rehan and Miss Lewis always look pale behind the scenes compared to some of the other ladies; a few of the girls say that neither makes up enough—they are the ones who lay several coats of grease paint on their cheeks and chins, and even daub it clear up to their eyes and on their eyelids. I never have done that, for

I think it makes them all look as if they had a high fever; but I know now that I did put too much on my cheeks, for behold, when I looked at the company from the front the Misses Lewis and Rehan looked delicate and natural, and like ladies, not made up at all—which of course is the way they should look in such parts; while most of the others looked artificial, and had even injured their natural beauty by too much colouring. It was amusing, after I had said I had seen *Man and Wife* from the front, to have almost everyone in the cast ask eagerly, "How is my make-up from the front?"

I studied the two wise ladies' make-ups after that, and tried to make my own like theirs. Indeed, I asked Miss Lewis a question or two about it; she was always so nice and jolly with the younger girls I wasn't a bit afraid to ask. She told me how she made up, and I know I have improved very much, for a friend of ours who goes to all the plays says I look very much better than I did in *Newport*. The girls who are so fond of laying it on thick tell me every night that I am too pale, but I don't believe it, and shall not unless Mr. Daly tells me so. I would rather look a bit pale and like a real girl than like a daubed-up doll.

More trousers for us to wear as the Portuguese midshipmen! I got quite used to my black velvet knickerbockers in *Wives* and could always drape that voluminous cloak in a becoming manner when I sat down, so that I hardly realised that I had trousers on at all. I hope the Portuguese things will be equally comfortable and convenient. I am going to try to get

96 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

that beauty wig to wear again. I really hated to have to give it up when we stopped playing *Wives*.

The music of the second act of *The Royal Middy* is charming; I have heard a good bit of the principals' music by this time, and it is lovely. The midshipmen's songs are gay and lively, and I think we shall be a decided novelty.

No live stock in this piece—that's a good thing. They have got another donkey in "Bertie's" place for *An Arabian Night*. It isn't so handsome, but it behaves better.

I find that I can recite almost the whole of *An Arabian Night*, just as I could recite *Wives*. I wish I could write that out, too; but I simply haven't a minute's time. I don't like to give up writing in my journal, and I must have time to eat and sleep. Guess I shall remember it long enough to write it after the season is ended and I have gone home to the country to rest.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28.—Christmas came and went without anything special happening. We gave a matinee of *An Arabian Night* to a fair house, but at night it was crowded. We had had a matinee of *Divorce* the day before, and on Saturday we had another of *An Arabian Night*. And the same programme will be repeated this week, when New Year's Day comes. As John Drew says, "It is crowding the mourners"!

Last Monday night Mr. Leclercq returned to the theatre, to everyone's satisfaction. He looked very pale, and has lost pounds of flesh, but he says he is

eating again all right and feels much better. He played Hercules Berrown, the cannon-ball tosser, just as amusingly as ever, and the third act went with its former rush, which it has lacked in his absence.

Mr. Daly did something very nice and kind for me on Christmas Day, while the *matinée* was going on. Last week I bought quite a large autograph album, with wide pages, intending to ask some of the company to write in it. I have seen some very interesting-looking autograph letters of distinguished actors, framed with their portraits, hanging on the wall of Mr. Daly's office when he has left the door open, and I thought it would be pleasant to begin such a collection for myself. It seemed appropriate to ask Mr. Daly to be the first one to write in it; so I took the book to the theatre, waiting for a good opportunity to approach him.

Christmas Day, just as the last act was beginning, no one was in the greenroom, and I knew Mr. Daly was alone in his office. So I got my book, and screwing up my courage, tapped at the office door. He said, "Come in!" quietly and gently, and I knew by the sound of his voice that he was in good humour and that I had seized the right moment.

He sat at his desk with some illustrated books of fancy costumes spread out all over it; he was leaning back in his easy-chair, with one foot resting on his knee and a book in his hands; and for the first time I beheld him without his hat on; it lay on a chair beside him.

He looked up at me, with an expression of mild

98 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

surprise, put down his book, and said: "Well, child, what is it? Shut the door and come in."

I went up to his desk and in as few words as I could told him what I wanted. He smiled and said, "Let's see the book."

I handed it to him. He turned the pages over and said, "Nothing here as yet, I see. You wish me to dedicate it—is that it?"

I said that was just it, and then he said that the book was well enough for mere signatures, but that if I intended to make a real collection I should not be content with signatures, but should try to get letters, manuscripts, and interesting signed documents, and keep them in portfolios, properly classified and alphabetised.

"But this will do to begin with," he said; "now what shall I write?"

I said I should like something more from him than just a signature.

"Oh, of course—I'll give you something more than that," he replied, and he took up a queer-looking pen on his desk, opened a knife and began to cut it, saying that it was a quill pen, such as people used years and years ago, and that he never used any other. He cut it and trimmed it carefully, tried the point, opened the book at the first page, dipped the pen in the ink and said gaily: "Now, little girl, what shall it be? Here, sit down there"—pointing to a fat hassock beside him. I knelt on it, leaned against the desk, and watched him, as he first flourished the pen over the paper with a mischievous smile on his handsome face, then began

(2)
And what would the same de-
lightful beautiful young lady
be pleased to hear now? why
the Hercules Berrow in our
Arabian Night.

And the Wild Rose of Gascon
replies with a smile: "The Bal-
lons if you please.

But this same delightful young
lady doesn't want "Ballons"
she wants Autographs - she does.

So bring along your auto-
graphs - and please the
D. D. D. Y. L.

Augustine Daly

Feb 21/80

FACSIMILE OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S AUTOGRAPH

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

to write swiftly with that old-fashioned pen. He covered the whole page, and I wondered what he could be writing, he laughed so much all the time. Finally he blotted the page and turned the book around for me to read. And this is what he wrote:

"And what would the dear, delightful, beautiful young lady be pleased to want now?" asks Mr. Hercules Berrown in our *Arabian Night*.

And the Wild Rose of Yucatan replies with a simper:

"The Balloons, if you please."

But this dear delightful young lady doesn't want Balloons; she wants Autographs—she does.

So bring along your autographs, and please the D. D. B. Y. L.
AUGUSTIN DALY.

I laughed, delighted, for it is a quotation from the funniest scene in *An Arabian Night* where Leclercq and Miss Lewis give their imitation circus act in the drawing-room, and I liked the way he brought it in. It was very nice of him, and I thanked him heartily.

"Wait a minute and I'll show you something, if you care for these things," he said, opening a drawer of his desk and taking out a portfolio. From this he drew a beautiful autograph letter of Mrs. Dora Jordan, the famous English actress, a letter of Edmund Kean's, one of Charles Kean's, another in Italian by Adelina Patti, and two letters, one written by Edwin Forrest, the other by William Macready, mounted together and kept in one compartment.

"These two are a reminder of the Forrest-Macready riot," he said; "have you ever heard of that?"

I said I had not, and he laughed, while he put back

the letters, saying that I must read about it, and that it was one of the best theatrical advertisements ever heard of.

I took my book to go, and he smiled pleasantly, and said: "You like the stage very much, don't you, my dear?"

For a minute I didn't know just what to say; then I answered as well as I could that if in time I could do what I wished I should like it. He patted me on the shoulder and said: "We'll see. I think you may do something some day." And then I took my departure. I never knew him so nice and gentle, so much like other people; and never have I liked him so well. At times he seems quite human!

The next day I asked Mr. Leclercq to give me his autograph, and he said certainly, he was selling 'em cheap this season—only twenty dollars apiece! Just like him.

We did *Divorce* last Wednesday, the 24th, and shall play it again next Wednesday for the last time, so it is announced on the programme for this week.

The greenroom was closed during last Wednesday's matinée, and men were at work in there, so we stayed in our dressing-rooms or in the wings. At night it was open again, and was beautifully decorated with ropes of smilax, flowers, holly, evergreens, and mistletoe. I didn't see anyone caught under the mistletoe, but was told something of the sort took place. Not hard to guess who were captor and captive!

Rehearsals for the *Middy* grow worse and worse, what with fencing, dancing, singing, and acting. The

fencing goes with great spirit now, and we all like it immensely. The dancing is more difficult—such queer steps, all to be done in exact time and singing while we do them—it is really very hard. Malvina's temper is on the ragged edge these days. Mr. Williams and Mr. Mollenhauer are still patient and sweet, and the First Violin just laughs and shrugs his shoulders—he doesn't care a button whether we do it right or not.

Mr. Leclercq is to play in the *Middy*; he has the part of an old Portugese nobleman, and has to sing! He laughs about it himself, for he really can't sing a bit, but he says he has one of the finest deliveries of recitative ever heard in Europe! It is comical to think of his taking part in even a light opera. Of course he will play the part well, but his singing will be something weird.

Mr. Daly doesn't bother his head much over the musical part of the play; he leaves all that to Mr. Mollenhauer and Mr. Williams. And now a fresh batch of newcomers has to be drilled, in the shape of thirty-two small children, who are to be living chess-men in a game of chess to be played at the close of the second act. When we went to rehearsal one morning last week we found what looked to be about five hundred children in the hall, in the courtyard, on the stage—everywhere. We thought an orphan asylum had been dumped on us, and most uncommonly dirty and unattractive orphans they were, too. They looked like sweepings of the slums. Mr. Daly and Malvina were talking to them, and after a while they

102 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

selected all that were needed, but it was hard work to shoo the others away. I don't envy whoever has the training of them.

I can't imagine what a living game of chess will be like; it might be pretty, I think, if those children can be made to do it right. We are learning the music that goes with it, and it is beautiful. Everyone in the piece is on in it, and all sing together.

Miss Fielding is to be the young Queen of Portugal, supposed to be unmarried, though she has secretly become the wife of Don Lamberto (Alonzo Hatch), an admiral in the Portuguese navy; and he and she play "the royal game of chess," while everyone else looks on and makes remarkably free comments on the progress of the game and the personality of the players—different from any game of chess I ever saw. But operas are funny things.

Mr. Leclercq is Don Domingos, master of ceremonies at the Portuguese court; old, cross, half-blind, and very jealous of his lovely young wife, played by Ada Rehan. Hers is not much of a part, and she too has to sing, though her voice is so light one can hardly hear it when the accompaniment is played.

Catherine Lewis plays the part of Fanchette, a runaway gipsy girl who is trying to find an old friend, Don Lamberto; he is alarmed lest his acquaintance with her shall compromise him in the eyes of his jealous secret bride, the Queen, and he smuggles the gipsy girl, disguised as a midshipman, in among the middies of the Royal Naval Academy.

These two sing splendidly together, and Miss

Fielding, who has a really fine voice, renders like an artist the lovely music for the Queen.

Another singer is Hart Conway, who has some curious Spanish music in his character of Don Jan-nario Something-or-other, a Brazilian planter and multi-millionaire. He plays the part well, but his voice is of the lightest.

Dear old Mr. Fisher takes the part of the master of fencing at the Naval Academy. He can't sing either! This is really the oddest thing I ever heard of—bringing out an opera with so many people that can't sing. But they can all act, and I suppose dresses and scenery will do a lot to make it go.

We heard that Mr. Davidge was cast for Mr. Fisher's part; now, he *can* sing, and took the part of Dick Deadeye in the first production of *Pinafore* last year. But he declined to play so small a part in this piece, and it was given to Mr. Fisher. Mr. Davidge has been very grumpy in the greenroom all this week, and we heard that he was angry at Mr. Daly, too, because he could not have the part Mr. Fisher played in *Wives*—the Marquis of Fontenoy. Everyone thought his own part of Scanerelle was just as good, if not better, but he thought he ought to play the Marquis.

An Arabian Night rolls along smoothly and merrily, and the audiences are the largest in town. I don't see why Mr. Daly wants anything new for a long time; but I suppose he has made up his mind to produce just so many plays this season anyhow.

They say that our costumes are to be very gor-

geous and beautiful; and in two acts Miss Lewis is to be dressed just like us. She will be a plump boy, methinks, and so will some of the others. No cloaks this time, either—Malvina says sailor boys don't wear cloaks. I am just crazy to see what the costume is.

Some of the new girls are decidedly loud; they are all good-looking, have good voices, and have had stage experience; but they are very different from our little set. We don't like their looks, and stay by ourselves as much as we can. They make fun of us slyly, and call us "the aristocrats," but we don't care for that. I don't see why they think they must be so loud just because they are on the stage, and so bold and free with the young men of the company, when they never met any of them before. We have actually heard some of them swear; they use awful slang, and their grammar—well, it isn't there! I hope they will be put in a dressing-room by themselves. Malvina will have her hands full if she undertakes to chaperon that crowd; but she doesn't seem to bother her head about them, except to teach them what she has to of the stage groupings, etc.

The friendship between our two pairs of turtle-doves seems to be getting very sweet. I mean the young lady with the springtime name—May Bowers—and the devoted Mr. Bennett, both of whom are in the *Middy*; also quiet little Miss McNeill and the gallant Stirling. At our long rehearsals, whenever a breathing-space comes, one is sure to run upon one or the other of these two couples in some dim corner; no doubt they are discussing "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." As these

two youths are among the more attractive ones of the company, some of the new girls are making eyes at them, and I can see the two little ladies, sweet and gentle as they are, beginning to sharpen their claws for the presuming strangers.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1880.—Great times at the old house; it hummed like a bee-hive all the week. We worked all day long at rehearsals—everybody—Mr. Daly the hardest of all, unless it was Mr. Mollenhauer. Poor Malvina has to train those terrible chess children, and anything funnier I never saw than that excitable polyglot lady trying to transform those wild street arabs into graceful figures for the stage, to move in time to music.

A large sheet of canvas has been painted in squares to represent a chess-board; it is spread flat on the stage, and the children, in two files of sixteen each, come on from the back of the stage, centre, and go through a very pretty march, finally taking up positions on the squares. When the game begins, the Queen of Portugal sings first what her move will be; the orchestra plays some curious tinkling dance music, and one of the children, as a pawn, makes the moves in little dancing steps, going from one square to another. Then Don Lamberto sings what his move will be, and a pawn on his side makes a move, and so on. The Queen wins the game, of course! It is very odd and pretty, or will be if the children ever learn it. They have improved very much, so I guess there is hope for them. They are to be looked after by a man engaged espe-

cially to take care of them—the boys, I mean ; there are a few little girls, and they will fall to the care of Mrs. Nagle, our wardrobe mistress. She is a very nice woman, who used to be a well-known actress in her day, she says ; but she has grown exceedingly stout, and has had so much trouble she is no longer pretty, so she cannot act any more. She dresses the principal ladies, takes care of all the fancy costumes, and helps any of us that need assistance. Everyone is very nice to her.

Our fencing scene goes with great dash now. I think we shall look stunning when the curtain rises on the second act, and the pretty midshipmen's swords are glancing and flashing in all directions. I say "pretty," and so we are ; that is, I am when I have a becoming wig and am well made up, and the other girls are anyhow, no matter what they have on.

We played *Divorce* at the Wednesday matinée, the 31st, for the very last time, to a good house. New Yorkers have got in the habit of coming here now, to Wednesday matinées and all.

That night several of the older members of the company were invited by Mr. Daly to watch the old year out and the new year in with him in the greenroom. None of the "school" was asked, of course ; we are supposed to be too young and tender for such celebrations ! Perhaps we are, but I wish we had been invited all the same. These people are so delightful and amusing when they ever find time to be, I should like to be with them once when no work was going on.

Old Mr. Davidge, however, was not of the party, the reason being that the dear old gentleman's huffiness

has extended to his resigning from the company, and his performance in *An Arabian Night* the next evening, January 1st, was positively his last appearance with us. He announced his immediate departure that night in the greenroom, when all the ladies happened to be there, and everyone expressed the greatest regret. He laughed, and said that words were all very well, but that if we were really sorry to lose him we would all kiss him good-by. We promised to do it after the performance. So when the play was over, and we had all left the stage and were going downstairs, Mr. Davidge came hurrying down our stairway instead of going over to the men's side, calling after us: "Now don't forget your promise, girls!"

We stopped at the foot of the stairs, saying, "We haven't forgotten. Come on down!"

He came down the remaining steps surprisingly fast for such an old gentleman, and we surrounded him; Catherine Lewis kissed him first, and he helped himself to two or three extra ones; next came Miss Lanner, then Miss Rehan; then I kissed him, and last came dainty Georgine Flagg, whose rosebud of a mouth would be a treat for anyone to kiss, young or old. Mr. Davidge appeared to like the farewell ceremony very much, and kissed us all with great gallantry; while at the end of the men's corridor stood John Drew and Harry Lacy, who, hearing the unusual noise and laughter, had come out to see what was going on. They took the scene all in, making loud remarks as to their envy of Mr. Davidge and criticising his manner of receiving his favors. And at the door leading to

the courtyard stood a little German violinist—a recent addition to the orchestra, who cannot speak a word of English—staring with open mouth and saucer-like eyes at the extraordinary scene. He probably thought it was another curious custom of “these mad Americans,” as I understand all foreigners consider us.

We feel very sorry to lose Mr. Davidge. He is to join a new company in a play called *All the Rage*, which is to go on the road, and in which he and another elderly actor, Frank Hardenbergh, have the leading parts. We shall miss his quaint face, his old-fashioned gallantry, dry wit, and even his amusing grumbling, in the greenroom gatherings.

The next night, Friday, his part was played by Mr. Moore, who takes any old man’s part at short notice when necessary. He gave a good imitation of Mr. Davidge, and is to continue in the part as long as the piece is on.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11.—If these rehearsals of the *Middy* don’t drive us all into asylums it will be a wonder. And to mix things up a little more, Mr. Daly is rehearsing a company in between times to play *An Arabian Night* on the road as soon as *The Royal Middy* goes on. Miss Lanner is to play Miss Rehan’s part; Miss Wakeman Miss Lanner’s, and handsome Mabel Jordan is to play Miss Lewis’s part; while Mr. J. F. Brien (Helen Blythe’s husband—they say he is her husband) and Mr. Percy Hunting play Mr. Bennett’s and Mr. Moore’s parts. They actually have to rehearse out in the foyer some of the time, as the stage



WILLIAM DAVIDGE

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

is in use from early morn to dewy eve. There is a grand piano out in the foyer, and the weary and cynical First Violin goes out and plays the "Hoop-la" song for Miss Jordan when it is time.

The foyer is the prettiest one in town; it is furnished like a drawing-room, with handsome carpets, chairs, and sofas, and the walls are covered with fine portraits of theatrical stars, American and foreign. Mr. Daly has some good professional pianists out there every night to play on the piano between the acts, and many persons go out to walk around and look at the pictures.

Now we are learning the music for the third and last act of the *Middy*; it is as pretty as all the rest, though we girls haven't much to do in it. There is a charming love duet between Miss Fielding as the Queen, and Miss Lewis, disguised as a young man. The coquettish young Queen has been flirting mildly with what she supposes to be a foreign young midshipman of noble birth; and Fanchette, the gipsy, is obliged to pretend she is smitten with the Queen in order to hide her own identity as a girl until she can get away safely from Portugal. The duet is beautiful, and those two sing together most bewitchingly.

The "royal game of chess" is going smoother; the fencing will be one of the showy bits of the piece, and the grand entrance of the royal midshipmen at the end of the first act is really tremendously effective, both in posing and music. We begin work now at nine in the morning and keep it up till five o'clock, with only an hour for luncheon.

We played *An Arabian Night* at last Wednesday's matinée, and another performance of it will be given next Wednesday.

A sensation was sprung on us at rehearsal this week, in the second act. When we were in the midst of the fencing business Mr. Moore came forward with a package of cigarettes and informed us that we were to light up and smoke in that scene in every performance! We all protested and said we couldn't, didn't want to, etc. Mr. Moore called Mr. Daly, and he asked us whether we ever had smoked, saying that it was necessary in the play because the boys had to try to teach Miss Lewis, as a disguised middy, to smoke, thinking her a boy also. We looked so disturbed that Mr. Daly laughed at us; then he asked whether we ever had smoked cubeb cigarettes, and had we any objection to them? Two or three had used them for colds or sore throat, and the rest of us said we didn't mind trying them; so a package of cubebs was sent for, and we all began to practise on them. Nasty things they are, too; in a few minutes we were coughing, choking, and gasping, but I would rather smoke them than real tobacco.

The men—hateful things!—just stood around and laughed to see us, and kindly offered to give us lessons. But after a while we grew accustomed to them, and it isn't necessary for us to puff at them more than two or three times, anyhow.

The next time we had a full chorus rehearsal, with all the new girls singing behind us, they seemed to think there was something screamingly funny in our

smoking at all, and one of our girls, standing quite near them, heard one girl say, "My God, Ida! Them kids are smokin' cubebs or cornstalks!" Then they all laughed, and ever since they have made no end of fun of us under their breath. I wish someone would tell Mr. Daly of them. But they are sly enough not to say those things when Malvina can hear them, and they know, I suppose, that none of us will tell Mr. Daly.

The costumer has been up to measure us for our midshipmen's clothes, and I am happy to say the shoemaker has come to the theatre to measure us for our shoes. No more trips to the Bowery this time, thank goodness!

SUNDAY, JANUARY 25.—Last Sunday I was so worn out I just stayed in bed almost all day, and never wrote a line in my journal. We have certainly seen hard service in these two weeks, and the grand production will be made next Wednesday night, the 28th.

During the week between the 11th and the 18th we pegged away at singing, dancing, fencing and acting, as usual. A temporary *Divorce* company went up to New Haven and played a Saturday matinée and a night performance to crowded houses.

The next Wednesday, the 21st, we of the *Arabian Night* company were astonished to find a notice on the bulletin-board in the evening directing all those who were in the new opera to remain after the performance that night to begin a rehearsal of the opera at mid-

night! We thought this was pretty hard, but there was no use in saying a word.

Early in the evening Mrs. Nagle informed us that the middies' costumes had arrived. We begged for a peep at them, but she wouldn't show them, saying with a mysterious smile that we should see them soon enough. And so it turned out, for Mr. Daly came into the greenroom and told those of us that are in the *Arabian Night* that he wished us to put on our new wigs and costumes at the midnight rehearsal. No one but the midshipmen was to wear stage dresses at that rehearsal, for they were the first to be finished.

About half-past ten the rest of the *Middy* company began to arrive; *An Arabian Night* was over at a quarter to eleven, the stage was cleared, and everyone was told to stay downstairs until called, for the scene was to be set for the first act.

In our dressing-rooms we found that Mrs. Nagle had laid out our costumes in perfect order—wigs, clothes, shoes, stockings—and there was a mountain of sandwiches and other things to eat in the corridor to keep us from starving—which was very thoughtful of Mr. Daly or someone.

I have forgotten to record before that I succeeded in getting that pretty wig—or a promise of it—and I found it on my dressing-table all right.

Great excitement prevailed while we were getting into the new clothes. Mrs. Nagle flew like a distracted hen from one chicken-coop to another, helping puzzled damsels to get into those *very* peculiar panties! They were the funniest things, with great wide floppy flares

around the ankles, big enough for piano legs, and they grew suddenly tighter toward the knee, and very tight indeed above it all the way up, till they fitted like corsets round the body. Do Portuguese sailors wear such trousers as that, I wonder. And *why* are they so floppy round the feet?

The costumes are certainly gay; first, the trousers are of dark crimson velvet, with a wide gore of pale blue satin let in from the ankle to the knee; down the side seams are gold buttons and gold lace. Then comes a white silk shirt, with a big, interlined, stiff sailor collar, edged with gold braid; over the shirt goes an olive-green velvet jacket, cut in a very short Eton shape right across the middle of the back, so that the pretty silk shirtie comes out beneath it, while the broad collar falls over it. The jacket is heavily trimmed with gold lace and buttons. Around the waist goes a broad yellow gold-fringed silk scarf, through which is stuck, on the left hip, a terrifying weapon called a battle-axe, made of wood, the axe part heavily silvered. What they are for goodness only knows—we never use them. On our feet are light blue stockings and low patent leather shoes with tremendously high heels of a vivid red. On our heads are immense grey felt hats, trimmed with fringed yellow scarfs.

We could hear great pounding and shoving going on overhead, and Mr. Daly's voice shouting orders, like an officer commanding his troops. As we got dressed we went out into the corridor to look at one another, and a general admiration society opened at once, for we all looked perfectly stunning. We liked

the front view of the costume very much, but those jackets! They were dreadfully short, and we hated to go up on the stage when no one was to be in costume but ourselves. I am glad I weigh only a hundred and five pounds!

Pretty soon the overture began, and Roberts called everyone for the first act, but told us that Mr. Daly wished the middies to remain downstairs until the end of the act, so as not to be seen in costume till the grand entrance. So there we stayed while the first act was rehearsed. It was almost one o'clock when the end of the act came, and Roberts facetiously called "Midshipmen all on deck to repel boarders!"

We went upstairs feeling very shy and queer in those clothes—it was really hard to keep from stepping on the floppy things—and wishing that sailors wore cloaks.

The orchestra played our music, and the next minute we were on and down close to the footlights, and were perfectly stunned to see Mr. Daly in evening clothes out in the auditorium, and with him about a dozen strange gentlemen, all in full dress, besides all the *Arabian Night* company sitting in the front rows! It took our breath away for a minute, and the spectators, on the stage and off, broke into rattling applause at our dashing appearance. The music stopped while the applause went on, and the musicians actually half rose and stretched their necks to get a peep at us. We stood there, blushing, smiling, and, I fear, giggling, like a group of schoolgirls, not knowing what to do next. But Mr. Daly gave a sharp



A ROYAL MIDDY

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

order to go on; Mr. Mollenhauer tapped his bâton, and the music began again. Everything went beautifully, and the action was almost perfect. The most trying moment came when we had to turn and run up stage; some of the girls ran too fast, so we had to do that over again; otherwise everything was all right, and that ended the act.

We were afraid those men would come behind the scenes when the act was over, but they didn't. Mr. Daly came up alone, and looked at our costumes critically. He laughed at the way we had put on our big hats, and begged us to remember they were boys' hats, not girls'. Then he put on every girl's hat for her the way he wanted it—pulled away over on the left ear at a very rakish angle. Estelle Clayton had hers perched on her right ear, *à la* Gainsborough; but he said that wasn't right and made her change it. Finally he told us that we made a very beautiful appearance, although he thought the costumer had better make a few alterations.

When we went downstairs one of the girls began to weep and wail, and of course we asked what was the matter.

"Mr. Daly said—oh, dear!—he said—I should have to—to take a *reef* in my trousers!" she sobbed. "Wasn't that awfully mean of him? *Is* anything the matter with them?" she asked, turning round and round. They were decidedly baggy in one place, which ordinarily we should not have noticed, but all the rest of the trousers fit like wax. Then one of the plump girls said *she* could hardly get into hers, and dared not

move quickly in them; she was afraid she would have to give up playing the part if she must go on wearing them.

Mrs. Nagle was called; she investigated matters, and found that, like Little Buttercup, she had "mixed those children up, and not a creature knew it." The girls made a hasty exchange, and the result was all that could be wished.

The strangers out in front were some of Mr. Daly's friends and a few newspaper men. They stayed a long time, but not all through the rehearsal, which was terribly trying. It wasn't over till four o'clock in the morning, and we were nearly dead with sleep—that is, everyone was except Mr. Daly! He was as alert as ever. I never saw such a man; he seems more than flesh and blood. He mercifully informed us that we needn't come to rehearsal at all that day—which was then Thursday—for which we were deeply thankful.

When I was ready to go home I found that good, kind Leclercq waiting for me; he had actually stayed in his dressing-room till I was ready; for he wasn't in costume, and I had to get mine off and put on my street clothes. He was as nice as ever, and asked me whether I noticed the beauty of his recitative, and the magnificent *coloratura* in his upper register; but I was almost too tired to laugh, or to say anything except to thank him.

Mamma was aghast when I woke her up and told her it was a quarter to five. She had come for me at eleven, as usual, but had gone home again, thinking that I would surely be through by one o'clock, and then

she fell asleep. I just tumbled into bed and never moved till noon. When I woke up and realised that I hadn't to go to rehearsal, it occurred to me that I might be lucky enough to get a seat at a "professional matinée" of Bartley Campbell's play, *Fairfax*, which was to be given that afternoon at Abbey's Park Theatre, if I could muster up the face to ask for it. I set out for the theatre at half-past one, and got a seat with no trouble—a very good one. In the cast were Fred-eric Robinson, that fine actress, Agnes Booth, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, a charming elderly lady, and the ever-delightful and amusing W. J. Ferguson. He is a splendid actor, and I always regard him with particular interest, for he was one of the company playing in *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, that terrible night, almost fifteen years ago, when President Lincoln was assassinated by that unspeakable wretch whose name ought never to be mentioned again by mortal man.

The play was very good, and I was amused to see in the audience almost all the actors in our company, who, tired as they were, could not resist rushing off to see someone else act.

We played *An Arabian Night* at last Wednesday's matinée, but next Wednesday, the 28th, there will be no matinée, for we shall be busy with the *Middy* all day for the opening that night. What is more, to-morrow night and Tuesday there will be no performance of any kind; the theatre will be closed in front, but on the stage we shall have rehearsals, the one on Tuesday night to be full dress for everybody, with scenery, properties, or-

chestra—just as it will be given to the public the next night. But as these rehearsals will begin at half-past seven, probably we shall not be kept till four o'clock again. It wouldn't surprise me at all now to be called for rehearsals on Sundays, but that hasn't come yet. I don't suppose it is often done, except under unusual necessity for haste.

We gave the last matinée of *An Arabian Night* yesterday, and the last performance in the evening. I really felt quite sorry to see the end of this gay and lively play, though I suppose the next will be a great deal livelier. We were all on the stage, as usual, at the end of the second act, and after the curtain was down we stopped to say good-by to the cunning pony and the donkey, both of which have become regular pets. We gave them sugar for the last time, and Mr. Leclercq suddenly grabbed me round the waist, seated me on the donkey's back, and led him round the stage to take him to his exit. But the donkey snorted and kicked in the most indignant way, and the caretaker said, "He don't like girls, boss—better get her off."

"Doesn't like girls," sighed Harry Lacy, affectedly; "foolish, foolish donkey!"

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1.—Last Monday everyone was working all day on separate parts of the *Middy*—singing, dancing, fencing, training of the children, going through dialogue, etc. Painters and carpenters were as busy as we, putting the finishing touches to everything, and we worked till four o'clock, then went home to take breath before night, as the evening re-

hearsal was to begin at half-past seven. It began sharp on the minute, too, and went smoothly and beautifully to the end. No costumes were worn except by the chess children, but all scenery and properties were used, and the scenery is wonderfully beautiful, too—lovely! I could really fancy myself living in some foreign country.

The children looked awfully cute and picturesque. They have been washed and had their hair cut, and look much neater. Their costumes are of red satin and yellow satin, trimmed with glittering tinsel; the kings and queens wear crowns, and the other figures wear the correct symbolic head-pieces, made of gilded pasteboard, while the pawns carry little gilt spears. Malvina has done wonders with them, for they march beautifully now, moving like jointed dolls, as if they were pieces of mechanism, except when they make their dancing moves from one square to another, which they do very prettily. Only six children are required to make these moves, for it isn't a long game. They did so well that everyone applauded them, and those youngsters were as proud as peacocks.

The next day—Tuesday—we did just about the same thing, and that night we had the full dress rehearsal, which lasted till after midnight. It was really splendid, for, except when Mr. Daly broke in once in a while with orders and suggestions, it was just like a regular performance.

The costumes are lovely. Miss Fielding, as the Queen, wears truly regal attire, one dress being a hunting-costume of rich crimson velvet, caught up with gold

cords, and a large crimson hat, trimmed with sweeping white plumes. Another is a gorgeous court dress, with a long train held up by two pretty pages in blue satin. In the third act she wears a semi-negligée of white silk and lace. She is a beautiful blonde, and looks queenly in her robes of state; besides she sings like a seraph, so if her acting is still a bit amateurish the public should not find fault.

Mr. Hatch was superb in a purple velvet court dress, and he too sang splendidly.

Hart Conway wears a dazzling costume of red satin and a big red hat; the seams of his trousers, the edges of his jacket, and of his hat, too, are trimmed with jingling gilt coins, supposed to be money, as he is a Brazilian millionaire. He is elegant and graceful, as usual, and his opening song is an odd thing, set to a fascinating bolero movement.

Mr. Lèclercq is amusing as the jealous old master of ceremonies; he is dressed in brown velvet, and goes about peering at everyone with an eyeglass, and getting mixed as to their identities, thinking every young woman he sees is his wife.

Frank Bennett is a very comical figure as Mungo, a negro attendant on Don Januario. He wears very few clothes, and is made up to look surprisingly like a large ape. He was unexpectedly funny, and we laughed all the time he was on.

Catherine Lewis was bewitching as Fanchette, the gipsy, first in a short-skirted blue satin dress, afterward in a midshipman's costume. She sang well, and acted her piquant part with great dash and archness.



CATHERINE LEWIS as *Fanchette the Gypsy*

Ada Rehan wears one costume throughout, of black velvet, with sleeves showing slashings of yellow satin. The waist is cut very low in front, with a sort of Elizabethan ruff-like collar rising at the back—very becoming. She looked lovely. It is curious to see how she can transform herself into quite as pretty a woman as some of the regular beauties. She is not pretty when not made up and in costume; but she can make herself beautiful when she pleases. There must be a heap of satisfaction in that.

I should like to know, by the way, at what period of the world's history this Portuguese episode is supposed to occur. Nothing in the dialogue makes it clear. The costumes are a queer mixture of Elizabethan and old Spanish styles; but I don't suppose it matters much, so long as everyone looks picturesque.

On Wednesday there was no regular rehearsal; only the chess children were put through their drill. Everyone was resting for the evening, and we were all at the theatre as early as half-past six. I am glad to say that all of the new girls are in a room by themselves.

Such confusion as there was for an hour and a half! Nothing that has gone before has equalled it; and it became bedlam-like when those thirty-two chess children arrived in the midst of it, to get dressed in time for the end of the second act. They were bundled into a room to get them out of the way, and while the first act was on Mrs. Nagle and the man that looks after them dressed them.

The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The

first act went smoothly, but rather too quietly, and we were beginning to fear the play wouldn't "take," until the middies went on at the end of the act. That woke everyone up; the applause was loud at our entrance, and for the next fifteen minutes we got all the attention, laughter, and applause that heart could wish. The curtain went down on great enthusiasm, and we had to answer five encores.

Then Mr. Daly came on the stage, smiling his sweetest, shook hands with us, said we had done splendidly, and that he was proud of us. Never have I seen a more fascinating man when he chooses to be. His eyes have a wonderful, compelling power—they influence men and women alike. When he smiles in that way one feels ready to do anything to please him. But his smile of sarcasm is another thing.

The second act went quicker, and its finale, with the brilliant game of chess, assured the success of the piece. It was truly a gorgeous scene, and the children did nobly.

The story of the play grows quite involved and interesting in the last act, and all ends happily, with a splendid song in honor of the young Queen's marriage; and she and her bridegroom go away in a ship, which was well managed and very effective.

Hart Conway and his attendant Mungo made a great hit. Mungo raised a laugh every time he moved. No one would recognize the quiet, elegant, and well-dressed Bennett in that creature. His arms and legs are covered with dark brown fleshings—I believe that's the right name for them—his face and neck are made up



HART CONWAY AS DON JANUARIO
in *The Royal Middy*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 123

the same color, and all he wears is a sort of short bathing-suit and a woolly wig. He is a sight.

Don Januario's introductory song was heartily encored. Mr. Mollenhauer considerably kept the orchestra subdued, so that Mr. Conway's light voice could be heard. The words are so odd I shall copy them here, so that I can always remember them.

DON JANUARIO'S SONG

I am Don Januario Paraguassa Cabofrio,
Marquis of Itapicuro, Papaguayo, Pernambuco!
Boast of high descent I can,
A royal South American Brazilian;
I have so vast a revenue
To spend the half I don't know what to do!
I am always in a fret
How rid of such a mighty lot of cash to get;
Half of it I can't get through—
I am so rich I don't know what to do!

I raise the finest coffee known,
Ipecacuanha the strongest grown;
Cocoa, cotton, sandal-wood,
Sarsaparilla pure and good;
I've mines of gold in Uruguay,
And silver ore in Paraguay,
I gather diamonds just for play,
To pretty girls to give away!
I've slaves of every shade and hue,
Both white and black, and sometimes blue!
On my plantations you may find
Trees, fruits, and flowers of every kind;
Huge alligators promiscuous grow,
Tiger-cats and 'possums—
Quite a wild-beast show—
In short 'twould weary you and me
To tell of all the things you'll see
In my romantic country, and so don't forget that

124 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

I am Don Januario Paraguassa Cabofrio,
 Marquis of Itapicuro, Papaguayo, Pernambuco!
 My estate is marvellous,
 And my wealth is fabulous,
 My tastes capricious,
 And my whims facetious;
 I have wit audacious,
 With words veracious,
 But acts predacious—
 A noble lord am I!

Cheers upon cheers followed the final curtain, but Mr. Daly would not go out to say a word. We all wished he would, but not he! He just hates to make a speech.

Joy and congratulations were expressed by everyone, and then we all went home, glad that the great crisis was over so successfully. The piece will certainly go, for great crowds have come to it since the opening night. I never saw such a throng as there was last night; they were standing rows and rows deep clear out into the foyer. And the mob of patient watchers at the stage door is bigger than ever. This is the cast of

THE ROYAL MIDDY

Don Lamberto, Governor of the Royal Naval Academy, Rear Admiral in the Portuguese Navy, formerly a poor lieutenant in the German Army; secretly married to the Queen of PortugalMr. Alonzo Hatch
 Don Januario Paraguassa Cabofrio, the wealthiest of nine Brazilian brothers, all millionaires.....Mr. Hart Conway
 Don Domingos de Barros, Master of court ceremonies, short-sighted and jealousMr. Charles Leclercq
 Captain Norberto, master of fencing at the Royal Naval Academy, "the very butcher of a silk button"
Mr. Charles Fisher
 Francesco { Officers of the }Mr. Walter Edmunds
 Antonio { Queen's Guard }Mr. E. M. Smith

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 125

Mungo, confidential valet and receiver of cast-off diamonds
to Don Januario, dusky but docile.....Mr. Frank V. Bennett

Rodriguez, attendant on the Governor, a Portuguese exquisite
Mr. Earle Stirling

Diego	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; font-size: 4em; line-height: 1;">}</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; text-align: left; padding-left: 10px;"> Royal Middles and Pupils at the Royal Naval Academy of Lisbon </div>	..Miss Estelle Clayton
SebastianoMiss Georgine Flagg
PauloMiss May Bowers
Julio		Miss Blanche Weaver
Enrico		Miss Isabelle Evesson
GiovanniMiss Nellie Howard
CarloMiss Sara Lascelles
IagoMiss Lillie Vinton
Antonio		Miss Emma Hinckley
PedroMiss Dora Knowlton

Marie Francesca, Queen of Portugal, secretly married to Don
LambertoMiss May Fielding

Fanchette, a wandering singara, later transformed into the
Royal MiddyMiss Catherine Lewis

Donna Antonina, wife of Don Domingos.....Miss Ada Rehan
Midshipmen, Courtiers, Sailors, Pages, etc.

Act I.—An interior of the Governor's palace at Lisbon; view of
harbor in the distance.

Act II.—Esplanade in front of the Royal Naval Academy; marine
view in the distance.

Act. III.—Staircase and apartment in the royal palace.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8.—A busy week we have had, with some surprising changes. The play has gone well, but on Thursday night there was quite a scene with one of our prize beauties, Estelle Clayton.

At the end of the first act Mr. Daly walked up to her suddenly, just as she was leaving the stage, and asked her why she had put a fancy gold lace trimming around the inside brim of her hat; also why she was wearing large gold hoops in her ears. Miss Lewis has both these decorations in her middy costume, but Mr. Daly didn't wish anyone else to wear them. Miss Clayton couldn't give any reason why she did this, except that she wished to do so. Then Mr. Daly looked at her hat

and said: "I have spoken to you several times about the way you wear that hat, too. Why don't you put it on as the others do?"

He reached out, took the hat by the brim, and jerked it away over on her left ear, saying, "There! Now wear it like that hereafter, and remove those ear-rings and that gold braid before the next act begins."

Miss Clayton looked at him a moment, her beautiful face the picture of wrath; then she tore the hat from her head, threw it on the floor, and rushed downstairs. Arrived at her dressing-room, she burst into tears, stamped her pretty little feet, changed from her stage clothes to street dress, and left the company then and there.

I wonder whether Mr. Daly isn't sorry she has gone; she is such a beauty her face will surely be missed. But she was foolish to run against his wishes so persistently, for with him discipline is everything, and of course he knows what is best. She should have remembered the proud and haughty chambermaid and the dusting episode!

The next day Miss Bowers left the company, saying she had to go to Washington at once to see her mother. In the afternoon the midshipmen were summoned to the theatre to rehearse for two new young ladies to fill the vacant places. One was a plump rosy little bit of a girl, of whom Malvina seemed very fond. She was introduced to our small group as Miss Sally Williams, daughter of our assistant stage manager, Fred Williams. She seems very bright, and if she is half as nice as her father she will surely be popular with the com-

pany. She has a deep contralto voice and big blue eyes, with the longest and curliest of lashes. She is paired with another tiny girl, a newcomer with the first *Middy* rehearsals, Miss Nellie Howard, dark and pretty, like a little gipsy, quiet and well-mannered. When they fence they remind me of two bantams fighting.

The other new girl is Miss Grace Knowlton, sister of Dora Knowlton. She is slightly smaller than her sister, but there is a strong resemblance between them when they are made up and dressed in the middy costume; it is hard to tell one from the other, especially as their voices are exactly alike.

Both mastered the dancing steps and business soon; the songs they had to take time to learn by hearing the rest of us sing them. They went on that very night, and did very well indeed, and Mr. Daly was much pleased with them. Sally Williams was going to join us soon, anyway, and her suit was all ready; Miss Clayton's costume fitted Miss Knowlton as well as if it had been made for her.

Mr. Fred Williams was stage manager at the famous Boston Museum Theatre, as I have learned recently; he is known to almost everyone in the profession. Miss Sally is witty and amusing company, and is quite an addition to our society.

Alonzo Hatch is good company, too; he is most affable and companionable, showing a disposition to be friendly with everyone. The greenroom "sociables" are quite animated every night, but few of the new people who sing come up there; most of them stay in

128 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

their rooms, which, all things considered, is just as well.

Bennett produces a startling effect when he comes strolling into the greenroom in his Mungo make-up, and sits down to talk and behave in an ordinary way, like a gentleman. It is hard to keep from laughing at him, though just now he himself is particularly silent and serious. Perhaps he is pining for the absent fair one—Washington is a long way off!

Our audiences are superb; packed houses every night is the rule, and everything goes to the accompaniment of applause and laughter. The newspapers praise the piece highly, and we have so many notabilities in front every night we can't even take time to look at them through the peep-hole. Miss Lewis is just now the most popular actress in town.

Last Wednesday we gave a matinée of *An Arabian Night* for the last time, with the new actors who are to go with the play on the road for several weeks. Miss Jordan played Miss Lewis's part; she looked handsome, but was laced so tight she could hardly breathe, and seemed very heavy and uninteresting after the dash and sparkle of Miss Lewis's performance.

There won't be any matinée next Wednesday, for which heaven be praised! But some of the poor actors—not by any means *bad* actors!—in the *Middy* are called to a rehearsal to-morrow morning for a new play for Wednesday matinées, entitled *Charity*. It is by W. S. Gilbert, author of the text of *Pinafore*, so it is probably good. Some of the *Middy* people in it are Fisher, Conway, Leclercq, Bennett, and Stirling, Ada

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 129

Rehan and Blanche Weaver. Now that our *Middy* rehearsals are over I should like to be in the *Charity* cast, but I'm not, and shall have to be content with going in front to see it. It had a long run in 1874 at Mr. Daly's old theatre.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15.—Now we know why Mr. Frank has been so silent and thoughtful for some time! He and May Bowers were married the first day of this month, and that must be the reason why she left the company.

Last night young John Duff strolled into the green-room, cut a few jokes, then looked around with his rosy and expansive smile, and said to the crowd in general: "Look in to-morrow's *Herald*, and you'll see a marriage that will surprise you." We thought maybe it was his own, for he is engaged to Lillie Vinton's sister; but he said it wasn't, though he wouldn't tell whose it was, and soon departed.

This morning I found in the paper this announcement:

"BENNETT—BOWERS.—February 1, by Rev. Dr. Houghton, Frank V. Bennett to Miss May Bowers, both of this city."

Well, that is a surprise; everyone knew that each had eyes only for the other; but I don't think anyone thought that marriage was so near. It looks to me like a secret marriage, else why did she leave the company so suddenly, and why be married here when her mother was in Washington? And by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, too, of "The Little Church around the

Corner"—the romantic Gretna Green of love-smitten New Yorkers! I am wildly curious to know what the other girls think about it.

The Royal Middy marches triumphantly on his way, with flags flying, bands playing, and swords flashing. We all enjoy this piece greatly; it is a pleasure to be a part of so artistic a picture, to help make the charming music, to see how thoroughly it pleases the public.

Mr. Daly is as sweet as honey, cream, and roses; anybody may say anything to him these days, he is in such radiant good humour.

Two slight mishaps occurred this last week, however, which temporarily, at least, upset everybody.

The first was a terrible "stage wait"—that indescribably awful pause, to be dreaded more than any other stage accident.

A crowd of us was in the greenroom, just as the third act was beginning; in that act no one is on the stage for a long time except Miss Fielding and Miss Lewis. Miss Rehan had gone into Mr. Daly's private office, where she had been for quite a while when the call-boy put his head in the greenroom door, and without looking to see whether she was there or not called in his half-asleep way: "Donna Antonina," meaning that she had about five minutes' time before it was necessary for her to go on.

But no Donna Antonina answered the call, and we looked at each other, wondering what would happen, yet not liking to venture a tap at the office door. One minute passed—two—three—four—five! and then in

bounced Roberts, exclaiming, "Donna Antonina! *The stage waits!*"

The next instant the office door opened, and Miss Rehan flew through the room, a streak of black velvet and yellow satin, while the rest of us gasped for breath. Mr. Daly didn't appear at all. Fortunately it was Mr. Leclercq and Mr. Conway who were on at that time, and both are so clever and experienced they could "gag" the scene for any length of time, and the audience never would be the wiser.

Now the curious and delicate question that arises in my mind is, Will Miss Rehan be fined the usual five dollars for making the stage wait? Highly ungallant and unreasonable of the Governor if she is, I should say; for he himself was detaining or entertaining the lady, and none could know better than he that it was almost time for her cue. I should like to know how it was settled. He shouldn't have been so entertaining; then she would have had her ears open to her call. We haven't had a stage wait since the first night of the season, when poor Miss Lewis had to change her whole costume in four minutes.

The second mishap was terrible indeed, though it nearly killed the whole company with suppressed laughter.

Last Thursday night everyone in the opera was on the stage, to witness the game of chess. The Queen and Don Lamberto were in their places at the right, all the courtiers grouped behind them; the royal mid-dies stood in a little circle well down toward the foot-lights, left; just above us were Don Januario and

Mungo, and the chess-board in the middle of the stage was cleared for the game.

The chess music began, and down the flight of broad steps at the back came the two files of children, marching slowly and in perfect time. As the files separated up stage to come down each side of the chess-board, Kitty Maxwell whispered to me: "Good gracious! One of those children is losing his clothes! Look at him! it gets worse every minute."

Sure enough, the eighth boy, one of the very smallest of the pawns, was fast losing his yellow satin trousers; they had slipped to his knees, and as he walked he got more and more entangled at every step. Kitty left her place, and flew around the stage back of the scene over to the other side to tell Malvina, who stands over there every night to keep an eye on the chess figures.

By that time the child had reached the footlights and turned with the others to march clear across the stage to the other side! We stood stiff with horror, for the audience saw instantly what had happened and began to laugh as that wretched boy shuffled along, those trousers slipping almost to his ankles, giving a fine view of his little white panties and bare knees. The gallery shouted and applauded, and a great wave of laughter swept over the house, so that the music could not be heard. Malvina was pretty nearly in convulsions, and Mr. Daly stood in the right first entrance fairly tying himself into knots. When the boy finally reached his own square those things were gracefully encircling his ankles; but just then two long arms

stretched out and forcibly drew him from the scene behind the group of courtiers. The audience noted the sudden disappearance, and roared louder than ever.

The music for the game struck up, and May Fielding and Mr. Hatch began to sing their moves, though each was laughing so hard their voices developed a remarkable tremolo. I don't see how they could sing a note.

But just as they were beginning to control their tones, that poor child was suddenly shoved back on his square, with his trousers pulled up into place and his little hands tightly grasping them. His reappearance was the signal for more laughter and applause; not one of the principals in the play ever got a heartier reception than that unlucky infant.

Malvina had tried to fasten up his garments; but the buttons had come off and she had no pins, so she just hauled them up, told him to hold fast to them, and shoved him back into full view. It was a foolish thing to do, for he had no move to make in the game and might just as well have stayed off; but she said afterward that she was so excited she did not think of that.

The poor child stood there, without his gilt spear, grabbing those trousers like grim death, with his eyes shut and the expression of a suffering martyr. The picture was perfectly killing, and I thought we should all die of choking, sorry as we felt for him. The whole game was spoiled, we laughed so. Even Mr. Daly was amused after a while; and we were thankful when the curtain went down on that act. The orches-

tra nearly went wild with curiosity, for they couldn't see a thing from their seats, and wondered what on earth could be going on up there to make the audience howl so, and to break up the voices of the singers. Only Mr. Mollenhauer could see what the trouble was, and he was simply wild with anger to have the music so spoiled; it is the first time I have seen that patient man angry.

The next night a little group of girls was standing near the wings on the prompt side; presently Mr. Daly came over to speak to Mr. Moore, and, turning to go back, he saw the file of chessmen in yellow satin standing in line ready to go on at the end of the act. Malvina and the man in charge always get the poor things ready long before it is time for them to go on; so there they stood patiently waiting.

With his hat on the back of his head and hands in his pockets, Mr. Daly stalked up to a tiny yellow pawn and looked down on him severely. Then he said, quite loud: "Well, sir, are your trousers all right to-night?"

The little yellow mite was too scared to speak, and Mr. Daly repeated: "Are they all right, I say?"

Then the poor little chap found courage to raise his eyes and say meekly: "Please, sir, it wasn't *my* trousers that came off!"

Mr. Daly burst out laughing and walked away quickly, and of course we girls giggled, and old Mr. Moore frowned and said, "Sh! sh!"

The man that dressed the boys was to blame, of course, and I imagine he got a good lecture.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22.—Nothing particular to record about the play, except that apparently all New York wants to get into the theatre, and a special policeman has been placed at the tenement house entrance on Sixth Avenue at night, to keep the sidewalk clear when we leave the theatre at half-past eleven. This was really necessary, there was such a mob of the freshest things I ever saw. Why, they would actually step forward and ask to go home with us. But now the policeman tells them to "G'wan! Keep movin'!" so that we can get home in peace.

Well, everyone was as much surprised as I was to read that marriage notice in last Sunday's *Herald*. Last Monday night of course Mr. Bennett received many congratulations and good wishes, which he accepted quite bashfully. If he blushed we couldn't see it under his Mungo make-up! During the week his wife and her mother came to New York, and last night they were in the right-hand box at the performance—Mr. Daly's box—so I suppose they were his guests.

It was rather unfortunate for poor Bennett that he happened to be playing that ridiculous Mungo; it must have been an ordeal to go through those monkey-like antics under the critical scrutiny of such an overawing lady for a mother-in-law as Mrs. Bowers—a typical *grande dame* of the old school of acting—a veritable tragedy queen. If he had only been playing some romantic or heroic part it would have been much easier.

Last Wednesday *Charity* was given at the matinée. I was delighted with it. Almost everyone was good, except those that are always bad, no matter what they

136 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

do. Leclercq and Conway, as a rascally hypocrite of a father and his canting sneak of a son, were particularly fine. Both were so realistic I quite detested them; so funny, when both are such unusually good men.

The great surprise was Ada Rehan, who played the part of a tramp, a girl who has gone wrong. I never have seen her do anything except gay comedy characters, and never dreamed she could do anything so deeply emotional, so strongly dramatic. I found myself crying as hard as if she were Clara Morris, and everyone else was doing the same. The newspapers the next morning were loud in her praise, and some predicted a brilliant future for her. This is the cast for

CHARITY

Dr. Athelny.....	Charles Fisher
Ted Athelny.....	Mr. George Morton
Jonas Smailey.....	Mr. Charles Leclercq
Fred Smailey.....	Mr. Hart Conway
Mr. Fitzpartington.....	Mr. Frank V. Bennett
John Thomas.....	Mr. Earle Stirling
Groom.....	Mr. E. M. Smith
Rev. Mr. Skinner.....	Mr. John Moore
Mrs. Van Brugh.....	Miss Helen Blythe
Eve.....	Miss Regina Dace
Charlotte.....	Miss Blanche Weaver
Ruth Tredgett, a tramp.....	Miss Ada Rehan

It will be played again next Wednesday, and I shall go, for I wish to study Miss Rehan's acting more closely and to laugh again at that pair of hypocrites, Jonas Smailey and his son.

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 137

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 29.—Prosperity reigns at our temple of art, and everyone is happy. If Miss Lewis were not a particularly cool and level-headed little lady her brain might be turned with all the praise and applause she gets. But she is as simple, sensible, and business-like as if it were all a matter of course.

We had the gayest time last Tuesday night; I never shall forget it if I live to be a hundred.

When we entered the stage door every one of the regular stock company—not the new extra people—found in the pigeon-holes for letters a little white envelope containing a card reading:

“Miss ——’s company is requested to meet Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. Bennett in the Greenroom, after the play this evening.

“February 24th.”

This we thought was certainly a most flattering compliment toward the newly-married pair, and we were delighted at the prospect of fun it promised.

I happened to have gone early to the theatre that evening, so I bethought me ’twould be well to make some change in my attire, since I had worn the old dress I usually wear at the theatre at night. When the season began I used to prink a good deal every evening to go there, but I soon found that good clothes were ruined in the dressing-rooms, and no one saw them anyhow except the other girls; so I learned to wear only old things after I spoiled one or two good dresses.

Well, I simply raced home and upstairs, startling mamma, who thought the theatre must be afire. It

took me about ten minutes to make a "quick change" (there was where my observations of this process came in handy); and I flew back to the theatre to find all the girls discussing the event. Those who lived at a distance were bemoaning the fact that they had not time to go home and change, while those that lived near did what I did, some getting back only just in time to scramble into their stage clothes. Why didn't Mr. Daly invite us yesterday? Then everyone would have had a chance to dress; but men never think of those things.

Nothing was seen of the bridal pair in the front of the house, and we wondered where they were. Everyone was requested to keep out of the greenroom, as mysterious doings were going on in there. All the evening strange men were going up and down stairs carrying delightfully odoriferous parcels and hampers, baskets and boxes. Mr. Daly stalked about behind the scenes with a queer smile on his face, though he didn't say a word to anybody, and our expectations ran high. Pretty soon we got word from old Mr. Moore to remain downstairs until sent for after the last act.

About half-past nine Johnnie Duff strolled through the corridors, singing "Haste to the Wedding!" and we all made a rush for him to ask him to go out and buy for the girls a handsome basket of flowers to present to the bride. He went with obliging alacrity, and brought back a beauty.

As soon as the last curtain was down there was a grand scramble for dressing-rooms; we made our

change as quickly as possible, and impatiently awaited the summons.

Presently Roberts called the whole company, and upstairs we went, simply bubbling with excitement and wondering what was coming. The first surprising thing we saw was Mr. Daly, in evening clothes and with a flower in his buttonhole, looking elegant and distinguished as he always does when he is dressed up. He was without his hat (a great concession to conventionality), and stood close to the footlights facing up stage, ready to receive us as his guests.

He shook hands with everybody with great formality, calling each person by name and bowing with as much ceremony as if he hadn't seen every one of us while stalking around behind the scenes all the evening.

The furniture and properties had been removed from the scene, but the wings and the back drop, with a centre door, had been left in place. The players of brass instruments and drums in the orchestra had gone, and only the stringed instrument musicians were in their seats. In the leader's chair sat the First Violin, viewing the proceedings with the usual cynical smile on his handsome face.

After our host had greeted all his guests he gave a nod to the First Violin. Immediately the orchestra struck up Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and—Enter Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. Bennett, centre, and down stage, arm in arm!

Mr. Daly stepped up to the bride and kissed her, shook hands with the bridegroom, and stepped back.

Then a regular kissing-match began, everyone going for the bride, and I noticed a few girls kissing the bridegroom. I suppose they thought it was their last chance with him.

The bride looked extremely pretty; she blushed and smiled, and so did the young man. They appeared very happy, and certainly make an attractive young pair.

Then Isabelle Evesson and Georgine Flagg came forward with the flowers, Miss Flagg making a graceful little speech of presentation. Mrs. Bennett seemed quite touched at the attention.

At a signal from the Governor the orchestra struck up a quadrille, and three sets were formed on the stage. No formality about that dance! Everyone was full of fun, and some highly eccentric figures were performed.

Next came a galop, then a waltz. The latter began with the strains of the beautiful waltz music the violinists have always played behind the scenes in the third act of *Divorce*. I looked at the First Violin and smiled, and he smiled back; he knows I love that waltz, and told me afterward that he chose it to please me.

After we had had about six dances we were called to the greenroom. The band played a march; we formed in couples and went in gay procession to the mysterious apartment, which had been closed all the evening. In it was a long table spread with all sorts of delicacies and beautifully decorated with flowers; in the middle of it rose a large wedding-cake, and we were informed that within its dark depths was hidden

a ring for some lucky person to find when the cake should be cut. At one end of the table was an enormous punch-bowl, filled to the brim with claret punch; while bottles stuck in pails of ice stood at the other end of the room.

The supper was from Delmonico's, and two waiters were there to attend to the guests, besides Richard, Mr. Daly's own servant, a coloured man, the pink of politeness and propriety. He is a most ceremonious coloured gentleman, and delights in elegant language and flourishing manners. He follows Mr. Daly like a shadow, and acts as if he adored him.

A great deal of fun went on at supper. Mr. Daly was perfectly delightful as a host. His eyes shone like blue jewels; there was a slight flush on his pale face; he laughed and joked, and was gay and handsome enough for anyone to fall in love with him.

By and by he said the cake must be cut; someone handed him a knife, and he solemnly sliced it, the waiters passing it to everyone. Pretty soon different ones called out, "Oh, I've got the ring!" and for a minute there would be great excitement; but it was always a sell.

Finally Miss Rehan really did get it, and it was a very pretty ring, too. Wasn't she lucky, though!

When the punch and champagne began to circulate—it was champagne in the bottles—my glass was filled with a flourish by the obsequious Richard, and I was holding it, admiring the pretty little golden bubbles and putting off the pleasure of tasting it, when I glanced up and saw Mr. Leclercq looking at me curi-

ously. As soon as I caught his eye he came right over to me, sat down on the piano-stool and hitched along close up to me, saying in his funny confidential way:

"Do you know what time it is, little captain?"

"No," I answered; "does anyone care what time it is?"

"Well, you see, it is really getting quite early," he said, "almost my breakfast time, and, do you know, I *never* breakfast without champagne. No one has given me any, so I know you'll give me yours."

He reached for my glass and took it out of my hand, adding: "I do feel the need of breakfast very much; but it wouldn't be polite to go home yet, so I know you'll help me out."

I was taken aback at this calm, cool proceeding, and put out my hand to take the glass again; but he held it, looked at me straight, with his bright blue eyes searching mine; and after a moment's pause, in which we seemed to be measuring each other's will, he said quietly:

"Better not, captain—take an old soldier's advice."

"But I want it," I said, like a spoiled child—silly thing that I was!

"Better not," he repeated. "Come now, we've been comrades quite a while, captain, and never yet have I asked you the slightest favour, though I see plenty of others doing it. Call it a favour—just to oblige me—don't take it."

Another pause and another mutual scrutiny; then suddenly I realised that he thought he was asking it for my own good, and that he was really very kind to

trouble himself about me at all. So I said: "Very well, I won't;" and he looked so pleased and gratified that I wasn't a bit sorry, after all.

During this time almost everyone else had been tossing off punch and champagne, and the gaiety took a fresh start.

Mr. Daly made a graceful speech of congratulation to the bridegroom, and Bennett responded—not quite so gracefully, but with a good deal of feeling; in fact, he was quite overcome by so much kindness from the Governor.

After supper we went back to the stage, all hands perfectly uproarious. We had two or three round dances, and then finished up with the Virginia Reel. All the evening Mr. Daly had declared he would not dance, although he was lively enough otherwise; but Miss Rehan simply insisted that he *must* dance the reel. So he yielded laughingly, and stood up with her for his partner. The set formed from the centre of the back drop down to the footlights.

The reel music began, and such fun I never had before! One or two girls tried to dance prettily, but it was of no use—they got pulled and hauled in every direction.

I shall always remember how Mr. Hatch enjoyed that dance; he was on a broad grin all the time, and his hearty ha! ha! could be heard continually.

Mr. Conway entered into the spirit of the thing, too, though he said he had not done that kind of dancing for years.

Miss Lewis was among the gayest of the gay, and

appeared to enjoy it greatly. Mr. Leclercq did not dance, but sat around and smiled on us benignly.

We looked very funny, for everyone, even Mr. Daly, was decorated with paper things taken out of the cracker bon-bons—caps, aprons, nightcaps, collars, capes, etc. Hatch had a nightcap tied round his rosy face, and looked like a huge baby.

The dance went merrily from the beginning, and when it came Mr. Daly's turn to leap to the centre in the popularly frantic style everyone clapped vigourously and gave the Governor a fine "reception" as a dancer. He laughed and appreciated the joke. The way he tore up and down that set with his long legs and his coat-tails flying was a funny sight.

I thought, as I looked out into the empty auditorium, shrouded in white cloths and dark except for the lights in the orchestra, that perhaps that evening's audience would have enjoyed staying and watching the frolic on the stage quite as well as they had enjoyed the play, if not better.

The reel was the last dance, and we departed about half-past three, finding at the stage door a line of carriages to take us home, which was really an exquisite piece of courtesy on the part of the Governor. That was the nicest party I ever was at in my life.

Our tenor, Mr. Hatch, is very nice and pleasant. He sings beautifully, even if he is not so very good as an actor. One night this last week he brought a music-roll full of songs into the greenroom, and asked me to play the accompaniment for one of them that he was learning. The third act was on, so we shut the door

and tried the music—by the way, the Governor had gone to some other theatre that night. I got along all right with the accompaniment. I love to play for anyone to sing. All the girls and boys came drifting in to hear the song, and applauded it heartily. Then Mr. Hatch got out some other music for four male voices and asked the boys to try it with him. John Duff was there; he is a good singer, and he and Mr. Smith and Mr. Lawrence joined Hatch in the quartette, while I played the accompaniment. The song was *Two Roses*, and it sounded lovely. They are all fine singers and read music well. They said my accompanying was just right—not too loud nor too fast.

We have played and sung a little every evening since then, when we knew Mr. Daly was out in the front of the house, as it wouldn't do to disturb him if he were sitting in his office. But one evening he stole in behind us and startled us by applauding when the song was ended, saying, "That's very pretty," and passed along.

After he had gone out again Mr. Hatch proposed that we ask him to let us practise in the foyer on certain afternoons, when nothing was being rehearsed on the stage, and suggested that a quartette club be formed called the Arion. The boys agreed, and they asked me to be their accompanist. I said I would, and Hatch hunted up Mr. Daly at once and asked permission, which, to my surprise, was granted graciously. So to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock, the Arion Quartette Club and their accompanist will meet in the foyer for a musical interlude! I think it will be fun,

146 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

for they are all nice fellows and sing good music. Mamma is willing, too, for she likes me to keep up my music, and she knows all about the boys, for I tell her everything about everybody.

I asked Mr. Leclercq for his photograph last Wednesday night—the night after he stole my champagne!—reminding him that we had been comrades quite a while and that I never yet had asked the least favour of him! He threw back his head and laughed aloud, then said: “You are a refreshing bit of humanity, little captain! Yes, you shall have my striking countenance, if I have any photographs left.” The next night he brought two, for me to take my choice; but both were so good that I instantly said I wanted them. He said I couldn’t have but one; but I just teased and coaxed a little, and finally he gave me both.

I asked Miss Rehan for her autograph in my album the other night. She smiled that adorable smile of hers, planked the open book right up against the wall of her dressing-room, took my pen and wrote:

The best wishes to our Royal Middy,
from

Yours sincerely,
ADA REHAN.

Then I asked Miss Lewis to write, and she gave a line from the play:

Do you really think that I am a man, dear Januario?
CATHERINE LEWIS.

Miss Fielding was equally gracious, and wrote:

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 147

May your lot through life be cast in as bright and cheery a path as has been yours to enjoy and ours to perceive in the Royal Middy.

Very sincerely yours,
MAY FIELDING.

At the Wednesday matinée last week *Charity* was played again to an excellent house. I went a second time and enjoyed it even more than I did at first. Miss Rehan shows wonderful power in that part of Ruth Tredgett, and was tremendously applauded. It will be played again next Wednesday.

We had three matinées last week, one on Monday, the 23rd, of the *Middy*, to celebrate Washington's Birthday, *Charity* on Wednesday, and the *Middy* again on Saturday.

SUNDAY, MARCH 7.—The Arion Quartette met last Monday, according to agreement, and we had lots of fun. We practised in the lobby from three o'clock to half-past four, and the boys sang many pretty songs. Some of the accompaniments were too hard for me to play without practice, but Mr. Hatch let me take them home, and now I can play them. Mr. Smith gallantly brought a box of chocolates to the accompanist, which was greatly appreciated by that deserving young person—most thoughtful of Smith; he is a nice boy. Lonnie never thought of doing it, and reproached himself loudly when he saw the box. We girls call Mr. Hatch "Lonnie" behind his back; I suppose his dignity would be greatly huffed if he knew it.

In the evening the girls were awfully curious to know

what went on in the lobby that afternoon—they knew we were going to do something in the musical line there—and one or two invited themselves to attend the next meeting, but were politely informed by Johnnie Duff that they weren't wanted. We practised again Friday afternoon.

Last Wednesday *Charity* was played again at the matinée, but I went to Niblo's Garden to see a matinée performance of Bartley Campbell's *The Galley Slave*, with Emily Rigl and Joseph Wheelock in the leading parts. Pretty good, but if it hadn't been so well acted it would have seemed foolish stuff.

Thursday was a great day for everyone, for a professional matinée was given at the new Madison Square Theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, just built by Steele Mackaye, and opened under his management, February 4th, with a new play, *Hazel Kirke*, Miss Effie Ellsler playing the title-rôle. Early last week a notice in the newspapers invited the theatrical profession to inspect the new theatre and see the play on Thursday afternoon, so of course we all went, and there was a jammed house, as all the actors in New York were there. The little theatre is lovely, with a beautifully embroidered drop curtain, and the most wonderful mechanical contrivance for sending one stage up among the flies at the end of an act, just like an elevator, while another stage, set for the next act, comes up in its place, making necessary only two minutes' wait between the acts. Nothing like it ever was seen before.

We had fine seats and enjoyed the play greatly, though it is very sad. We girls had a lovely time; we

ate chocolates and cried quarts over the heroine's troubles; but it all came out right in the end and no one was killed. After the play was over we sat still and saw the working of the marvellous double stage, and Mr. Mack-aye came out and made a speech about it. The play is drawing great crowds every night. Mr. Mollenhauer's son, Bernard Mollenhauer, is the leader of the orchestra there. He too is a fine violinist. The orchestra, by the way, sits up in a curtained gallery over the stage. I didn't like that. I think it is interesting to see them play.

One night week before last we noticed a stranger, a young man, standing in the right first entrance, watching the play very intently. He looked about twenty-three years old, had a very fair complexion, blond hair, and a good figure. He was there every night all that week, and one of our girls who is acquainted with him told us that his name was Harry Macdonough and that he was understudying Mr. Hatch. Last Monday night he appeared in court dress and went on the stage with the other young men. He has a fine voice, though I have only heard him sing in company with the others. He is good-looking, too, except for a large and rather ugly nose, and is very quiet and modest. If anything should happen to Lonnie it is lucky that Mr. Macdonough is so well fitted to play Lamberto. I don't know whether he can act or not, but he can't be any worse as an actor than poor, well-meaning Lonnie!

A new romance has been sprung upon us. The other pair of turtle-doves are now one! Some of the newspapers announced a few days ago that Mr. Earle

150 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

Stirling, of Daly's Theatre, had inherited twenty thousand dollars. We all congratulated him, of course, and someone hinted that he supposed marriage would be the next thing. Then it came out that he and little Fanny of the midnight eyes and ivory skin were already married, and had been themselves bride and groom even at the Bennetts' wedding reception! They had to stand much joking, of course, about their being so sly. Somehow or other the papers got hold of it, greatly to Mr. Daly's displeasure, for he has a perfect horror of having the public know the least thing about the private affairs of anyone in his company. One paper said that "to belong to Daly's company seemed to be conducive to matrimony." I don't know whether that had anything to do with what followed, but Mr. Daly has been besieged ever since by girls wanting to join his company. We heard that he smiled a very grim smile when the news of the marriage was told to him, and no wedding reception followed the announcement. Guess the Governor thought that one in a season was enough. Well, *now* I fancy the new girls will turn their attention elsewhere, since both those nice boys are captured.

A notice on the bulletin-board last night calls us all to the first rehearsal of a new play to-morrow. The title of it is *The Way We Live*; curious enough—wonder what it means. I know the way *we* live—in a wild rush from one week's end to another. Most of the dramatic company are in it, all the original girls, and two of the new ones—Sally Williams and Nellie Howard, our two bantams.



CATHERINE LEWIS, CHARLES LECLERCQ,
and ADA REHAN in *The Royal Middy*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

The Royal Middy is going splendidly to crowded houses, but I do believe Mr. Daly isn't contented and happy unless he is rehearsing something every single day, else why does he break in with a new piece when this is doing so well? Too deep for me, so I won't puzzle over it.

We were quite surprised last Wednesday night to find two very good-looking strange young men in the greenroom, and Miss Lewis in her Fanchette costume posing for them to make a sketch of her. Then others were called upon to pose—Miss Rehan, Messrs. Conway, Fisher, and Leclercq—and finally a little group of such midshipmen as happened to be there. They sketched very rapidly, and I am curious to know what the pictures will look like. Mr. Daly was there all the time, and took particular pains that no one should speak to the young men and that they shouldn't have a chance to speak to us. He didn't even introduce them. Both young men were in evening dress, and one had the loveliest eyes! I don't see why the Governor is so fussy about letting anyone speak to us. Really, one would think sometimes that this is a boarding-school, we are chaperoned so carefully. Mamma says it is a good thing, but I think it goes too far—just as if we couldn't take care of ourselves. I should hope we knew enough for that.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21.—We have been so busy with rehearsals of *The Way We Live*, and with changes in the *Middy*, that last Sunday I was again too tired to write a word—just rested all day and had a fitting of my new

dress that I am to wear in *The Way We Live*, which will be produced early in April.

The new play is pretty and amusing; it is translated from the German, the scene being laid in New York instead of in Germany. The cast is large, and Drew, Lacy, and Parkes are with us once again, to everyone's satisfaction, for they do much to keep things pleasant and lively.

Miss Rehan has a queer part—a giddy gadabout of a young wife, who finally is won back to her duty to husband and child. John Drew is the husband, and the child is a pretty little girl named Lillie Walters.

Mr. Leclercq plays an Irish military servant and is splendid, as usual, with a brogue as perfect as if he were born and raised on "the old sod."

Miss Flagg has a pathetic little bit to do as a poor girl whom a charitable organization is always going to help, but never does, and lets her starve meanwhile.

We other girls play the parts of society ladies, with an awfully jolly scene in the third act, where we are at a reception, and all have to wear handsome gowns and do a deal of chatting and laughing. The reception breaks up with a delightful "wow, wumpus, and wiot," as Lord Dundreary says.

Miss Fielding and Miss Harold are both in the play, too, and Miss Harold's part suits her to perfection this time. She is the wife of Leclercq, the Irish servant, and is very good.

We are not working so very hard on the rehearsals of this piece as we did on those of the *Middy*, and we have plenty of time; so that everyone thinks there will

be no more of those awful midnight-to-four-o'clock-in-the-morning performances.

The *Middy* is going well now, but it has had some severe shakings-up recently, and came pretty near going to smash. Fortunate it was that the new young man, Harry Macdonough, was engaged, for he hadn't been singing with the courtiers but a week when Mr. Conway fell ill, and no one had understudied him as Don Januario! Mr. Daly was in a fit, of course—nothing irritates him more than to have anyone get sick; he seems to be made of steel and iron himself, and apparently he thinks that everyone else must be. Then Mr. Macdonough stepped forward, and offered his services, saying modestly that though he hadn't studied that part he thought he could play and sing it. It was a great undertaking, for there was only time for him to have one rehearsal with Mr. Moore to learn the stage business and cues, and one with Mr. Mollenhauer for the music; but he has a good memory, and knew the part from having listened to it.

So he went on the night after Mr. Conway was ill, and we felt as nervous and anxious for him as if it affected us in any way. He got through that difficult opening song fairly well, but was frightened almost to death and dared not lift his eyes from the floor. He was prompted a little, but not much. When Miss Lewis began to act with him, however, he got worse, and seemed to be afraid of her. His scenes went rather shakily after that, and came near breaking up once; but the play was finally got through without any downright *flasco*.

Miss Lewis was very angry at being obliged to act with an amateur, as she called him, who did not even know his lines. The next night she had a bad cold and could hardly speak, much less sing in her usual manner. She went through the play in an awful way, cutting out a good many bits from her songs; and the following day she sent word that she was too ill to sing or act for some time! Her part was taken at once by Miss Harold, and the whole company had to go and spend an entire day at rehearsal with her. She had understudied Miss Lewis from the beginning, so she knew her lines and played the part that night—surprisingly well, too, though her singing is rather raw. She is still playing it, though we hear that Miss Lewis will return to the company the coming week. I hope so, for the houses are no longer so good since she has been out of the cast. Miss Harold never has played Fanchette so well as she did on her first night; as soon as she loses restraint from the novelty of a part she always grows loud and boisterous.

Mr. Macdonough has improved greatly in *his* acting since his first night; Miss Lewis cannot reasonably object to playing with him now. His voice is really beautiful, and he plays Januario with a good deal of grace and style. He is a bright fellow, and has watched Mr. Conway to great advantage, besides having a much finer singing voice. He ought to make a name for himself some of these days.

A crowd of us went down to Sarony's about ten days ago to have our pictures taken in the *Middy* costumes. The pictures have just come. They are perfect ter-

rors! Rat-scarers is no name for them! I am so disappointed! The only one among all our pretty girls that looks at all attractive is the beautiful Isabelle Evesson—even the photographer couldn't spoil her. But the rest of us—well, we look as if we had been taken in a violent thunder-storm by a streak of lightning, we are all so dark and ugly. A new hand must have been operating that day, and he didn't know how to manage the lights. Everyone is laughing at those wretched pictures.

SUNDAY, MARCH 28.—Thank goodness, Miss Lewis and Mr. Conway returned to the cast together last Monday night, to everyone's joy. Both got splendid "receptions" when they first came on. Mr. Macdonough retired from Januario's gorgeous costume into the less pretentious one of a gentleman of the court; but he has shown what he can do. Everyone admires his cleverness, and Mr. Daly appears very much pleased with him.

The Way We Live is going smoothly at rehearsals now, and it will be produced a week from next Saturday night, April 10th. Some of the girls are to have lovely costumes, and I am very well satisfied with mine; I shall have a beautiful long train again, and the waist fits like a dream. How odd it will seem to leave off trousers and wear a train once more! I am simply devoted to my trousers now, though; they are the handiest things; one can run upstairs, climb around, jump over things, with no bothering "petties" and "frillies" to hold up, as I used to call them when I was a little girl.

I shall be sorry when I have to stop "wearing the trousers!"

Some of the girls got into trouble again last week—heaven be praised, not I this time! One night there was a very gay party of gentlemen in the right-hand stage box—about six, I think—who had evidently been having a jolly time before they came to the theatre, for their faces were flushed, they talked and laughed a great deal, and when the midshipmen came on at the end of the first act they almost fell over the railing of their box in their efforts to applaud us and to make us look at them.

Now, that night Mr. Daly had been tramping around behind the scenes as usual for a while, but early in the act—which is a very long one—he went into his office and immediately came out again with his overcoat on, went downstairs and out of the stage door. This happens once in a while, when he goes to see some big attraction at another theatre, but not often. Everyone supposed that of course he had gone for the evening, and when those fellows in the box began cutting up so foolishly some of the girls were incautious enough to respond—they didn't do very much, but just enough to encourage them. The new girls were the worst; they tried to attract attention to themselves, and behaved in a very unladylike manner. Some of us remembered—at least I did—that certain things had mysteriously come to the Governor's ears, and were on our guard against so much as seeming to be aware of the presence of the merry-makers in the box. Lucky for us that we did, for immediately after the act who

should come up the stairs but the Governor, with pale face, set lips, and steely eyes. He called the young people together, read the riot act, as it were, and vanished into his den, leaving the naughty girls overwhelmed and the good ones filled with a consciousness of model behaviour that was very comforting. Johnnie Duff told us afterward that the Governor was up in the back row of the gallery all the time, armed with opera-glasses, and that he had deliberately gone there to study the girls and see how they conducted themselves in his absence. The next night three of the new girls were missing, and have not been seen since; and the two of our set who so far forgot themselves wear a chastened and subdued air. I fancy the Governor won't have to criticise anyone again this season for lack of dignity on his stage.

We are giving matinées now of *The Royal Middy* on Wednesdays as well as Saturdays, and it must save a heap of trouble not to have to fuss with new plays and new casts.

Since the season opened last September several persons have left us, whose departure I have not mentioned before. The first to leave was Laura Thorpe, who is doing very well, we hear, with Louis Aldrich in *My Partner*; Miss Maggie Barnes departed next, and after her went Minnie Wharton, who was a most beautiful young woman—a blond angel in appearance. We don't know why she left, but it was hinted that she had some trouble with Mr. Daly; at any rate, she disappeared suddenly, and we were told not to ask any questions about her. Someone said she had been

gossiping. What about, I wonder? Don't see how she could find any matter for gossip here. But that is only talk; I don't believe it, for she was a very nice girl, and such a beauty.

Then Emma Hamilton was sick, and had to leave us soon after *Wives* began; and right after that Miss Grace Logan had a good offer to go with some other company, so she too departed. We were sorry to lose her; she was a dear little thing, quiet, cultivated, sweet-tempered.

In the midst of the run of *An Arabian Night*, Miss Sydney Nelson, who played the part of the hostess of the summer hotel, was taken very ill after her only scene in the second act and had to be carried to a hospital, where she is still. I feel very sorry for her. She is an Englishwoman, about forty, I should say, and entirely alone in this country. She is not pretty, but has a good figure and a sweet voice, besides having charming manners. Quite a number of the company have been to see her, and Mr. Daly has been very kind to her in her illness. Her part was taken by Miss Valdemir, a mysterious lady, who came to the theatre in a carriage with a maid, and had a room to herself. We heard she was a Polish countess, and that her family was wealthy and bitterly opposed to her going on the stage. She never spoke to anyone, and always seemed sad and thoughtful. She went on in *Man and Wife*, and wore an elegant gown, though she had nothing to say. When the *Middy* began she was one of the court ladies, and wore another beautiful costume of her own. But one night, just before Bennett's wedding reception, she

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 159

wasn't in her room, and she has not been seen since, though her trunk and her own dressing-chair still stand there. Questions were asked, of course, but were hushed up in the usual mysterious manner. Her place knows her no more, but no one must mention her. It gives one a creepy feeling. Is the Governor a modern Bluebeard, and does he drop these missing maidens into that deep, dark hole under the stage, which *appears* to be filled with nothing more gruesome than old scenery and props? *Quien sabe?*

SUNDAY, APRIL 11.—Still another "first night" has passed, and we are able to record one more play graciously received by the public. Last Sunday I felt quite ill and did not get up all day, so wrote nothing in my diary. I couldn't go to rehearsals for two days, either, though I did drag myself out at night, and I heard that old Mr. Moore read my little part at rehearsal. Harry Lacy said that he was very cute in it, and that they could hardly tell the difference between him and me in his rendering of it! Lacy loves to tease.

We played *The Royal Middy* for the last time in New York at the Saturday matinée yesterday, and *The Way We Live* came out last night. I say "the last time in New York," for right here it is my pleasure to record the glorious, the enchanting news that Mr. Daly has decided to take *The Royal Middy* company on the road for a summer tour, visiting several large cities, a number of smaller towns, and winding up with three weeks in Chicago. Goody! Goody!

Three cheers—Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!! It seems too good to be true. There is so much to write that I don't know where to begin.

Well, to go back to the beginning: we have been rehearsing *The Way We Live* all this time, delayed a little on account of unfinished costumes. Last week at the Wednesday matinée of the *Middy*, Mr. Daly was in his office and sent for the girls, one at a time, to come and speak to him. I asked myself hastily, whether I had been doing anything to warrant a wiggling, but as I couldn't think of a thing I walked into the den with a calm conscience. Found the Governor as sweet as pie; he asked me what I was going to do this summer, and I said nothing in particular—just go to my home in the country and rest. Then he told me of his plan for travelling and asked whether I should like to go with the company. Should I? Well, I had some difficulty to restrain myself from falling on the Governor's neck then and there; but I managed to answer with proper decorum that I should like very much to go. I guess he knew I was delighted, though, for he laughed a little and said that it was all right, then, if my mother was willing. Actually, I hadn't thought about that—wasn't it awful? I said I would let him know that night whether she would consent.

Then he asked me whether I should like to rejoin his company in the following autumn, and I said I should. He added graciously that I was one of the most faithful and enthusiastic girls he knew; that he liked my manners, and could see that I had been well edu-

cated and carefully brought up, and that he never had had to find fault with me for anything.

I felt myself blushing like a June sunset at these surprising remarks, but when he said that, I laughed, and he added quickly, "Oh, yes, I remember that little affair about your going out in front of the house, but we'll let bygones be bygones, eh?"

Then he pinched my ear playfully and said, "Well, that's settled, then, if mamma is willing. Tell her we'll take good care of you; Madame Malvina is going along to look after you mischievous girls. We shall leave New York early in May and go first to Philadelphia."

I left him feeling as if I were walking on air, and tore home after the matinée to tell mamma. First she raised all the objections she could think of, and then knocked them down herself, without much argument from me, finally deciding that I could go if I would write to her every day, and promise to come home if I found the life too hard or got the least bit ill. She wanted to have a talk with Malvina, but I finally convinced her that Madame is an extremely busy person and has no time for individual attention to the girls; that she would probably take no interest whatever as to whether my stockings will be darned or undarned, how many pieces I put in the laundry and whether they all come back or not! Mamma must trust me for once to look after such matters myself—I am certainly old enough to begin. If I get into trouble I'll shout for help!

I fairly danced back to the theatre at night, and

ran up to the stage before going to my dressing-room, to find the Governor, if he were anywhere round. He was crawling around up on the paint-frame, like a big black spider, inspecting the new scenery, and peered down at me as I stood there, getting a crick in my neck trying to catch his attention. I called up to him: "It's all right! Mamma says I may go!" He said nothing, but smiled down at me and nodded, and I flew downstairs.

Several of the girls are going on the tour—the Misses Evesson, Vinton, Williams, Howard, Maxwell, Hinckley, *Mrs.* McNeill-Stirling, and the Misses Knowlton. The extra people for the choruses will be found in Philadelphia, and whatever big towns we are in; and Mr. Mollenhauer is to go on ahead of the company to the larger cities to teach them the music. Gracious, what a job he'll have! I don't envy him. In fact, there are several persons I don't envy—*Mrs.* Nagle and Mr. Moore, for instance, who are to have charge of the six chess children that make moves in the game, four boys and two girls. The children for the other chess figures are to be found in the places we visit, and will be taught the march by Mr. Williams and Malvina, who also will go ahead of us, to Philadelphia, at least. As for *Mrs.* Nagle, I don't know what will become of her. She says those youngsters nearly drive her wild now with their tricks and antics downstairs, while we are up on the stage. One night Miss Lewis, on going down to her dressing-room, found one of the little girls in there calmly making up her face with Miss Lewis's paint and powder, using the

prima donna's puff with great freedom and nonchalance, and smirking delightedly at herself in the mirror. The ambitious young actress left the room with celerity after its owner's arrival. Mrs. Nagle says she dreams nights that they are setting the theatre afire or cutting holes in the costumes. Poor Mrs. Nagle!

When I went up on the stage I met Mr. Leclercq, and smilingly he said: "Well, captain, I see you've heard the news. How do you like it?"

"Why, how did you know I had heard it?" I asked, really surprised.

"I read it in your eyes, *mon capitaine*—it isn't hard to see that. I suppose you are delighted, of course."

"Indeed I am," I replied. "Are you going with us?"

"Well, you see, I've done a good bit of moss-gathering in my time," he said carelessly, "so it struck me as being rather too much of a bore to travel in summer"—and he looked at me laughingly. I suppose I showed that I was disappointed, for he added pompously: "But the Governor said that he positively could find no one to render Don Domingos's music as I sing it, and I yielded to his entreaties. So, captain, you and I, swords in hand—oh, pardon me, I see you carry a different weapon"—glancing at my ridiculous little wooden battle-axe, which he has always made fun of—"Well, then, armed with our trusty sword and battle-axe, we will fare forth into the unknown, for deeds of derring-do."

"I don't know what you mean by derring-do," I

answered; "but if it is something interesting that you mean to do, I'll do it too."

I asked him whether he didn't think the travelling would be splendid fun.

"Fun?" said he, with a short laugh; then he added quite seriously: "Well, yes, I suppose you will find it so, as you say you never have travelled much. The fun you young people will get out of it will be about all we old soldiers will find."

The idea of his talking in that depressing way! I am sure he *will* enjoy some of the trips we shall make. Anyhow, I am delighted that he is going with us.

The rehearsals of *The Way We Live* have interfered somewhat with the practice of the Arion Quartette, but we have managed to meet three times more and have learned a quantity of new songs. Mr. Hatch brought me a box of chocolates at the second meeting, and Mr. Smith brought a box of bon-bons! They agreed to take turns in supplying the accompanist with refreshments hereafter, as they do not wish to kill her with kindness. I took one box home. Mamma liked it very much.

Everything progressed rapidly and smoothly to the first performance of *The Way We Live*, and it went splendidly last night. We shall play it till the last night of the season, which will end on Saturday, April 1st.

A week ago last Monday, when I went around to rehearsal, I found a dark stranger with the First Violin in the greenroom; the F. V. was playing the piano and the stranger was singing with all his might, "I am

Don Januario," so I suspected that we were not to have Mr. Conway with us much longer. Sure enough, after singing one week following his return to the cast, he gave up the part because he was not strong, and had decided to go to Europe for the summer with Mr. Frederic Robinson. Some supposed that Harry Macdonough would have the part again, but he didn't; this dark stranger stepped into the vacant place, and filled it till the last performance of the *Middy*. He will play it on the road, too. His name is John Brand, and he has a very good voice, better cultivated than Macdonough's, and in personal appearance he is better suited to the part. Miss Lewis sings with *him* with perfect graciousness, because he is not an "amateur," I suppose. By the way, she coughed a good deal after she returned to the cast, so perhaps she really did have a cold, after all.

We enjoy the gay society scenes in *The Way We Live*; all the girls have lovely dresses, and no one's waist fits better than mine! Melted and poured into it—that's what I look like; and last night when I went into the greenroom, with my long silk train sweeping after me with a delightful rustle, Mr. Parkes gazed at me with solemn approval written on his face, and finally said gravely that it was a gorgeous fit—had Josephine Egan made it? I was quite pleased at this compliment to my dressmaker from the dear old "clothes-line," for Madame Egan is one of the most fashionable dressmakers in town, and he is a judge of fits!

Isabelle is ravishingly lovely in pale blue, and Regina Dace wears a stunning creation from Paris.

166 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

Everyone looks fine—such a clothes display I never have seen.

It seems very jolly to have Drew and Lacy back again. Lacy pretended he didn't remember what play had been going on in his absence—had forgotten there was such a piece as *The Royal Middy*. He asked George Parkes whether he didn't miss the dear little pony and donkey behind the scenes. Parkes looked at him with silent scorn, and strutted away. This is the cast of

THE WAY WE LIVE

Major Sidney Lincoln, with old ways of living, his own way, and a good way in everything	Mr. Charles Fisher										
Clyde Monogramme, who lives the best way he can, since his wife lives for everybody else.....	Mr. John Drew										
Frederic Van Schaick, who lives like a Honeybee bothered by thorns	Mr. Harry Lacy										
Rutherford de Peck, who lives for public usefulness, the ladies and the drum	Mr. George Parkes										
Bryan O'Dodd, who lives between two fires, his master and his wife	Mr. Charles Leclercq										
Little Georgie, who exists like a little orphan, between a father always busy and a mother never home..	Lillie Walters										
Governor Rensler ..	<table border="0"> <tr> <td>Husbands, Brothers</td> <td>Mr. Walter Edmunds</td> </tr> <tr> <td>and guests of the</td> <td>.....Mr. J. F. Brien</td> </tr> <tr> <td>"Elite" who live</td> <td>.....Mr. Percy Hunting</td> </tr> <tr> <td>to learn</td> <td>.....Mr. J. Watson</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>.....Mr. E. M. Smith</td> </tr> </table>	Husbands, Brothers	Mr. Walter Edmunds	and guests of theMr. J. F. Brien	"Elite" who liveMr. Percy Hunting	to learnMr. J. Watson	Mr. E. M. Smith
Husbands, Brothers	Mr. Walter Edmunds										
and guests of theMr. J. F. Brien										
"Elite" who liveMr. Percy Hunting										
to learnMr. J. Watson										
Mr. E. M. Smith										
Col. Remmerson ...											
Commissioner Schatz											
Judge Stuttervent ..											
Hon. Mr. Brevoort....											
Cherry Monogramme, who lives in her carriage and makes short calls at home	Miss Ada Rehan										
Mrs. Regina Van Schaick, who lives on her brother and makes his life unpleasant	Mrs. Charles Poole										
Harriet Langley, who shows how to live when a young girl has to make her own living—and can	Miss May Fielding										
Teckle O'Dodd, who lives like a volcano, in perpetual ebulli- tion	Miss Maggie Harold										
Fanny Martin, who lives the precarious living of those who are dependent on ostentatious benevolence...	Miss Georgine Flagg										
Maria, "who lives out"	Miss Blanche Weaver										
Jeanette, ditto	Miss Kitty Maxwell										



ISABELLE EVESSON

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 167

Miss Bella Remmerson .	} Leading lights of the "Elite," who live amid the glare of their own good deeds.	Miss Margaret Lanner
Miss Alpha de JonesMiss Regina Dace
Mrs. TompkinsStuttervent		Miss Isabelle Evesson
Miss Hurd	} The Benevolent Beauties of the "Elite," who live the happy lives of the busy business.	...Miss Lillie Vinton
Miss BrevoortMiss Sally Williams
Mrs. SchatzMiss Dora Knowlton
Miss CurdMiss Sara Lascelles
Miss RenslerMiss Nellie Howard
Mrs. Schimmer ...		Miss Emma Hinckley

SUNDAY, APRIL 18.—Far from having a rest after the production of *The Way We Live*, we have been going through rehearsals of *The Royal Middy* with new people for the road; and when that wasn't rehearsing the new actors for *An Arabian Night* were busy, for Mr. Daly has decided to take along a travelling company playing that piece in all the large towns where we shall play the *Middy*. What a busy man he is! He must be trying to kill himself with work and trouble.

The changes of cast in *An Arabian Night* are as follows: Maggie Harold is to play Catherine Lewis's original part, and her husband, William Davidge, Jr., will play the cannon-ball tosser. Mr. E. P. Wilks plays old Mr. Davidge's original part, and Miss Flagg's part of the maid is cut out. Blanche Weaver has the part of Spinkle's wife, and Ada Rehan plays her own original part of the niece. Frank Bennett also has his original character.

In the *Middy* Sara Lascelles plays Miss Rehan's part of Donna Antonina; Mr. John Brand is to be Don Januario; and in place of Bennett as Mungo Mr. Daly has engaged a well-known negro-minstrel performer, Mr. John Hart, a middle-aged gentleman with a rosy, smil-

ing face and an extremely well-fed looking person. He does not exert himself much at rehearsals, but mumbles his lines and goes through the business in a mechanical way, and Mr. Daly never utters a word of comment or criticism, but lets him do just as he pleases. He may be very funny on the minstrel stage, but I haven't seen any sign of it yet. His portly figure is certainly a contrast to that of the slim and agile Bennett. How *will* he look in fleshings and that bathing-suit effect, I wonder!

Miss Lascelles will be very good as Donna Antonina. She has had some little experience, and is earnest and careful in her work, besides being handsome, in a dark, Spanish style of beauty. She has glorious eyes and arched eyebrows, a clear olive complexion, naturally waving hair, and a tall, graceful figure. She can sing, too, and is altogether a fascinating girl. In addition, she has one of the kindest and most generous of hearts, and I like her very much.

A funny thing happened regarding one of the new extra girls the last week we played the *Middy*. She knew we girls of the regular company had been to Sarony to have our pictures taken, and she wanted hers, too. So she packed her costume in a bag, and coolly lugged the whole outfit off to a photographer, had her own picture taken, and brought the things back the next night. Mr. Daly intended to take her on the road to help show the business of the piece to the extra people engaged in different places; but he heard of the photographing affair and discharged her that very night for taking her costume out of the theatre and being

photographed in it without his permission. But—how did he hear of it so soon? Ah, how? He really hasn't eyes in the back of his head, nor a row of little ears around it under his hair; neither do I believe him gifted with second sight. No, but he certainly has a most useful little bird, who warbles in his ear all the news in several different keys!

The Way We Live continues to please large audiences, and it really is a very pretty play. At the end of one act the lonely Mr. Monogramme (John Drew) and his neglected infant (Lillie Walters) are left in their handsome drawing-room to spend an evening by themselves, while the giddy Mrs. Cherry Monogramme (Ada Rehan) is at the Charity Ball. Mr. Monogramme, and his neglected infant (Lillie Walters) are left in one armchair, and little Georgie in another, the maids of the establishment being too much occupied in carousing downstairs to put the child to bed; and as the firelight plays over the two sleeping figures a music-box on the table that the father has wound up to amuse the child plays "Home, Sweet Home," and the curtain falls slowly. It is a pretty picture and gets a recall every night—a genuine one, too, for Mr. Daly never allows the curtain to be rung up again at the end of an act unless there is a real call from the front; some managers run it up whether anyone gives the tableau a hand or not, but that isn't Augustin Daly's way.

The "champagne" we drink in the gay society scene is nothing but weak tea—horrid stuff! I thought we were going to have something nice to drink, and was disgusted when I tasted that old tea! I don't drink

170 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

mine—just pretend to, for I dislike tea, anyhow, and to have it cold—ugh!

SUNDAY, APRIL 25.—We have had a busy week rehearsing the new people and getting ready to go away for the summer tour, which is to last ten weeks. I can hardly realise that our departure is so near. Mamma is shopping for me and putting my clothes in order. I am to have a sweet new travelling dress, dark grey, with a jaunty jacket having little pockets and a sort of military-looking high straight collar, edged with red and a band of gold braid, and brass buttons down the front. A cute little grey hat with a red wing goes with it. The older girls say we don't need very much in the way of dresses; two of medium weight and two thin ones for hot weather is all that is necessary, they assure us; so I shall not carry a very large trunk.

We shall have lively times in the old house all this coming week, as Mr. Daly has thoughtfully laid out plenty of work for the whole company up to the very last minute. To-morrow night and at the Wednesday matinée we shall play *The Way We Live*; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinée, *The Royal Middy*; and Friday and Saturday nights *An Arabian Night*. Malvina told us yesterday that she and Mr. Mollenhauer and Mr. Williams are all going to Philadelphia to-day, the Messrs. Mollenhauer and Williams to teach the Philadelphia orchestra and extra people the music and stage business, and she to drill the new children needed for the march of the chessmen. Won't they have a merry time!

We are instructed to have our theatre trunks in the dressing-rooms on Saturday morning, to be packed after the matinée. The company is to leave Jersey City on Sunday, at three in the afternoon, and we are directed to be at the station as early as half-past two.

At the last moment mamma is getting fidgety about my going; she is afraid I shall be ill, and has written out a list of things I am to do in case I am—what medicines to get, and all sorts of things. But I am not going to be ill, I tell her. I mean to be careful, of course, but I expect to enjoy every minute of the whole trip. Mamma is to close our little apartment and go up to our home in Massachusetts the day after I leave New York. I am glad, for she would be very lonely in the city without me and my daily bulletins of theatrical doings. I shall miss her dreadfully, too, I know, for I never have been away from her before; but I cannot always stay beside her, and if I must strike out alone I am in good company.

A new young lady, Miss Delano, has been engaged to understudy Miss Fielding as the Queen, in case of accident to that fair lady. She has a high and penetrating soprano, but I fancy she is rather too stout to wear Miss Fielding's costumes.

One night last week I asked Mr. Moore to write in my autograph album. He gave me the following classic quotation:

"O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars and your tongue sweet air!

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear."

May Heaven preserve you!

From JOHN MOORE.

I thought this was very nice, and didn't see anything odd about it till I showed it to John Drew, who pointed to the last two lines and said: "I endorse that sentiment heartily!" I don't believe Mr. Drew likes Papa Moore very much; and as for the latter, he is always frowning upon the young comedian's playful little way of trying to "break up" his fellow-actors in the midst of a performance.

I don't intend to give up writing in my journal even when I am on the road, for it will be more fun than ever to record fresh experiences; but the book I am now using is rather too large, so I have bought a neat little volume that will fit nicely in my travelling-bag, and I shall write in it in every new place we visit.

PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY NIGHT, MAY 2.—Well, here I am in the City of Brotherly Love, after a week of excitement and rush, and the jolliest journey I ever have had. It is nine o'clock in the evening and I am tired, but I must take time to record the doings of the last seven days, for I don't know when I ever could catch up if I don't write now, there is so much to see and to do.

Last Monday night we played *The Way We Live*, and also at the Wednesday matinée; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights we had *The Royal Middy* with the new people in the cast, and if I said Mr. John Hart wasn't funny I take it all back. His acting of Mungo nearly gave us conniption fits at his first performance, because we weren't expecting he would be so amusing. He convulsed the audience, too, and we

could hardly sing or attend to business for watching his antics.

Miss Lascelles looked stunning in the black and yellow gown of Donna Antonina, and played the part charmingly.

The piece went smoothly from beginning to end, and we could see that Mr. Daly was well pleased with the new actors.

Friday night we had the good old *Arabian Night* again, pony, donkey and all; it seems about a year since we played it last. The new people in that cast were very good—Mr. Davidge, Jr., Miss Weaver, and Mr. Wilks. The houses were fine all the week. There wasn't as much confusion behind the scenes as I expected, until Saturday afternoon at the matinée, and then it was bedlam let loose, for the dressing-rooms were full of trunks, and expressmen kept coming in with more all the time, or to mark our names and the name of the company on every trunk. It was awful, for they would insist on coming right in, when we were in all stages of dress—none of them could wait a single minute. Such shrieking and rushing around as there was!

Poor Mrs. Nagle was nearly distracted, trying to get the *Middy* costumes packed as fast as she could; she had to pack all the chess children's clothes, besides lots of other stuff, and see that everyone's things were actually put into the trunks. She waddled about from one room to another, throwing up her hands and saying, "Ain't it wild and terrible?"—her favourite expression. As for the Governor, he was "upstairs and

downstairs and in the ladies' chambers" all at the same time, till it seemed as if there were two of him; he looked after everything, in high good humour, as gay and smiling as possible, which cheered up everyone else.

Finally the last *Middy* costume was packed and the trunks were locked; then and not until then did we go home, only to return after dinner—that is, a few of us—for the night performance of *An Arabian Night*, the last performance of the season in New York. It was a memorable occasion. I hated to say good-by to the dear old theatre, where I have had so much fun and learned so much. Of course I was eager to go travelling, but I never like to say good-by.

While the performance was going on Mr. Conway came up to the greenroom to say farewell, as he was to sail for Europe May 1st—yesterday. We were sorry to have him leave us, and Miss Flagg actually wept a bit, she is such a sensitive, emotional little thing. Then Margaret Lanner came to take a final leave, as she will not rejoin the company. She seemed to feel very sad about it, and said good-by to everyone, kissing all the girls and crying. Harry Lacy kissed her, too, and she took it very quietly and tearfully, which somehow had a funny effect. She sent a lovely horseshoe of flowers to Mr. Daly, for good luck, and had quite an affecting parting with him. I was sorry to see her go. She is a charming young lady.

Regina Dace and her mother dropped in, too, to say good-by. No one saw anything of Helen Blythe—wonder what has become of her.

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 175

When the curtain fell for the last time I went around and took a final look at the old familiar places, quite depressed over the parting scenes, for who knows whether I shall ever see them again? I may get killed on the railway.

Downstairs Mr. Leclercq and Harry Lacy made fun of Miss Flagg and me for being so tearful; Lacy came up to us and said, with his handkerchief at his eyes: "Dear girls, I am going away on a long and perilous journey to-morrow (with a sob); won't you kiss me good-by?" And he pretended to weep violently, while Mr. Leclercq laughed at his nonsense, and Miss Flagg and I indignantly dried our eyes.

The next day mamma and I packed up at home; my trunk was called for at one o'clock, and we left the house at two, arriving at the Desbrosses Street Ferry at half-past two.

There we found almost all the members of the two companies, and Mr. Daly, wearing a brand-new hat and a beaming smile, was darting around like a dragon-fly, looking after people and talking to his men that have charge of the scenery and luggage.

Estelle Clayton was there to say good-by to Sister Isabelle. She looked lovely—like the Spirit of Spring, in a dainty gown and a blossomy hat. I didn't see any greeting between her and the Governor!

The last farewells were said, and I almost cried as the ferryboat started and I left mamma standing on the pier. Soon we reached the other side, were shown to our private car, and set out for Philadelphia at three o'clock exactly. Such fun as we had on the journey—

176 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

impossible to write it all down. John Duff, Jr., was with us, and wherever he is there is sure to be a lark.

Mr. Maurice Barrymore and his wife, Georgie Drew Barrymore, were going to Philadelphia with John Drew; and May Bowers Bennett came along with her devoted Frank. Mr. Barrymore is one of the handsomest men I ever have seen, and is a splendid actor, too. I have seen him once on the stage, also his wife. She is good, too. What a clever family they are!

Mr. Daly had his hands full on the way trying to keep the prying public from coming into our car. About every five minutes some man, assuming an ingratiating smile, would open the door, walk in and survey the crowd, and have to be invited to leave, with the information, "This is a private car, sir." Finally the Governor stationed Richard, his dusky shadow, at one end of the car, and John Duff at the other, and they kept their backs against the doors.

The six chess children, under the care of Mr. Moore and Mrs. Nagle, down near the door, kept up such a shrieking over the wonderful sights they beheld that they had to be suppressed several times.

We reached Philadelphia at six o'clock, and separated into different parties, Mr. Williams, who had come back to New York to accompany his daughter Sally, Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, Kitty Maxwell, Emma Hinckley, Harry Macdonough, and one or two others besides myself, came to this hotel, the Bingham House, while others went to the Colonnade, the West End, and the Girard. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Leclercq wouldn't go to any hotel, but trotted off to a boarding-house they

know of where they said they could get "good old English cooking."

Mr. Richard Dorney, one of Mr. Daly's chief assistants in New York—an intensely serious and business-like person—preceded us to this city and made arrangements for us at these hotels; so we were expected here and were shown to very good rooms. I hear that Mr. Dorney is to go ahead of us all through the trip to engage rooms and look after the advertising. How convenient that will be! I have been wondering how we should know where to go in some places.

I went down to supper at seven o'clock, and was shown to a table next to one where three men were sitting. One talked all the time in a comical way, that kept all the coloured waiters on a broad grin. Another was a good-looking young fellow, and the third was a very handsome old gentleman, dignified as a Chinese mandarin. Pretty soon Mr. Williams and Sally came in, and the strangers greeted him most cordially. Then I learned that the talkative one was Mr. Maffitt, the famous Humpty Dumpty of Abbey's company, which has been playing in New York all winter; the young fellow was a harlequin, and the silent and stately old gentleman was a pantaloon! Dear me, I thought he was a foreign minister, at least!

We have been visiting one another's rooms since supper, for we are all neighbours; Miss Hinckley and Sally are opposite me, Kitty Maxwell is next me on one side and the Stirlings on the other, so if I wake and get scared all alone in the night I shall try to remember that they are near. Now I must go to bed. It seems

178 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

a month since last night in New York. I wonder what mamma is doing, and whether she misses me as much as I miss her.

PHILADELPHIA. SUNDAY, MAY 9.—The public of this city seems to like our two companies quite as well as the New York public. Both houses have been crowded all the week. *An Arabian Night* is playing at the Park Theatre, and the *Middy* is at the Walnut Street Theatre. We are informed that this is one of the oldest theatres in the country. It looks it! Such an old barn and rat-hole I never was in. Oh, what a contrast to our home theatre, which, in spite of unavoidable ugliness in some places, is at least clean and well cared for, and pretty wherever it is possible to make it so.

After an early breakfast last Monday morning, we went around to the theatre, and found on the big stage a great crowd of young girls and old girls, young men and old men, children and musicians, besides carpenters and scene-shifters working away for dear life getting our scenery into place. Mr. Mollenhauer and the First Violin were drilling the extra people in the choruses; Malvina was marching the children round and round; the company sat out in the auditorium waiting, and the Governor was flying about in a mood not exactly angelic.

After much delay the rehearsal began, and it lasted all day long. At noon we went upstairs to find our dressing-rooms, and exclaimed in dismay at the horrible old barracks to which we were shown. They were dirty, dark, musty—"something wild and terrible," to quote

Mrs. Nagle. There are not enough of them, either, and six of us have to use one room. Things were so awfully bad that the situation was funny; so we fell to laughing, and tried to "keep jolly" as well as we could.

After supper at the hotel we returned to the theatre about seven o'clock, and found all the extra people already dressed and sitting in the greenroom, which is the dingiest old place, with not a pretty or artistic thing in it. And those people!—well, the less said the better. We took one look at them, and scampered upstairs.

In the dressing-rooms confusion reigned over a tragedy with the trunks. Isabelle Evesson's trunk and mine had not come, neither had Sara Lascelles's; and Miss Rehan had sent over word from the Park Theatre that her trunk and George Parkes's were missing, too! Mr. Daly and Charlie Potterdon, who has charge of the luggage, were out hunting for them. Isabelle and I cried with rage and vexation, and mourned for our lovely wigs, just dressed over, and our pretty new silk shirties, and were so disgusted to think we could not appear the first night in Philadelphia. Finally word was sent upstairs that some kind of fancy costume was to be hired for Miss Lascelles, and Isabelle and I were requested to take two of the costumes worn by the extra people and go on, for both of us had lines to speak in a scene with Miss Lewis and could not stay off. Just as we were reluctantly preparing to make this unwelcome change, the trunks arrived. Ours had been over at the Park Theatre and Miss Rehan's and Parkes's trunks had been at our theatre!

Time was getting short, and Isabelle and I hopped

into our own duds in a twink, although she had a fresh burst of tears over the fact that a mirror that she had packed in her trunk was smashed into a hundred bits. She particularly fancied that mirror and brought it along, and when she found it broken she wailed over the possibility of having seven years of bad luck, as she had heard that was the sure sign if one broke a mirror. She needn't worry; no girl with a face like hers ever could have seven years' bad luck!

At last the play began; it went with great dash and was applauded loudly. Everyone did his best, the chess children went through the march all right, and no one lost his trousers! Mr. Hart as Mungo tickled the large audience, and Mr. Brand was excellent.

Between the acts, when we were in our dressing-room upstairs, I opened a pasteboard box in which I keep toilet articles; it was standing on the floor under my table, and when I raised the lid, out of it sprang a rat as big as a small kitten right into my lap. It scrambled up to my shoulder and took a flying leap into the middle of the room. I shrieked, of course, and so did the other girls; and we all made a rush for a long wooden table that stands in the room and piled up on it. I never saw such an immense rat in my life, and we have been bothered with him and his whole family all the week. The place is a regular old rat-hole. When we are upstairs we actually pin the floppy legs of our trousers tight around our ankles with safety-pins, otherwise we shouldn't dare keep our feet on the floor.

The stage hands of this theatre are awful creatures. Apparently there is no discipline, no government about

the place; everyone does just as he pleases, and the language they use is shocking. The other night one of these men, standing by the stairs we have to use, said something perfectly terrible about us as we were going up. Sally went and told her father, and he reported the man to Mr. Daly, who came tearing out to the place where those men lounge around when they are not handling scenery, and gave them a great blowing-up, saying that he would have them discharged if they dared again to use offensive language before the ladies of his company. The men have been more decent since then, but all these Philadelphia people call us "a stuck-up crowd." Well, I should hope we were rather above them. I'm sure I never expected to be brought into contact with such people. I have not written a word about it to mamma; it would only worry her and she would make me go home. These things can't really hurt me, disagreeable as they may be. Probably the next theatre will be nicer; they can't all be as unpleasant as this.

Last Tuesday morning we were requested to go to Scholl, the photographer, and have our pictures taken in costume, and it was great fun. I got a good pose and felt sure the picture would be good this time, and it is. The photographs were delivered at the theatre last night, and they were splendid of everyone. Quick-est photographic work I ever saw. There is no comparison between Scholl's pictures of us and Sarony's. I don't think Sarony's man cared whether he took us well or not, whereas Scholl's operator took the greatest pains with every sitter. Mr. Daly is pleased with

the result, and the photographs are to be sold in the lobby of the theatre next week. Don't think I like *that*. It is disagreeable to think of perfect strangers having one's photograph. I know mamma wouldn't like it, but I shan't tell her that, either, for I can't help myself, so where would be the use?

After the excitement of the opening night was over we set out to see something of Philadelphia. From my window in the hotel I could see a very familiar-looking tower, and wondered where I had seen a picture like it. I found it was Independence Hall—no wonder it looked so familiar! We went to visit it and found it a most interesting place; I could hardly tear myself away from it. Then we visited the Mint—very interesting, too.

One day Mr. Daly sent open carriages to take us all out for a drive around the city and to a lovely park, which was very sweet of him. But I don't like this town much. It is nice enough, but very quiet; there isn't anything to do or anywhere to go after one has seen those three places—the Hall, the Mint, and the Park. I suppose I should like it if I lived here, but I'm glad I don't.

We have a good deal of fun at the hotel. Earle Stirling has brought his banjo along, and sings and plays beautifully. Emma Hinckley keeps a sort of friendly eye on Sally and me; she is married and is older than the rest of us, though she is not yet thirty, and has a roseleaf complexion and a wonderful mass of hair like spun gold—just the colour of a baby's hair. The way I knew she was married was that she

had a copy of Zola's *Nana* in her room, and I asked her to let me read it when she had finished it, and she said no, she wouldn't lend a book like that to any young girl. I was surprised, and asked whether the author wasn't very famous. She said he was, but that girls were not supposed to read his books—certainly not that one. Then she said: "It is no harm for me to read it, for I am married, child, and have read a great many things which I should not think of lending to you."

I didn't really care about the old book—I only wanted something to read; I was much more interested in the romantic fact of her being married, and so she told me that the dark man who used to call for her at night in New York is her husband. She is very nice, as well as pretty, and has a well-cultivated, bird-like soprano voice.

Mr. Leclercq stays in his dressing-room most of the time in this gloomy old theatre, and so do the rest of us, as there is no decent greenroom; consequently I don't see much of him. I met him one night, and he said: "Well, captain, how do you like the road, as far as you've gone?" I just looked at him reproachfully, for we were in that hideous, dirty greenroom for the moment; he laughed at my expression, saying that life was not all beer and skittles—whatever that means. Then he tried to appease me by saying that we should find some nicer places after a while. I should hope so, indeed!

To-day we have been resting, and some of the people went to church. I have written a long letter home,

and have sent short notes every day this week. Now I'm going out to take a walk. It's very easy to find one's way in this town.

PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY, MAY 16.—It seems as if we had been here two months instead of two weeks, and this afternoon we shall return to New York, to play all next week in Brooklyn at Haverly's Theatre. I shall not be sorry to leave Philadelphia. I have seen all I care to of it, and it isn't as attractive as I thought it would be.

Last Monday Mr. Daly put on at the Park Theatre *The Way We Live*, to take the place of *An Arabian Night*. Mr. Fisher left us to go over to that theatre to play his original part in *The Way We Live*, and Mr. Moore took his part of Captain Norberto in the *Middy*. He was very funny in it, though he didn't mean to be! To tell the truth, he was awfully bad and got all mixed up, shouting to Miss Lewis, "Now, then, Don Domingos, you young rascal, are you coming?" instead of saying "Don Maunritio," which is her name in disguise as a midshipman, Don Domingos being Mr. Leclercq, who laughed so hard at Mr. Moore he had to turn his back to the audience.

Last Monday at dinner-time, in the middle of the day, when we were at the table (for we have all sat together here and had lots of fun), a well-known voice said suddenly: "What, Williams, my boy, how are you? And the children, too—bless my soul!" And there was our dear old Mr. Davidge beaming at us! We were delighted to see him and he seemed pleased to



CAPTAIN NORBERTO VANQUISHED

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

L

see us. His company was sitting at another table; they had just arrived in Philadelphia to open at the Arch Street Theatre that night in *All the Rage*. He didn't sit with them all the week, but came to our table and sat at the end opposite Mr. Williams, and added much to our entertainment. He has a perfect horror of tomatoes, says they are poisonous, and not fit for human food; and, just for mischief, some of the men told the waiter to pass the tomatoes to that old gentleman down at the end of the table. When the dish was presented to him he gave a dramatic start, something like Booth or Barrett, glared at the waiter, and said: "Tomatoes? No, sir! Good God! to think of offering food fit only for swine, and hardly for them. Take them away! take them awa-a-a-y!"

He said this morning that he didn't know what he should do without us when we are gone, and told us we might all kiss him good-by again, as we did in New York when he left us; but we didn't do it this time.

One funny thing happened early in the week. Sally Williams was in my room one day, when who should come to call on the Daly young ladies but one of the Philadelphia "extras" at the theatre—wanted to get chummy with us. Of course we were civil while she stayed, but we were amused at some of the questions she asked, one being—after inquiring how we liked the hotel—"How do you get your beer up here?" Sally and I assured her that we didn't get any, whereupon she expressed sympathy for our deprivation and said the beer in Philadelphia was particularly good. We were

willing to take her word for it. I was tempted to reply as a young woman did of whom Harry Lacy tells a funny story. She was wealthy, stage-struck, and a rather lackadaisical damsel, and once, in the company of actors, when someone asked her what kind of beer she liked, she drawled languidly: "Bee-ah? What is bee-ah?"

BROOKLYN, N. Y., SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 23.—We arrived at the City of Churches about seven o'clock last Sunday evening, after a pleasant journey from Philadelphia, enlivened by two of those incorrigible monkeys of chess children, a boy and a girl, who slipped away into the smoking-car and gave Mr. Moore and Mrs. Nagle a terrible fright when they were missed. They were found entertaining the occupants of the smoking-car with excellent imitations of our star performers, the girl enacting Miss Lewis and singing her songs, and the boy making love to her *à la* Don Lamberto, giving a ridiculous imitation of Hatch. The little imps had the songs and the dialogue "letter perfect," and their delighted audiences was roaring with laughter and freely contributing nickels and dimes to the boy, who passed around his hat after each specialty. Mr. Moore brought them back, and Mrs. Nagle fairly begged to be allowed to spank them, but was restrained. They were threatened with being returned to the bosoms of their families—to whom their salaries are sent every week; so they promised to behave better hereafter. But there is never any knowing what they will do next. I am positively afraid of those little

demons, and keep as far away from them as I conveniently can.

On reaching New York the company scattered, most of them going to their homes, and a few crossing the ferry to go to the Pierrepont House in Brooklyn. I am staying in the home of one of my old schoolmates, far up town in Brooklyn, and she is greatly interested in my adventures.

On Monday morning we all met at Haverly's Theatre for rehearsal with the extra people and the new orchestra. We found Mr. Daly nearly frantic, for the bag containing the music score of the opera was not to be found anywhere! Mr. Mollenhauer was the picture of despair, and the First Violin sat tipped back against the wall, with folded arms, and wearing an expression that signified weariness of the universe in general. Charlie Potterdon was out on a hunt for the score; but finally he had to go over to the Thalia Theatre in New York and borrow the German score of *Der Seekadet*, which of course is exactly like that of *The Royal Middy*. That was a bright thought, and at noon the rehearsal began. It went very well, and after we got through Malvina and Mr. Williams trained the extra singers and children by themselves.

The theatre was a welcome change from the Walnut Street; it has good dressing-rooms and a nice green-room. It was built two years ago on the site of the old Brooklyn Theatre, which was burned December 5th, 1876, with a terrible loss of life. I well remember that awful night. It rather gave me a shudder to think of the tragedy that occurred on the very spot

where we were dancing so gaily. Others felt the same way.

An Arabian Night was played at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre on Fulton Street all the week while we played the *Middy* at Haverly's. On Monday night, when we arrived at the theatre for the first performance, the excitement was as great as in Philadelphia, for this time Miss Lewis's trunk was missing, and she *was* in a rage. So was the Governor. I thought he would actually turn a somersault in his gyrations about the place, while he anathematised the luck that seems to pursue his luggage. They sent to a costumer's for two fancy dresses for Miss Lewis; one of the short, plump midshipmen was instructed to divest herself of her apparel with all possible haste in order that Miss Lewis might wear it for her disguise; and then the lady demanded the use of Malvina's beautiful golden wig, to Madame's intense disgust. No help for it, however, and Miss Lewis was just getting into the hired costume when the trunk arrived; it had been over at the Park Theatre all the time! So Malvina got back her precious wig; peace was restored, and the play began, a little late, with a crowded house. In the course of the evening an expressman arrived with our missing music score. Mr. Mollenhauer declares that it will never leave his hands after this.

We played to excellent business all the week, and wound up here last night, after a nice, peaceful time in that well-managed theatre.

The second night Miss Delano, who understudies Miss Fielding, caught her heel on a bad turn in the

stairs and sprained her ankle seriously. Her place had to be filled somehow, so they sent to New York for a young lady who was with us in the *Middy* there a short time—Miss Alice Hutchings—a good singer and a tall, handsome girl. She expected to be with us only that week in Brooklyn; but Friday night Malvina was sick, and fainted in her dressing-room, and last night told Mr. Daly that her doctor said she must have rest, so she had decided not to go with us this coming week, which is to be what they call “one-night stands,” but would rejoin us in Boston after she has had a week’s rest. The Governor was put out, but couldn’t help it; so we are to pursue our mad career of one-night stands without our chaperon! What will become of us? Some ogre may come out of the woods and devour us! So Miss Hutchings is to accompany us for the whole tour. Miss Delano sang again last night, but limps badly.

This evening we are to assemble at Pier 28, North River, in New York, to take the steamer *Bristol* for Newport, where we are to play to-morrow night. This trip will certainly be jolly, and Newport is a lovely place. The *Arabian Night* company is to go on to Boston to play there during the week the *Middy* is doing one-night stands. Miss Lewis is to go with them to play her original part, and Miss Harold is to play Fanchette with us in the *Middy* once more. Our First Violin has left us, and we shall see his cynical, supercilious smile no more!

ON THE TRAIN BETWEEN NEWPORT AND FALL RIVER, TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 25.—I think I will

try to write a little on the way to Fall River to record what kind of time we had in Newport. It wasn't very pleasant. The boat trip was delightful; the *Bristol* left New York at five o'clock; we were all in a gay mood, and the steamer was very handsome. We had supper on board. Mr. Leclercq sat next to me, and called my attention to a man and woman opposite who were eating fried clams, baked beans and chocolate, and he said: "They will regret that meal when we go around Point Judith to-night."

I asked what was the matter with Point Judith, and he answered mysteriously, "Wait and see!"

He wouldn't let me order anything but toast and cold meat, and a little fruit, and then we walked together around and around the decks for an hour, I think, and he told me no end of interesting and amusing things about his journeys all over the world. Then he advised me to go to bed early, which I did, and went right to sleep. But some hours later I woke up and found the boat rolling and pitching terribly. I was frightened, and jumped up and dressed as well as I could while falling all over the place. Going outside, I found Earle Stirling calmly promenading the deck and smoking. I asked what was the matter, and he laughed. "Nothing at all," he said, "we are only going around Point Judith, and it is a windy night." So then I understood what was the matter with Point Judith, for I had a sort of "homesick" feeling myself, and wondered how the clams-and-chocolate folks felt.

We were called in time to land at Newport at three

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 191

in the morning. Mr. Daly got up to see us off, and to make sure that our luggage went with us, for he went on to Boston with *An Arabian Night* company, saying that he would meet us in Boston to-morrow as we pass through on our way to some place in New Hampshire.

Carriages were waiting for us, and we piled into them, very sleepy and rather sick, and I wished I was back in New York! Mrs. Mollenhauer and her little boy, Willie, had joined Mr. Mollenhauer when we left New York, and both had been very ill on the boat.

The company went to different places; the Mollenhauers, the Williamses, Messrs. Fisher, Leclercq, Brand and Hart, and some of the girls, went to an odd, old-fashioned-looking hotel, where everyone was asleep. The landlady got up, however, and soon assigned us to rooms, such as they were. Emma Hinckley, Sally Williams and I were in one small room with two beds; it was very close and musty, and we couldn't get to sleep for a long time, and were all dreadfully cross. By and by we slept, and woke about nine o'clock. We went down to breakfast, which was all on one long table, in rustic fashion. We had fried steak, muddy coffee, heavy bread and strong butter! Everyone fussed but Mr. Leclercq. He pretended to enjoy it, and said I ought to be glad to find again "real country living." He knows my home is in the country; but I assured him we didn't live like that. I noticed he didn't eat much, for all his cheerfulness.

Well, if the hotel was bad the theatre was worse! It had only one dressing-room for all the ladies, and the

192 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

men had to dress up in the flies. We couldn't have any orchestra, for Mr. Mollenhauer said he hadn't been able to find a man in town that could read the *Middy* music; so he got Mr. Perry, one of the courtiers, who plays the piano beautifully, to play the accompaniments, and Mr. Mollenhauer himself, and his little son Willie, played violins. That boy is a wonderful little violinist, and a very bright and interesting child, with manners like a grown-up man.

We had a splendid house at night—that is, the place was as full as it could be—and the audience was delighted.

The afternoon was warm and bright, and some one proposed that we should go to the seashore for a stroll, so our whole party set off. The water was beautiful, but of course no one was in it, as it is so early in the season. None of the good hotels are open yet either. While we were gazing out to sea Mr. Leclercq said suddenly: "What a pity you girls didn't bring along those pink-and-blue bathing-suits of yours that you wore in Newport, and go in with them here!"

We all shrieked at the mere mention of that ill-fated play; it seems about eight years instead of eight months since we had that experience. He continued to me: "This is the real thing, and it would be very effective. There is my bathing-house with rickety door which you used to open for me so kindly, and there is yours next to it." And he pointed to a row of little brown houses on the beach.

Mr. Fisher said that if Mr. Conway were there to do

his diving act we could have the play on the beach, just as they sometimes play *As You Like It* out of doors.

We sang a few of the old *Newport* songs just for fun, strolled around a while through the quaint streets of the town, and went back to the hotel, where most of us took a nap.

Mrs. Mollenhauer, by the way, is a charming woman, and talks delightfully. She was Ada Clifton, quite a celebrated actress some years ago.

We spent another night in that luxurious bedroom, had another breakfast, a little worse than the first, and the woman had the audacity to charge us at the rate of \$2.50 a day. Emma Hinckley gave her a piece of her mind, but much she cared! I was glad to leave that horrid place. We are getting near Fall River, they say, so I will stop.

ON THE TRAIN BETWEEN BOSTON, MASS., AND MANCHESTER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26.—We went to a fair hotel in Fall River, the City of Spindles. It was the Narragansett, and was comfortable enough, but though we arrived just at dinner-time we could not get a thing to eat for a long while, there were so few waiters and they weren't expecting such a crowd. We found a good theatre, with plenty of clean dressing-rooms, and our luggage has at last got into the way of accompanying us without wandering all over the State, while Mr. Mollenhauer clings fast to the bag with the score wherever we go.

In the afternoon we took a walk around the town—

not very pleasant, if it is in New England. So many factories and factory workers would spoil the beauty of any town. At night we gave our charming opera to the most ghastly bad house—why, it was awful!—it reminded me of *Newport*. There were so few people in front we could count them as soon as we went on the stage. Don't believe Fall River ever heard of us. The few citizens present were most appreciative, but seemed lonely. We returned to the hotel in deep disgust. One reason why the audience was so small was because a circus is travelling along the same route we are taking, and I suppose most of the population went to that, as it was in Fall River yesterday.

This morning we left Fall River at half-past ten to go to Manchester, N. H., by way of Boston, which we reached a little before noon. Mr. Daly met us, and took the ladies off to a fine dinner at the Tremont House. They have heard of us in Boston without a doubt, and we received a great deal of interested attention at the Tremont. A little after one o'clock we returned to the handsome new Lowell depot, and departed for Manchester, Mr. Daly coming along with us. Some of the girls have seen me writing in my book on the train and asked what it was. When I told them it was my journal they laughed at me for keeping it, but just the same they begged me to read some from it to amuse them. Of course I wouldn't do it; this journal is my confidant, and is for no mortal eye but my own.

This is one of the hottest days I ever saw; the thermometer is 100° in the shade—awful for May. Hope

we shall find a nice cool hotel and big theatre. As the scenery of Massachusetts is extremely familiar to me, I shall not gaze out of the window, but will try to get a nap, if those fearful kids at the end of the car will only keep still. Mr. Moore threatens to make them travel in the baggage-car if they don't behave. I dare say they would like that, though.

ON THE TRAIN BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND PORTSMOUTH, N. H., THURSDAY, MAY 27.—Well, of all the awful places Manchester goes beyond anything! If this keeps up much longer I shall go home. We arrived there yesterday at half-past three, and went to a horrid place called the City Hotel—wonder if it is the only one in town. The entire company was there, from Mr. Daly to the children, and we filled up the dining-room at supper-time. We did look so funny in that low-ceilinged country dining-room; our company is composed of such very attractive, not to say distinguished-looking people, they certainly did look out of their element in that place. The supper was very bad, and the rooms were hot as ovens.

But the theatre was the funniest place! We couldn't use our big scenery at all, and had to have the stock sets of the house, and they were about as appropriate as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* scenery would be in the opera of *Trovatore*. The stage was so tiny and the wings so badly set that the small audience could see us moving around behind the scenes all the time. It was like the drama in Queen Elizabeth's time, only they did not quite sit on the stage with us. The ladies all dressed

in one large room across a hall, and the men, poor things, had to dress in the hall itself! I think the building is a town hall, or something like that; it has no accommodations at all for a theatre. Probably it answers very well for the village amateur club to produce *Bread upon the Waters* in, but for Augustin Daly's company it is slightly inconvenient! When we opened our door to go down a flight of steps to get to the stage we beheld the gentlemen in all states of their toilets; we retreated with squeals in various keys. But we simply had to get to the stage, so we shut our eyes and ran along as fast as we could.

We could hardly all get on that stage at once, and Mr. Daly sat on a wooden table behind the scenes all the evening with his back against the wall, not daring to move for fear his long legs would be seen from the front. Everything was so terrible that it became amusing, and he laughed as well as the rest of us. The men didn't seem to mind anything much; but we girls felt as if we had been shipwrecked, or something of the sort, to be living in such a way. It reminds me of the strolling players in a delightful story I once read by Théophile Gautier, called *Captain Fracasse*, only our adventures are not so romantic as theirs.

There was a small audience, because there was that horrid old London Circus again in that town! Such a night as we spent in those hot little rooms! Mice—and other things—kept us awake, and I was glad when this day dawned and we left that place, after a perfectly beastly breakfast. I do hope we shall find something different in Portsmouth. I am like the little

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 197

boy in Rückert's nursery poem, who always wanted to be somewhere else, and with him I say

"I can no more;
Would but something come near
And take me from here."

We are due in Portsmouth before long, and I declare that if it is as bad as these other places I shall go to my home—it wouldn't take long to get there from here. I don't like one-night stands! But Portsmouth must be nicer, I think, for it is the "Rivermouth" of one of the loveliest stories ever written—Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *The Story of a Bad Boy*, and the author describes it as a beautiful place. So I have hopes.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., 5 P. M.—We arrived at this historic—and, I am happy to say, beautiful—town at noon, found carriages at the station, and drove through picturesque streets that look like illustrations in a book. The carriages drew up before a handsome red brick building, with stone lions on a well-kept terrace, and we thought there was some mistake, as it did not look at all like a hotel. But it was—the Hotel Rockingham—and a fine place, too. It seemed like entering Paradise after what we had been through. Wide, cool halls, handsome furniture, flowers, birds in cages, dainty lace draperies—all gave it so sweet and fresh an appearance on that hot day, it was simply delightful. I am now resting in a pleasant room, after a very astonishing experience this afternoon at the theatre. We girls were told to go round there right after dinner, as Mr. Daly

198 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

wished particularly to speak to us. We were naturally surprised and curious, and wondered what was coming. We found the theatre fair; a good stage but horrid dressing-rooms, up in the flies where the atmosphere is frightful. I don't see what makes the men that build theatres have such places as that. It ought not to be allowed. I just wish they had to dress in them.

Soon after we arrived on the stage Mr. Daly, Mr. Williams, Mr. Perry, and Mr. Mollenhauer appeared, the latter wearing an expression appropriate to a tragedy of the deepest dye. Then the Governor announced to a small group of astonished young ladies that last autumn he had heard in New York a charming, catchy song that had pleased him immensely, and he said that the other day when he had heard us singing that same song very prettily on the train (as we have our own car we do sing quite often to pass the time away), the idea had struck him that it would be a beautiful thing to introduce in the *Middy*, to be sung with a little dance he had seen us practising. We were lost in wonder as to what he could mean, and when he said that the song was *Nancy Lee* we girls nearly fainted! He added that he had heard the song had been very popular in New York, but that at the time it was at the height of its popularity he was in Europe and had heard it only a few times, and thought it likely that the people in small cities hadn't heard it at all!

We looked at one another, thinking for a moment that he must be joking, but not he! He said that the song had a splendid swing to it, and that between the stan-

zas he wished us to dance the new step—the “Society” —one-and-a-kick, two-and-a-kick, one, two, three-and-a-kick!

Really, I thought we should choke with laughter and dismay. Think of doing that awful old *Nancy Lee*—such a chestnut!—in a romantic Portuguese opera, and following it up with that hoppy, romping dance! The hot weather has certainly gone to the Governor’s brain!

While he was talking Mr. Williams and Mr. Mollenhauer stood like images, in absolute silence, without an expression on their faces. I guessed that they had been arguing with him, they looked so solemn and he was so determined. Finally he said: “Well, now, let’s begin it. We’ll have it at the end of the second act, at the tableau, just after the Portuguese national anthem, and bring the curtain down at the end of the dance. You all know it; we’ll rehearse it to-day and to-morrow morning in Portland, and you will sing it there at the matinée we shall give on Saturday afternoon.”

Mr. Mollenhauer slowly opened his violin-case, with an air as if he were about to ask the friends of the deceased to walk up and take a final look at the remains; Mr. Perry, grinning like a Cheshire cat, sat down at the piano; we took our accustomed positions, and after the musicians finished the Portuguese hymn they broke into *Nancy Lee*, and we began to sing it. Mr. Daly sat out in front, smiling delightedly, and after we had sung all three of the verses, he said: “That’s a fine song, but put a little more go into it. Now, once more!”

After we had sung it in a manner that pleased his

majesty, we had to do that dance; and the curtain is to fall on the impressive picture of Portuguese midshipmen of two hundred years ago dancing one-and-a-kick, two-and-a-kick, one, two, three-and-a-kick to the strains of *Nancy Lee*!

The Governor was kind enough to say that the effect of the song and dance was "very spirited!" Spirited!—I should think so, but is it artistic? Our audiences will be likely to say: "Why are we treated to *Nancy Lee*? Why not *Tassels on Her Boots*, *Up in a Balloon*, *Boys*, or *Champagne Charlie is My Name*? They are all spirited!

Heavens! I am glad Harry Lacy and John Drew are not here to see the spectacle we are about to make of ourselves; they would "guy" the life out of us. And fancy Malvina if she could see the gay abandon with which we are ordered to do the "Society"—everyone kicking away at her own sweet will! I feel more sympathy for poor Mr. Mollenhauer than for anyone else. His artistic soul must be grinding its teeth! Something wrong with that figure of speech, but I'm too much disturbed and hurried to write it over.

I do believe that, in spite of his faultless taste in dramatic art, Mr. Daly's musical sense is—what shall I say?—undeveloped or elemental, else he never would dream of introducing anything so utterly out of place as this song will be. I remember now that he actually liked some of the jingly tunes in *Newport*—things that the really musical people turned up their noses at. And I remember, too, how Mr. Mollenhauer and Emil laughed when I asked whether Mr. Daly had requested

them to play the music of *Tristan und Isolde*. I don't wonder now that they were amused.

After we had finished that delightful rehearsal we had two hours to spare, so I set out to see this pretty town. I inquired of the hotel clerk where I should go to find the old "Nutter mansion," the wharf where the Rivermouth boys set off the "old sogers" and alarmed the town, and "Slatter's Hill," where they had the famous snow-fights. He told me which way to go first, and on leaving the hotel I met Mr. Leclercq and told him where I was going. He offered to accompany me, so we set off together. He hadn't read Aldrich's book, but seemed amused when I told him about it as we walked along. I inquired the way of several persons, and we found all the famous spots—or what the people said were the famous spots, which Mr. Leclercq assured me was just as good, though I didn't agree with him.

Portsmouth is a lovely place, and I wouldn't mind living here in summer. Now it is time for supper. We had a splendid dinner in a handsome dining-room, so I suppose the supper will be just as good.

PORTLAND, MAINE, 4 P. M., MAY 28.—We left Portsmouth very early this morning and arrived here after a quick journey. We had to go to the theatre the minute after we had registered at the hotel—the Falmouth, and a very nice house—to rehearse that striking novelty, *Nancy Lee*. That accomplished, we had dinner, and then trotted around to see the town, which is superbly situated between mountains and ocean. There is a good theatre here, with large dress-

ing-rooms. To think that we ever complained of the old Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia! At least we had room enough there, and it would seem palatial to us now, after Newport, Manchester, and Fall River.

The young men of our company, having got wind of the *Nancy Lee* episode, "happened round" at the theatre this morning to hear our rehearsal of it. Mr. Daly sat well up in the front rows, and the boys stayed down by the doors, so that he could not see them "guying" us. We were so provoked! They threw kisses to us, laid their hands on their hearts, pretended to applaud madly, and when we sang the would-be pathetic lines all pulled out their handkerchiefs, wiped their eyes and blew their noses, as one man. They made us just wild, though it was so funny, too, that we wanted to laugh, but dared not. The Governor was so interested in us he never noticed what they were up to at all.

This afternoon we have heard that, in answer to a telegram from the company in Boston, Mr. Daly has left us here in Portland, with the strictest orders to Mr. Williams, however, that *Nancy Lee* and the dance are to be given at the *matinée* to-morrow. So be it! I only hope the Portland public won't treat us to any *passé* vegetables at the evening performance.

PORTLAND, 12 O'CLOCK SATURDAY NIGHT, MAY 29.—We have to leave this town at two o'clock in the morning to go to Boston, and to keep myself awake I am writing up the Portland entry, for I shall be busy to-morrow, and shall want rest, too.

Well, the great novelty was introduced at the *mati-*

née this afternoon, according to schedule, and I never saw anything so ridiculous in my life! I felt so silly singing that thing in that place, and doing that absurd dance—I never was so mortified. The audience laughed at us; the men on the stage did the same; and we were thankful when the thing was over. There was no encore!

Mr. Williams said that the effect from the front was frightful; and Mr. Mollenhauer at last put his foot down and declared that sooner than conduct that ridiculous thing again he would leave the company and go back to New York. We were all tickled to death when he said that. Mr. Williams made no reply to it, but we read approval in his face. At any rate, we did not repeat *Nancy* at to-night's performance, and I don't believe we shall be asked to do it again. I rather think that Messrs. Williams and Mollenhauer will bring Mr. Daly to his senses.

We have had much better houses here than in the other towns we have played in this week—very nice-looking people, too, who applauded with discrimination.

Mr. Hatch and Mr. Leclercq walked home with me to-night; we marched along all three arm-in-arm and Mr. Leclercq said gravely: "Now, when you are an old lady it will be something for you to tell your grandchildren that one night you walked through the principal streets of Portland arm-in-arm with two of America's greatest tenors!" My grandchildren—the idea! I should hope they were a long way off!

This evening the two little girls among the chess children—the Red Queen and the White Queen—ran right

out into the auditorium between the first and second acts, dressed in their gaudy costumes, and raced all around the theatre, to the amazement of the audience. Mr. Moore pursued them and brought them back; Mrs. Nagle said: "Now I *will* spank 'em," but she had to content herself with sitting them down very hard in chairs and seeing that they didn't move till it was time for their act.

I am impatient to see Boston; it will really be my first visit there, for I haven't seen it since I was seven years old, and remember nothing of it.

Boston, Mass., Thursday, June 3.—At last I am in the Hub, and find it a quaint and amusing place, very unlike either New York or Philadelphia. We left Portland at two o'clock Sunday morning and reached Boston at half-past six. Most of us went to the Adams House, and I stayed there two days, but yesterday moved to a private boarding-house recommended by a cousin of mine living in Boston who called on me at the Adams House, which is rather expensive. So as I am to be here two weeks I thought this would be a good place to stay. I have a nice, large back room on the first floor, and a lovely Maltese cat comes up here and spends most of the time with me. I feel rather lonely being so cut off from the other people, but on the other hand I find the quiet house very restful.

The big Boston Theatre, where we are playing, impressed me greatly. We met there for rehearsal with the Boston extra people on Monday morning at ten o'clock. Mr. Daly was in the fidgets, and so anxious

to have everything just right for the critical Bostonians that he nearly drove us crazy. The stage of this theatre is enormous, and so is the auditorium. I wonder whether our voices can be heard at the back of it. The dressing-rooms are fine, large, convenient, well furnished, and enough of them. Everything is clean, and there is a nice greenroom—quite a luxury to us now! The house manager, Mr. Eugene Tompkins, met us with the agreeable cordiality of a host welcoming his guests; but the extra people were the greatest surprise of all. They are actually ladies and gentlemen, with good manners and cultivated speech, and all are good singers. The orchestra is splendid; it is very large, and plays with a volume of sound that is inspiring after a week of two violins and a piano. Our dear Mr. Mollenhauer looked perfectly happy, leading a high-class orchestra once more.

The scenery and properties looked imposing on that great stage; everything went well at rehearsal, and was received with great applause at night. Miss Lewis returned to us as Fanchette, thank goodness! and Miss Harold departed to go on a tour of one-night stands with *An Arabian Night*. Hope they will enjoy Manchester and Newport! Fancy Drew, Parkes, and Lacy dressing out in that dreadful old hall in Manchester!

We are disgusted to find that the London Circus has camped down here right on our heels again. Can we never escape that "aggregation?"

A sad mishap occurred to one of our vivacious young friends, a boy among the chess children named Emil—the one that imitated Mr. Hatch in the smoking-car.

Mrs. Nagle and the children went to a hotel last Monday where the table was rather more elaborate than in any place to which she had taken them before; and Emil, dazzled by the menu laid before him, ate on Tuesday—so Mrs. Nagle declares—lobster salad, ice-cream, strawberries, cucumbers, baked beans, bananas, cake and pie, besides drinking soda, root beer, and lemonade in the afternoon. That night he had a fit in the dressing-room and had to be taken to a hospital. We shouted over the recital of his feast, though of course we were sorry for the poor kid. I hear that he will appear in public again to-night.

Yesterday Alice Hutchings was very ill, and to-day Isabelle Evesson is unable to play, as she has an attack of lumbago. She lays it to her broken mirror! Grace Knowlton was so ill with malaria she had to leave the company and go home last night.

Last Tuesday night the call-boy brought up to our dressing-rooms an armful of lovely red and pink and white roses, choice, long-stemmed ones, saying that one of the gentlemen among the Boston singers had sent them to the ladies from New York with his compliments. So we all took some, and when I went down to the greenroom I noticed a nice-looking man, with a youthful face but prematurely grey hair, wearing a pink rose in his velvet coat. None of the other gentlemen wore roses, so I knew he must be the donor, and sent him a smile of thanks for my share. He bowed gracefully, and presently came and spoke to me. I found him pleasant and well-bred, and discovered that he knew several friends of mine who have studied at the

DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE 207

Boston Conservatory of Music, so he did not seem altogether a stranger. Yesterday he brought a bunch of roses for me alone, and the girls laughed at me and said I was a terrible flirt, which is not true. I think the young man's father must be a florist. Anyhow, he is very nice, besides being a fine pianist and a good singer.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6.—Boston is a queer old town—somehow like an overgrown country village. It is rather nice in certain ways—in the politeness of its public officials, for instance—but most inconvenient in others. Their horse-car lines are simply maddening; one has to wait fifteen minutes between the passing of cars travelling on one particular line; and, always when you get to the corner, your car has just gone by, and you have to wait a quarter of an hour for another, while every car in Boston goes by except the one you want. I am sure Bostonians must spend a tenth of their lives standing on corners waiting for cars. It must be awful in winter.

I saw a funny thing last Friday. A man was standing in the street, holding out a tin cup for pennies, and on his head was a card with this lettering: "I am Almost Blind"! There is a case of a rigid Puritan conscience! A New York beggar would boldly announce "I Am Blind," but not a conscientious New Englander.

Another oddity strikes me: In all the best shops—and, by the way, any one of them could be put into one corner of A. T. Stewart's or R. H. Macy's in New York, and be lost—are placards in the windows read-

208 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

ing: "White Gloves for the Opera"! I don't remember ever seeing such a sign as that in New York shops. Don't Bostonians wear white gloves anywhere else but at the opera, I wonder?

It is almost supper-time, and I have been absolutely silent all day, not having had a creature to speak to but the cat. I think I won't do this again; it is too lonely, and I get very scary at night. It is only a step from the theatre, but very quiet after I get here. Think I'll stroll over to the Adams House and see the folks.

11 P. M.—Had a merry evening with the crowd, and exercised my tongue. Mr. Leclercq and Emma Hinckley walked home with me. Mr. L. made the others laugh—there was quite a gathering of us in the parlour—by saying, in reply to my remark that I thought it must be pleasant and profitable, too, to take out a small company with a good play on the road, that if I would marry him we would get up a repertoire stock company, he and I playing all the star parts, and laying out a route to suit ourselves, always omitting from it Manchester and Newport! The others seemed much amused, but I felt rather confused for a moment; however, he is so fond of joking they knew, of course, that he did not intend to embarrass me.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 4 P. M., JUNE 14.—Our second week's business was not as good as the first, and the Governor has looked rather gloomsome all the week. We left the delightful Boston Theatre Saturday night, and said farewell to the old town this morning at ten

o'clock to come here, most of us at the City Hotel, a few at the Narragansett.

I had a very good time the second week in Boston, and we got acquainted with some of the girls and young men of the theatre, and found them as nice as they looked.

My floral friend continued to bring me tokens of his esteem almost every night, and last Friday he asked me to go driving with him on Sunday, saying that he would like to show me something of Boston's beautiful and historic surroundings. For a minute I didn't know what to say; I wanted to go, but I knew that everyone would talk and laugh about it if it was known. Then I realised that, as I was living by myself, no one need know of it unless I chose to mention it. I knew mamma would like the young man if she could only meet him, and would not object to my taking a drive with him. So I said I would go, and he came for me Sunday morning at nine o'clock, with a comfortable carriage and two fine horses, which he said were his father's. It was a lovely day, and we had a delightful drive out to Lynn and Swampscott, and down to quaint and picturesque old Marblehead, which I have always wanted to see. It looks like paintings of some Old World town, with its irregular streets and red roofs, and its exquisitely beautiful little harbour. The inhabitants are as quaint as their houses; they were coming out of church as we drove around the village.

From there we went through the woods to Salem, a quiet, lonely, but beautiful road. My cavalier took me

210 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

past the Witches' Pond, then to the Hawthorne home, after which we went to the Essex House and had an excellent dinner. When that was over he played on the piano and sang a long time; then we took a walk round the principal streets, and late in the afternoon we set out for Boston again, and reached my place at nine o'clock.

I had a delightful time, and he was as nice and pleasant as anyone could be. So I was very much put out, when I told Emma Hinckley about it on the train this morning, to have her exclaim in horror at my going out like that "with a stranger." She said she wouldn't tell a soul, and cautioned me not to mention it, which made me angry, for I am not a bit ashamed of it. He knows some of my oldest friends, and is a gentleman himself; Emma simply doesn't understand, that's all. She said it wasn't safe—the idea! Why, he was driving his own horses, and is a splendid driver, too—lets them go like the wind, but holds them tight all the time. I wasn't at all afraid. I think Emma was provoking to talk so.

The young man, and several others of the Boston singers, came down to the station to see us off this morning, and I got my last installment of roses, for I do not expect ever to see my new friend again. He gave me a most enjoyable time, however, and I shall always remember him.

This hotel in Providence is a comfortable place; not much style about it, but we have a good table and pleasant rooms. We are a jolly little party here. Mrs. Fred Williams joined her husband and daughter in

Boston, and is to travel with us the rest of the way. I saw their son, too, in Boston, but he is not with us. His name is Fritz, and he is a remarkably interesting lad, about fourteen, I think, though he is still in short trousers. Fritz Williams is a fine little actor, and has played with Edwin Booth, quite a difficult part, too, and got a great deal of applause. Booth took him up in his arms and kissed him. He plays the violin beautifully, too, and talks with as much sense as if he were twenty-five years old.

Mrs. Williams is a charming little lady, with a fair complexion, small mouth, blue eyes and black hair. Her temper is as sweet as her husband's, which is saying a great deal. They are all very proud of little Fritz, with good reason.

Mrs. John Hart joined her husband, too, in Boston; she is both pretty and agreeable, and will accompany us on the tour. And our dear Malvina rejoined us at the Hub, also; it was a good thing she did. How she laughed when we told her about the *Nancy Lee* affair! We were all delighted to see her again.

Mr. Daly has parted company with the *Middy* again, to go and look after *An Arabian Night*. I suppose that company is more peaceful and pleasant to travel with than our big, noisy crowd. There are only four ladies in that company—Miss Rehan, Miss Harold, Miss Weaver, and Mrs. Poole—and six gentlemen; just a small, pleasant party compared to our circus-like organisation.

Mr. Leclercq and Mr. Fisher are with us at this hotel, also Miss Lascelles. At dinner to-day one of the

young men was eating pretty heartily, and Mr. Hart made us laugh by warning him solemnly to remember what happened to Emil when he indulged his appetite in Boston.

Providence is a pretty, busy, and attractive little city. The theatre is nice, with good dressing-rooms and greenroom. But we shall miss the splendid Boston Theatre orchestra, for Mr. Mollenhauer says that no one connected with the Providence Theatre can read the *Middy* music; so we shall again be reduced to two violins and a piano.

ON THE TRAIN BETWEEN PROVIDENCE AND HARTFORD, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.—A rather unpleasant incident occurred Monday night in the greenroom; we came near having a free fight there. It was all on account of the music. During the week of the one-night stands Mr. Perry played the piano to accompany Mr. Mollenhauer and his son, until we got to Boston; and when we left that city Mr. Mollenhauer expected him to go on accompanying him in Providence and in other cities where we cannot have a full orchestra. But on Monday night Mr. Perry appeared in his courtier dress and went on the stage, instead of going into the orchestra seats, explaining that he had asked for an increase in salary for musical services and hadn't got it; consequently he was going to do only what he was engaged to do—that is, sing.

This put poor Mr. Mollenhauer in a terrible predicament, and the music sounded exceedingly thin with only two violins. Between the second and third acts

he came up into the greenroom and said to Mr. Perry, his big black eyes glowing like coals: "I have often thought it, Mr. Perry, and now I tell it to your face, before these ladies, that you are no gentleman, sir!" Then he shoved up his sleeves, saying, "Now, if you want to answer that, come on—I'm ready!" And he pranced up to the young man, and made brandishing motions with his clenched fists. Poor Perry looked frightened, but he was angry, too, and was about to say or do something when Mr. Brand interfered, speaking in a low, decided voice. Next old Papa Moore came trotting in and began to argue and plead with the two angry men, and the ladies all left the room. Somehow or other the fight was prevented, but Mr. Williams was indignant, and reported Mr. Perry's action to Mr. Daly, who telegraphed back to discharge the rebellious pianist and send for the First Violin, who joined a summer orchestra in Long Branch when he left us in Brooklyn.

This was done, but the doughty First Violin telegraphed a spicy reply to the effect that he had a good engagement, and didn't propose to leave it for any *Royal Middy*, Augustin Daly, or anything else! Then they *were* in a mess. Perry said he would go on playing if, when Mr. Daly joins us in Albany, his salary were raised. Mr. Williams promised to see to it, so Perry played last night, and all trouble is patched up for the present. Our audiences there were large and appreciative.

Soon after we reached Providence our whole crowd went around to the theatre to see what it was like and

214 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

get our letters, and found a company of strangers on the stage who had apparently been rehearsing. We stood around the lobby, peeping at them, and Mr. Hatch went up to the orchestra to find out who they were. He came back and said they were trying a lot of *Pinafore* singers on the stage. "Glad of it," said Mr. Hart; "hope they'll give 'em all three months and costs!"

He and Mr. Leclercq and Mr. Hatch keep us all jolly and cheerful; they never complain about anything, no matter how bad it is, so the rest of us try to do the same, though this certainly is a hard life for young women accustomed to quiet and comfortable homes. The older people say that travelling is a great deal worse in winter, and dangerous, too, which I believe. Life "on the road" is not quite so much fun as I thought it would be—at least, not so far. Perhaps it will be pleasanter in the towns we are still to visit. We are getting near Hartford, so I will stop.

ALBANY, N. Y., SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 20.—I have been so busy and so tired with the heat and with travelling since the days we arrived in Hartford that I have somewhat neglected my confidential friend, but I have some amusing things to record.

I was charmed with the beautiful city of Hartford. We stayed at the Park Central Hotel, near the railway station—a fair house, but nothing extra. The waiters were most impertinent creatures. The hotel was very full, and we had some trouble in getting rooms. After I was settled I asked one of the waiters

whether he could tell me where was Miss Williams's room, describing her as a very small young lady with a fresh complexion. "Oh, yes," I understand, he replied with a wink, "fresh laid on!" Horrid creature!

I went out for a walk in the afternoon, and as Mr. Leclercq was in the hotel office he saw me and came along too, asking where I was going. I said I didn't know—just to see the town. "Come with me," he said, "and I'll show you a pretty place." So he took me to the Capitol Park, in the midst of which stands the State House. The park is large and very pretty, and the new State House is a magnificent building. We walked about and sat under the trees about two hours and had a pleasant talk.

The theatre was pretty good, and we had a fair house. We left the city Thursday morning, the 17th, and went to New Haven, to play one night; and, as we were to leave that city immediately after the performance to take the midnight boat to New York, we did not engage rooms at the hotel—the Tontine—one large bedroom being taken for the accommodation of the ladies, and another for Mrs. Nagle and the children.

We all raced out immediately to see the grounds and buildings of Yale College, which are just across the street, in a lovely old square full of tall elm trees. We didn't like the hotel—bad table and worse waiters. The girls all sat at one long table, at the end of which were three college boys, who apparently fancied themselves dashing men of the world, and thought they would have a regular picnic with so many pretty

actresses. So they stared and made audible remarks about us, devoting special attention to the beautiful Isabelle, who regarded them with sublime contempt and inquired what those ill-mannered little boys down there were trying to do! Pretty soon one of them sent a note by a waiter to one of the girls, asking her to take a glass of champagne with him. She told the waiter to say to "the man" that there was no answer.

Mr. Williams was not with us then, or they wouldn't have dared to act so. After dinner we went into the parlour; the fresh youths followed us in, and one of them stepped up and asked another girl what time the "show" would begin. She looked him over from head to foot and then said coolly: "There are posters out in the street, I believe—suppose you go out and consult them!" Then they departed, and we all laughed at them—they must have heard us.

There was to be a baseball match between the Yale and the Albany nines that afternoon, and Mr. Hart invited a party to go with him. We made quite a crowd—Miss Lewis, Mr. Williams and Sally, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Earle Stirling and Fanny, Emma Hinckley and Mr. Smith, Mr. Leclercq and myself. We had fine seats in the front row on the grand stand. The game was splendid, the best I ever saw, for I never have watched anyone play but our boys at home. I liked the Yale nine ever so much; so did all the girls; we never clapped once for the poor Albany boys. Yale won, 4 to 1; we cheered like everything, and then went back to the hotel in a gay mood, laughing

and singing all the way. That was fine sport, and I like New Haven very much.

At night we had a packed house; lots of students were in front, and some of the folks said we might have trouble, as those college boys often acted terribly in the theatre. The idea! I thought they were supposed to be young gentlemen, and the sons of gentlemen—why should they make trouble in a theatre? They made no disturbance that night, at any rate, but appeared to like us very much indeed. Our fresh young friends of the hotel were there in a front row, and coughed and waved handkerchiefs at us—such little idiots!

A very amusing thing happened between the second and third acts.

Mr. Hatch was standing near the stage door, when suddenly a pale and determined-looking youth burst right in, cool as a you please, went up to Hatch, and said he wished to see Miss Isabelle Evesson. Hatch told him it was impossible.

"But I tell you I *must*—I *must* see her!" the youth insisted, and he turned to ask Mr. Moore whether he couldn't see the young lady.

"Pooh! Pooh! Nonsense, young man," said unsympathetic Papa Moore; "get out of this right away! No one is allowed behind the scenes! Be off!"

Then the young fellow once more begged Mr. Hatch to call her. Lonnie said he never saw anyone so badly "mashed"; his voice trembled and tears were in his eyes. He soothed the ardent youth by telling him that

although he couldn't see Isabelle that evening he might call on her at her hotel in the morning.

"But I heard you were going away to-night," said the smitten one.

"Some of us are, but not all," said that wicked Lonnie, and he told him to call at the hotel about ten the next morning. So the poor chap returned to the front of the house, comforted with the hope of seeing his charmer the following day. I wonder what he thought of Lonnie when he called at the Tontine!

Miss Evesson was so provoked when she heard of it that she almost cried. She thought he was awfully silly, and couldn't imagine what made him do such a thing, for she is as modest as she is beautiful, and never seems to realise that she is any prettier than other girls, and this unconsciousness is one of her greatest charms.

As soon as the play was over we bundled into carriages that were waiting for us and rattled off to the pier, every trunk packed and locked and on a van following us. It was a comfortable steamer, and I had a stateroom all to myself. We were wakened at an unearthly hour, just as the boat was approaching New York. The city looked lovely in the early morning light, and Mr. Fisher said he would give the world if he could only stay there quietly the rest of the summer. I almost feel the same way, for truly I am tired; still, I want to see some other large cities; especially Chicago.

Mr. Daly met us as we landed; we got into carriages and were whisked up town to the pier from which the

Albany boats depart. We had breakfast on board, and at nine o'clock the steamer started up the river. I have always wanted to go up the Hudson, and a more perfect day for the trip couldn't be found. There was quite a crowd on deck, and everyone was talking at the top of his lungs when suddenly the steam-whistle blew a long, tremendous blast, then stopped just as suddenly, and the whole assemblage on the deck heard one of our young men, who has a high, piping voice, announce shrilly: "And so I changed my undershirt!" He stopped, startled at the sound of his own voice, and what he said was so funny that there was a roar of laughter, and some of the men cried: "Good idea!" "Bravo!" till the poor chap went inside to hide his blushes.

Oh, such a lovely sail up that river! At every turn the scenery seemed to arrange itself into a fresh subject for a painting. We had dinner on board, and landed at Albany a little before six o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Mollenhauer told Mr. and Mrs. Williams and me about a quiet little German hotel they knew of where we could be very comfortable; so we went there with them. It was near the theatre, the Leland Opera House. After a hasty supper—most peculiar German dishes we had—we rushed off to the theatre, where we found great excitement—as usual. Our scenery and props. had come, but not a single trunk! Mr. Daly was tearing about like one possessed, and small wonder. Each person was having a fit over his or her own particular trunk, and just about eight o'clock, when the opera should have be-

gun, the trunks arrived. But it took some time to get them to the rooms and for us to dress, of course; and then a fresh trouble arose. Mr. Brand, who plays Januario, couldn't be found! He wasn't in the hotel nor at the theatre; apparently he had vanished.

Mr. Daly turned a few more handsprings, as it were, and then told Harry Macdonough to put on Januario's costume and go on in the part. Mr. Macdonough good-naturedly complied, and he had just donned the entire outfit when Brand arrived, all out of breath and decidedly flustered. He had gone out to take a walk after supper, and had got lost in the wilds of Albany, he said. Mr. Daly evidently just gripped himself to keep from taking his head off. So the obliging Macdonough doffed his borrowed plumes, Brand dressed, and finally the play began, at nine o'clock, to a crowded house, but the strangest audience we have had yet. They sat through the whole piece and never applauded once—not even US! It was appalling. Catherine Lewis called them "clods," and I think she was right. Yesterday we gave a *matinée* there, and last night's audience was a trifle more appreciative. But Albany audiences filled us all with deep gloom.

As for the hotel, where I am now writing, it may be very nice and quiet, but I don't care for German cooking. Wish I had gone to the Delavan with the rest of the company.

We shall leave Albany to-night at ten o'clock for Rochester, where we shall play two nights. Sally and I have had a nice time to-day, practising on the piano; just after dinner the boys dropped in, and the long

disbanded Arion Quartette gave one of its incomparable concerts in the hotel parlour.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 22.—
Oh, me! what a trip from Albany to this town! We left Sunday night, but were too late to get any sleeping-car, and we growled like a company of travelling bears. Well, it was horrid, and even our optimists were rather grumpy. Mr. Fisher was the only one who got a berth in a sleeper, and he is such an old gentleman everyone was glad for his sake.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and several of us went out on the platform to see the country. It looked beautiful as we flew along in the fast express. When it grew late we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Mrs. Nagle had got all the children laid out in their seats; they were fast asleep, and looked so innocent and babyish one quite forgot what little imps they are.

Mr. Brand turned the back of his seat over so that his head came against the back of mine. I had let down my hair, like Rapunzel, in one long thick braid, so as to be comfy; and in the middle of the night, when everyone was dozing, suddenly I felt my hair grasped, and Mr. Brand started up, saying: "What in the world is this thing?" and tugged at it violently. Somehow the braid had got tossed over the back of the seat upon his shoulder and woke him up. I squealed, of course, and he dropped it; then everyone laughed at both of us.

At three o'clock we had to change cars! That was

dreadful, and we were the crossest lot of merry midshipmen that ever manned a ship. Fortunately we had not to wait long for a train, and finally reached Rochester at ten o'clock in the morning, getting breakfast on the train.

When we arrived here a number of us came to the Brackett House, because it is near the station. Too near; it should be called the Racket House. I never heard such a din—trains coming and going, ringing and whistling all the time. Charles Dickens stayed here when he was in this country; I wonder how he endured the noise. The house itself is good, with a fine table. We have loads of strawberries three times a day.

We went to bed and slept a while, got up for a late dinner, and then went out. Rochester is a fine city, and we had a splendid house last night.

Emma Abbott and her opera company are staying in this hotel. She is an attractive woman. Mr. Williams introduced us to her leading tenor, Signor Brocolini, or, in plain United States, Mr. John Clarke, of Brooklyn! He is rather good-looking, but not so handsome as our own Lonnie!

We play here again to-night, and are off for Buffalo in the morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart are the most devoted couple; it is a pleasure to see them. I like Mrs. Hart very much, she is so merry and sensible; and her husband is apparently very popular wherever he goes.

Every night the three married ladies sit out in a row in the orchestra chairs—Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Mollenhauer—and watch the play. They tell

us just how we look and act, and give us some very good advice.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 25.—This is surely a queer life! One never knows what strange thing will happen next. But I must go back a little.

We left Rochester on Wednesday morning to go to Buffalo. It is not a long ride, and we arrived in time for dinner. But after we had been gone from Rochester about ten minutes we heard that one of the chess boys, little Willie Schneider, about ten years old, was missing. He had set out for the station, and had begged Mr. Leclercq to let him carry the bag in which Mr. L. keeps his wigs and make-up articles, and Mr. Leclercq gave it to him. So boy and bag were both gone, and Don Domingos was concerned about the loss of his bald-headed wig for the evening's performance. Mr. Moore missed Willie at the station when he was rounding up the children, but of course could not wait, so left a ticket to Buffalo for him at the ticket-office in case he arrived there in search of the company. Mr. Daly was in a rage, of course; and they telegraphed to the Rochester police, but heard nothing all day about little Willie.

When we reached Buffalo several of us yielded once again to the persuasions of the Mollenhauers, who told us of a fine little German hotel situated in the middle of a charming garden, with trees, arbours, and flowers. That sounded attractive this warm weather, so we went there. It was cool and pretty, but there was posi-

224 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

tively nothing I could eat but soup, strawberries, and coffee. All the vegetables were flavoured with garlic or onions, and all the meats were stewed!

The landlord was a character; he never had kept a hotel before, and had only recently acquired this one, of which he was as proud as a boy with a new top. He kept trotting around the table at dinner, asking everyone whether the dinner was good and jabbering away in German.

While we sat there I became aware of a most unpleasant odour. I noticed that the windows on one side of the room opened on a sort of stable-yard, and I was sure that there was some place very near those windows that had not been attended to for a long time, the odour was so terrible. It alarmed me, for I feared that the hotel must be really dangerous to stay in. The smell grew worse and worse, though no one else appeared to notice it. My nose went higher and higher in the air, and I was just about to leave the table when someone passed a plate to me and asked me whether I would have some Limburger cheese! I have often heard of it, but never met it before. I declined hastily, and rushed up to my room.

Soon after dinner I was sitting out on the steps of the piazza writing to mamma; Mr. and Mrs. Hart had strolled down to a pretty green arbour, and I could just hear their voices. Presently from the house came a stranger, who looked at me, then started melodramatically, stared long and hard, and finally went down the garden walk to the arbour. Pretty soon Mrs. Hart called to me to join them, and I did so. She in-

roduced the gentleman, who was one of America's well-known poets, and of course I was interested, as I know his work well. He was rather entertaining, and looked about forty years old. Something about his manner was peculiar, however; when he talked to me he gazed fixedly into my eyes and appeared to forget what he was saying; and I was a little puzzled to account for it.

By and by Mr. Hart left us, and the poet asked Mrs. Hart and me to come up to his sitting-room to hear his latest poem and look at the libretto of a musical piece he is writing for the Salsbury Troubadours. He said he was staying for a while at the hotel, and had a sitting-room and bedroom on the same floor where we were. So we went up to his suite; he showed us his play, and was just beginning to read the poem when Mrs. Mollenhauer called Mrs. Hart for something. She excused herself for a moment and went away, never thinking about me, and there seemed nothing for me to do but sit there till the poem was finished. It was an ardent love poem, and the author punctuated it with what were intended to be killing glances, which made me very uncomfortable. As soon as he read the last line I got up to go, thanking him for his reading; but to my astonishment, he closed the door, which had stood open into the hall, and, looking at me in that disconcerting way, he had the audacity to ask me to kiss him just once before I went! I was very angry, and ordered him to let me pass instantly; he tried to stop me, but I shook off his hand on my arm, and flinging the door open rushed off to my own room, while he stood

226 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

at his threshold, saying, "Don't be angry!" and clasping his hands in high tragedy style.

I shut and locked my door, and sat down to think. I never saw a man act so queer, and I came to the conclusion that he was either insane or intoxicated—probably the latter. Presently a tap came at my door, and, thinking it was the bell-boy, for whom I had rung, I opened it and confronted my disagreeable admirer. I was about to close it in his face, when he said: "I cannot tell you how deeply sorry I am to have offended you; if you will only come out a moment and listen to me—but no—this will explain all." And he thrust a note into my hand and walked away. The note ran: "My dear young lady: If you only knew the effect your eyes have upon me, and the recollections they call to my memory, you will pardon my rash but impulsive request. To have offended you is to destroy my happiness, which nothing but your forgiveness can restore."

Quite the most high-flown letter I ever have had—and from a poet, too! I have recited some of his poems in school not so very long ago, and the remembrance of this made me feel as if I were in a dream.

I was in a deep puzzle over the queeriness of it all, and when I went down to dinner I saw him sitting at the writing-table in his room, with the door wide open, and my autograph album—which I had given to him to write in when we first went upstairs—spread before him on the table. I was worried as to how I should get the album back without having to ask for it; but late that afternoon he tapped at my door again, and

when I stepped out into the hall he handed me the book with a low bow, open at the page on which he had written, and also painted a picture in water-colors. I was so pleased with that picture that I said, "Oh, how pretty!" before I remembered that I had decided not to speak to him; then I said "Thank you" in a lofty sort of way, and was about to retire, when he stopped me, and began the most extraordinary speech of apology. He said that I resembled so strongly a lost love of his youth who died years ago that he was startled when he saw me that morning, and knowing that I knew his old friends, the Harts, he had asked for an introduction. He said that my eyes were exactly like those of his lost love; that my ways and movements were so like hers that he could not keep his eyes off me; and that when he was reading his poem to me he had forgotten I was a stranger and not the reincarnation of his "angel of the past"; hence his unconventional conduct, for which he begged forgiveness. His eyes were full of tears, and I didn't know what to say, or what to make of him and his romantic story; but what could I say except that I forgave him? Whereupon he seized my hand and tried to kiss it, and I said very decidedly that he must not touch me again, and bade him good-by. He begged pardon a second time, and took himself off. I saw no more of him except at supper, when he gazed at me so persistently that I could not eat.

After we had started in the train for Detroit I asked Mrs. Hart about the poet, and told her what he did. She appeared somewhat startled, and said she

was sorry she went away just as she did go, but that she never gave a thought to the fact that I was left there with a stranger. She burst out laughing when I told her about the lost love, said that was a very ancient tale with men, and that he probably told the same thing to every girl with whom he wished to flirt. I don't know about it; there were real tears in his eyes, and of course it is just possible that what he said was true. Poor poet! Mrs. Hart added that they had heard he was staying at that hotel to get straightened out after a two-weeks' spree. I never supposed poets did such things. What very queer creatures men are!

We had a great celebration the first night in Buffalo, because it is Miss Fielding's home and all her friends turned out to do her honour. She must be popular, for the greenroom was full of flowers. She got all the applause, that night, and looked beautiful. There was almost as large a house at the matinée and at the last performance on Saturday night.

That first night we were all worried about poor little lost Willie, and Mr. Leclercq had to borrow an extra wig that Mr. Fisher happened to have in his trunk, also his make-up. But just before it was time for the chess game in came Willie, just arrived from Rochester. He had stopped to play marbles with some Rochester boys, who, he said, were playing the game all wrong. So he kindly volunteered to show them the New York method, and took so long to do it that he forgot all about getting to the train until it was too late. He wandered around Rochester all day, trying

to find the right station, without anything to eat, for he had no money. At last he found the station, and his ticket waiting for him, but couldn't get a train that would bring him to Buffalo any earlier. His cheeks and eyes were puffed with crying, and his face was fearfully dirty; but he had to put on his chess clothes and do the chess game, and then they rushed him out to get something to eat. He had lugged Mr. Leclercq's bag around with him all day, and delivered it safe, but was very meek and subdued, and I fancy he will stick close to the company after this, and let other boys play any game of marbles that pleases them.

A comical thing happened on the way to Detroit. We left Buffalo at midnight, and had a whole sleeping-car. When we entered it all the berths were made up and the curtains down, ready for us to go to bed. The children uttered cries of amazement at such a queer looking car, and carried on like monkeys playing peek-a-boo with the curtains while their long-suffering attendants were getting them to bed. Finally all was quiet, and we slept till morning, when we were awakened in time to dress before reaching Detroit. Our berths were made up as soon as we left them, but no one wakened the children till the very last moment, so that all the berths were turned into seats except those where they were. Someone called Emil and Willie first. They were in an upper berth, and the next minute Emil landed in the middle of the aisle clad only in an extremely short shirt. He stared around, bewildered to find the curtained car of the

night before turned into the usual seats, full of people laughing at him. The girls shrieked and looked out of the window; the men roared, while Hatch and Smith made a rush for Emil and "boosted" him back into his berth, so that he could don a few necessaries before making a public appearance.

We arrived at Detroit at seven o'clock, and most of us came to this hotel, which is very pleasant and comfortable. This is a fine city, with wide, handsome streets, clean and bright, and an excellent theatre, where we have had large audiences. But some changes have been made in the cast of the *Middy* which do not promise well for the coming week's performances; and there has been a pretty little fuss between Miss Lewis and Mr. Daly. I wonder what will be the outcome of it.

The *Arabian Night* company is to play this week in Chicago, and Mr. Daly, wishing to strengthen the cast, requested Miss Lewis and Mr. Leclercq to go there to play their original parts, intending to have Miss Harold rejoin us to play Fanchette in the *Middy* and Mr. Smith to play Mr. Leclercq's part. Mr. Leclercq consented to go, but Miss Lewis refused flatly, saying that that wasn't in her agreement, and she didn't choose to be made a convenience of for anybody. Mr. Daly was very angry, but couldn't help himself; so he and Mr. Leclercq departed for Chicago last night, leaving Miss Lewis with us. Furthermore, Mr. Daly said that both Miss Fielding and Mr. Hatch should have a week's rest before singing in Chicago; and we think that Miss Lewis didn't like that either, for no one

has sung more or worked harder than she, yet she gets no rest. Miss Fielding's and Hatch's parts will be taken by the understudy, Miss Delano, and Harry Macdonough. We shall go to Grand Rapids to-morrow morning; meanwhile we are enjoying our quiet Sunday in this nice hotel.

PLANKINTON HOTEL, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 3.—We had a pleasant journey to Grand Rapids, a beautifully situated town, with a good hotel and a bad theatre. The weather was very warm, and after supper we went up on the roof of the hotel and admired the fine view.

Something horrid happened at that theatre. I noticed in the daytime that the dressing-room where two other girls and I were to be had a single uncurtained window looking out on the low roofs of what appeared to be old-fashioned country horse-sheds, and no other buildings were anywhere near. At night, as it was terribly warm with the gas lighted, we just left the window as it was and proceeded to undress. While we were talking and laughing I thought I heard a strange murmuring sound and occasional laughs, but supposed the noise must be in some other dressing-room. Presently, however, I heard something that startled me. I went to the window and looked out, and those sheds were covered with men, gazing with all their eyes right up into our dressing-room! I screamed, and then the girls screamed; the horrid brutes on the roofs laughed and scrambled down, making off in a great hurry, for I suppose they knew we should report them and that

someone would go out to investigate. Nice sort of men they have in Grand Rapids, I must say!

In my trunk I carry a shawl which dear, thoughtful mamma said I might need to throw over my shoulders—in midsummer!—so I fished it out and we pinned it over the window.

The understudies are doing pretty well in their new parts; Mr. Smith is fair as Don Domingos, and he can sing rather better than his more distinguished predecessor! Miss Delano is not very convincing as a Portuguese Queen; but Harry Macdonough is charming as Don Lamberto. He is really a very clever young man, and is perfectly at ease in the part. Miss Lewis was quite gracious to him, and he isn't at all afraid of her now. We had fair houses all three nights we played there.

We left Grand Rapids Thursday morning and had a long, tedious ride to Milwaukee. I read Ouida's *Under Two Flags* all day. Splendid story—what a play it would make! There's a fine chance for someone to make a hit as Cigarette. I think I could play it!

At Milwaukee most of us came to this hotel, and we like it very much. I have a cousin living in this city, and he came and took me on a long drive round the town, which has a great number of handsome streets and residences. I always thought Milwaukee was a wild kind of place, from its name, and was surprised to find it so fine a city.

I had an odd adventure yesterday in the dining-room here. I came in from my drive rather late, and everyone at my table had finished and gone, so I sat alone. A big

fat man, with a bald head and red side-whiskers, who sat facing me two tables away, kept looking at me as if he knew me, and finally bowed. I thought he must be someone I had met, though I couldn't place him in my memory, so I half bowed, but did not look at him again. When he finished his dinner he came over to me and said: "Why, how d'ye do, Miss Er-er-er! Glad to see you again!" and held out his hand. I shook hands slowly, trying hard to think who on earth he could be and where I had met him. Then I decided that he must be one of papa's old naval friends, and that I had met him at some of the receptions in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. So I said, "How d'ye do?" politely, and asked him whether he belonged to the navy. He looked surprised, and said, "No; why do you ask?"

"Why, I don't remember you at all, and I thought by your speaking to me that you must be an old friend of my father, who was a naval officer," I explained.

He laughed, pulled those red whiskers, and said he hadn't the honour, but was sure I was Miss—Somebody-or-other—of the *Fatinitza* company, whom he had met in Indianapolis; then he said coolly, "But never mind that; wouldn't you like to take a drive with me this afternoon?"

I was exceedingly vexed at this remark, for after what Mrs. Hart told me about that silly old poet I thought right away that this man was only pretending he thought he had met me in Indianapolis. So I answered, very short and sharp, that I wasn't his *Fatinitza* friend, and that I never went driving with strangers. (Except with my young friend in Boston. But

he was young and nice, not like this horrid, grinning old bald-headed thing; and besides I did know who he was.) So the "mashing" old gentleman said, "Oh—beg pardon!" and went away.

I told Emma Hinckley about him, and she laughed like everything, and said that that was another stale trick with men—to pretend that they have met one before somewhere. What makes some men act so silly?—such old things, too. Why, he was fully as old as my father. The next man that tries to approach me like that will get his head snapped off before he has a chance to tell me that I look like a lost love or to ask whether he hasn't met me in Kalamazoo!

A sad thing has happened in the Williams family, which will take them all back to New York by to-morrow morning's train. They have a telegram saying that Mr. T. L. Donnelly, of the Grand Opera House in New York, has died, and as he is a near relative they must go back to his funeral. We shall miss them greatly, and I really don't know what we shall do in Chicago without Mr. Williams. Madame Malvina will have to do all the drilling of the extra people herself. We are to leave Milwaukee by boat to-night after the play, and go by way of Lake Michigan to Chicago. It will seem so lonely and dull without the Williams family. To-night will be our third performance in this city, where we have done a good business. I am curious to see Chicago.

PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MONDAY MORNING, JULY 12.—I have been in Chicago since a week ago

yesterday morning, but haven't written a word in my journal because I have been busy at the theatre and in seeing Chicago, which is considerable of a town; it looks and seems more like New York than any place I have seen yet, and yet somehow something is lacking. "There is only one New York"—that's what everyone says.

Our boat trip from Milwaukee was far from a pleasant or romantic outing. It rained and blew hard all night long; the steamer was full of German merry-makers who were going to Chicago to celebrate the Fourth, and with them they had a small but noisy band, which tootled and banged away at intervals all night, with nobody to stop them. They played some tunes our little village band plays, back in Massachusetts, and in listening to them I became homesick for the first time. I wept into my pillow while they wailed *Old Black Joe* over and over, followed by *Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest*, and *Silver Threads among the Gold*. It seemed as if our boys at home were playing, instead of those fat and beery-looking Germans.

One of the girls and I had a stateroom together, and though I felt sad when the band played, neither of us was seasick, though I think everyone else was, judging by the sounds.

At last the awful night was over, and we reached Chicago at five o'clock. The city looked very gloomy, dirty, and smoky as we arrived. The business-like Mr. Dorney met us and mentioned the different hotels at which he had made arrangements for us. One of them was the Tremont, and I thought I would go there,

it sounded so much like dear old Boston. But I found myself the only one of the party that chose that hotel; the rest went to the Palmer House and other places.

I learned, to my astonishment, that not only were we to go that very Sunday morning to rehearsal, but that we should play Sunday nights, with costumes, scenery, music, everything, just the same as on any other night. I never knew before that they did that in Chicago. It seems rather scandalous to me, to say nothing of the unfairness of making theatrical people work so hard. Fancy doing such a thing in Boston! We were not to play that first Sunday, nor the next night either, but were to open on Tuesday, the 6th, with the *Middy*.

We went to the theatre at ten o'clock that Sunday morning, and found everything in the usual rumpus and confusion that always attends us when we play in a big city. Mr. Daly was wild because Mr. Williams had been obliged to go back to New York, for he had to take hold himself, with all the other things that needed his attention, and help Madame Malvina train the extra people; and the way he clawed those Chicago children around the stage was enough to make them all think the bogey man had got them at last.

The chorus and extra people are twin brothers and sisters to the Philadelphia crowd, and Haverly's Theatre is horrid—dressing-rooms under ground, damp and hot, with a fearful atmosphere.

Mr. Hatch came to me at once and told me that Mr. Leclercq was very ill with a severe attack of malaria, and that he might not play at all.

We had a long, hard rehearsal in that hot theatre,

and everything was disagreeable. The Governor was as cross as two sticks, and he and Miss Lewis never spoke to each other—just glared disdainfully.

I liked the Tremont very much, but it was lonely, so I moved to the Palmer House last Wednesday. They thought at the Tremont that I was Catherine Lewis and registered me so, because Mr. Dorney had said she might stay there; and as I was all by myself they thought I was she.

Miss Lewis's husband, Mr. Arfwedson, met her when we arrived in Chicago, but I don't know where they went, though someone says they are staying in this house. I haven't seen anything of them, however.

Monday night, July 5th, the *Arabian Night* company was to give its last performance, and I went to the theatre just for fun, to see the folks, and it seemed quite delightful to meet Harry Lacy, John Drew, Blanche Weaver, and Mrs. Poole once more; we hadn't seen them since we were all in Boston together. Lacy asked me how I liked one-night stands, and laughed when I said I didn't care for them at all. He used to make fun of me in New York for wanting to go on the road, and related all kinds of unpleasant adventures that he had had, to damp my enthusiasm.

Miss Weaver plays the part of Spinkle's wife charmingly; she is a good actress and a very fine girl.

Mr. Leclercq did not play his original part, being too ill. It was played by Mr. E. P. Wilks. There was a fair house, but not very enthusiastic. The next night, however, the *Middy* went splendidly before a large and delighted audience. Mr. Leclercq appeared

as Don Domingos, but was evidently suffering, and we all felt anxious about him. He has not played it again this week, although we heard to-day that he is better. Mr. Smith takes the part in his absence.

I have seen a good deal of Chicago. One of the girls has a friend here who used to live in her home town in New England; and he called four evenings last week about six o'clock to take her driving; and every time she made me go along with them. I suppose that is what *I* ought to have done in Boston, but I never thought of it! We had supper early and drove till eight o'clock, when the gentleman left us at the stage door. These drives have been delightful, and it was nice of her to ask me. Chicago would be very nice if it weren't so smoky, and if the wind didn't change the air from summer heat to almost wintry cold within five minutes. I should think the inhabitants would all die of pneumonia.

Our audiences were splendid all last week, and the newspapers have praised us to the skies.

Chicago young people must be very precocious. Such a funny thing happened last week to the attractive Mr. Hatch. He had what is called a "mash letter" from a schoolgirl fourteen years old, who was taken to see the *Middy* the first night, and who wanted to go to the Wednesday matinée by herself, but couldn't because she hadn't any money. So she sent her "bosom friend" to the stage door with a tender note for Hatch, as she was afraid to go herself. The "bosom friend" was about twelve, with short skirts and two pig-tails.

In the note the damsel said she had fallen in love with



Lonnie, and wished to "make his acquaintance and leave school." Heaven only knows what the child meant by that; I suppose she thought he would take her right along on the stage with him. We laughed a great deal over his conquest. In New York Harry Lacy often used to get "mash letters" from girls who didn't know him at all, but wished to do so. Silly things! If they only knew how everybody laughs at them they would think twice before writing. Lacy never would read the notes to us, though we used to tease him to; he just tore them up. Hatch's admirer was such a mere child, it wasn't any harm to tell us about it.

We are entering on our final week of the *Middy*, and next Monday, July 19th, most of the large company that left New York May 2nd will set out for home, leaving here only the company that is to play *Wives* all next week. Mr. Daly is reviving it for one week only, but Parkes's scene with his royal mousquetaires is to be cut and altered so that he will effect the rescue of Agnes without assistance. We girls think the scene will lose much of its attractiveness without us!

Mr. Leclercq is to play Mr. Fisher's original part of Arnolphe, while Mr. Fisher will play old Mr. Davidge's part of Scanerelle. The Misses Lewis and Rehan will play their original parts, Miss Fielding will be Leonora, while Misses Lascelles and Sylvie will be the maids, Georgette and Lisette. I should delight to stay and see it from the front, but we must return to New York to rest until the autumn season begins. I can't say I am very sorry to go home, for I am tired of travel and

240 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

sight-seeing, and long for real rest. But I wouldn't have missed this experience for anything, and have had heaps of fun, for all the disagreeable things that we have gone through.

PALMER HOUSE, MONDAY MORNING, JULY 19.—This will be the last entry in my little book, for we have come to the end of our season, and I shall write no more for the present. We shall leave Chicago this afternoon for New York, and on reaching that city I shall go directly to my home in the country, where I shall sleep every morning till ten o'clock, with the blissful feeling that there will be no trains or boats to catch, no rehearsals to attend.

A highly sensational affair happened yesterday, which culminated in a tremendous storm behind the scenes last night; and heavy clouds and growling thunder are still in the air.

All the week, while rehearsals of *Wives* were going on in the day-time, there was considerable discord between Miss Lewis and Mr. Daly. He was angry because she had disregarded his wishes about coming to Chicago to play when he asked her to, and she resented his attitude toward her. At night she played Fanchette as charmingly as ever, and they didn't run across each other's paths; but at rehearsals things were unpleasant. I went to two or three, just for the pleasure of watching that exquisite comedy again; and it was plain to be seen that a storm was brewing.

It broke yesterday. It seems that Miss Lewis's husband, Mr. Arfwedson, had been business manager for

some of Mr. Daly's companies that played near New York last winter in *Divorce*, etc., and had had some fuss with the Governor, which broke off their business relations; though this fact never appeared to make any difference between Mr. Daly and Miss Lewis herself. But Mr. Arfwedson met his wife in Chicago, and what did he do but give a long interview to an enterprising reporter for a sensational Sunday paper, all about Mr. Daly and his interesting company—that carefully guarded company of exclusives, about whom no word must ever reach the public!

Mr. Daly hates any newspaper gossip about his people at any time, even of a flattering or merely interesting kind; so one can only faintly imagine his rage when this interview appeared in yesterday's paper; and *such* an article! We all think now that the reporter must have coloured and exaggerated whatever it was that Mr. Arfwedson said; but the mischief was done and spread abroad, with no means of preventing it. The reporter intimated very plainly that all the ladies in the company were members of it only because Mr. Daly was personally fond of them, and they of him, mentioning several names and pretending to describe scenes that never have occurred within the knowledge of any of us. And the authority given for all this gossip was—Catherine Lewis's husband, whom the public would naturally take to be a reliable source of information.

I went down to breakfast rather late, and found everyone poring over the paper in a highly excited state of mind. The girls were wild, and the men were almost as indignant on our account. They said that Mr. Daly

242 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

was raving around like a madman, threatening to shoot Arfwedson on sight; but it was discovered that that indiscreet gentleman had left Chicago, with great prudence, on a very early train.

We boiled with rage all day; some of the girls cried, and declared they would start for New York that very day, but the older people talked them out of the idea, and we went to the theatre in the evening feeling that a tempest might burst at any minute.

The house was crowded, and the play went smoothly up to the end of the second act. When the curtain fell at that point, a group of us stood off the wings on the prompt side, a few steps from Miss Lewis's dressing-room. She had just entered it when Miss Fielding, instead of going to her own room, deliberately swept across the stage to Miss Lewis's, carrying her crowned head very high, trailing her rich court robes behind her, and looking in reality every inch a queen. She stepped inside the open door of Miss Lewis's room, and said quietly, politely, but very decidedly: "Miss Lewis, I feel it my duty to ask you where your husband, Mr. Arfwedson, obtained his authority for making the extraordinary and absolutely false statements attributed to him in this morning's papers?"

Miss Lewis had whirled around as Miss Fielding began speaking, and advanced toward her, saying hurriedly: "I have nothing to reply; I know nothing about it—I don't wish to hear anything! Leave my room, if you please!"

"No," said Miss Fielding, still calm and dignified; "such statements are a reflection on every woman in

this company. Both you and Mr. Arfwedson know that they are false; and, in my own behalf, and that of all the others, I insist upon knowing where your husband heard these falsehoods originally."

"I don't know, I tell you. Don't ask *me!* Leave the room, I say!" cried Miss Lewis, getting very much excited.

We all stood aghast; and Papa Moore, who had been rooted to the spot in round-eyed alarm at this scene between the two prima donnas, now interposed with "Ladies! Ladies! I beg of you to stop! Remember where you are! All this can do no good." And *he* advanced toward the open door. Rash Papa! For the next instant Miss Lewis, seeing that Miss Fielding apparently had no intention of leaving, suddenly darted forward, took her unwelcome visitor by the shoulders and absolutely forced her out of the room, slamming the door after her and immediately bursting into tears.

Then Miss Fielding began to cry, and poor Mr. Moore distractedly whistled out to the lobby to summon Mr. Daly. The Governor must have thought that fire had broken out behind the scenes, for in a minute he burst through the door on the O. P. side, and took about two strides over to the prompt side. Seeing Miss Fielding weeping, he rushed up to her, saying: "For heaven's sake, Miss Fielding, what has happened?"

Between her sobs the aggrieved Queen related her troubles, to which Mr. Daly listened with flashing eyes. He turned, unceremoniously opened Miss Lewis's door and strode into the dressing-room, where she sat crying with rage. She sprang up, and the Governor then

launched forth thunder and lightning, to which the lady responded with equal force and vivacity, I must say. The storm raged for five minutes, though I can't remember all they said, for both talked at once, and there was Miss Fielding weeping, to add to the confusion. We heard enough, however, to understand that all professional engagements between them were broken off then and there. At last Mr. Daly came out of the room, and this time *he* slammed the door!

Meantime the curtain had been held, Mr. Mollenhauer and the orchestra patiently playing two or three extra pieces, and wondering what on earth was the matter behind the scenes.

Miss Fielding departed to her own room to repair damages to her complexion; indeed, both ladies were sights, for they had cried till the make-up on their faces produced a zebra-like effect, and it took some time for them to rearrange their countenances.

At last the curtain went up on the third act, and everyone wondered how those two women would get through the long duet between them, when Miss Lewis, disguised as Don Mauritio, had to make love to Miss Fielding as the Queen! Well, the way they did it was simply wonderful. The audience couldn't have seen that anything was wrong; Miss Lewis is so fine an actress that she was just as arch and mischievous as ever, while Miss Fielding was as calmly beautiful and smiling, her silvery voice ringing out without a tremor. Mighty good acting in a double sense, the rest of the company thought.

While the final act was going on Mr. Daly stalked

around, with white face and blazing eyes, forbidding everyone to breathe a word about the trouble either in Chicago or New York, even to members of our own families. He walked up to a young lady who had joined us for the road trip, and to whom Miss Lewis had seemed to take a particular fancy, and dismissed her on the spot, although she had been engaged for the following season and had signed a contract with him. He told her coolly to consider that contract broken, saying that no one that even spoke to "Mrs. Arfwedson" (that was what he called her) could remain with him. That was rather unjust, I thought—what had the poor girl to do with their quarrel?

So the season has ended rather unhappily; everyone is in a bad temper, each of us considering that she has a special grievance. Strange to say, Miss Lewis will continue through this week to play Agnes in *Wives*, and then she will leave Mr. Daly for good, although she too had a contract with him for next season. What a pity for him to lose so fine an actress!

We are to begin rehearsals in the home theatre—the dear old place, how glad we shall be to see it again!—on the 18th of August, in a play entitled *Cinderella at School*. In the company the coming season will be Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the delightful old lady I saw in *Fairfax*, and Mr. James Lewis, who is considered the best comedian on the American stage. The title sounds promising; we are to be school children, and are to be dressed as little girls—that will be fun.

On the train this afternoon will be Isabelle Evesson, Lillie Vinton, Nellie Howard, Georgine Flagg, Emma

Hinckley, the Harts, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Macdonough, the Stirlings—in short, everyone who is not in *Wives*.

We shall not be sorry to say good-by to Chicago; after that horrid newspaper article we hate to go out in the street.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 7.—Only ten days in the country for rest, and here I am back in town for the old “demnition grind!” It was a hot and tedious journey from Chicago, but we had a lot of fun on the way, everyone was so glad to be going home for a rest.

We were summoned to town, however, to report for duty on Monday, August 2d, and we met in the green-room to find out about the new play, which is not to be *Cinderella at School*, after all—that is coming later, they say—but a queer gipsy play called *Tiote*, from the French play of *P’tiote*, by Maurice Drach, which was played last year in Paris at the Théâtre du Château. It is an odd, pretty piece, and we are to be gay gipsy maidens, wearing our hair all down and flying. I have the longest and thickest hair of any of the girls, so I don’t mind, but just think of the snarls I’ll have to comb out. Miss Rehan is to be a gipsy queen—of course she will be charming. John Drew is not only going to “double up,” but “triple up” in three characters—two Englishmen and a gipsy.

A new lady is Miss Emily Rigl, who plays a strong part; and another is Miss Fanny Morant, who used to belong to Mr. Daly’s old Fifth Avenue Theatre company. Never have seen her act myself, but one of the boys says disrespectfully that she belongs to the old

school that used to "chew the scenery"—by which he means she rants. She is a most imposing lady to look at.

But by far the most interesting of the newcomers are Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis. Neither is in this gipsy play, but they were in the greenroom at the first meeting of the company. It was like an afternoon reception, and the Governor was graciousness itself, greeting us all like a father and presenting us very gracefully to Mrs. Gilbert, who occupied a sort of seat of honour in front of the greenroom mirror. She spoke so sweetly to the young girls—we all fell in love with her on the spot.

Mr. Lewis is an extremely ugly little man, with a face like a comic mask, but he is most agreeable and amusing. He and Mrs. Gilbert are old friends. She spoke of how long it has been since they first played together—and it certainly was many years ago. She laughed and said: "This makes me seem as if I belonged to the fossil period, but somehow I never do realise my age."

"Dear lady, your friends and the public share your unconsciousness," said Mr. Lewis earnestly, but with a twinkle in his eye. Mrs. Gilbert laughed again, but the girls thought that compliment both sweet and neat.

Mr. Leclercq looks like a ghost after his illness in Chicago. But he is as energetic as ever, and is to be a rascally old gipsy in the new play.

No one breathes Catherine Lewis's name! "Oh, no, we never mention her!" She has joined the bevy of banished beauties whose places know them no more—in

248 DIARY OF A DALY DÉBUTANTE

this theatre, at least. I think we shall miss her sadly. But she doesn't care, I fancy. We hear she is to appear in a brand-new French comic opera called *Olivette* in a new theatre called The Bijou, only a block above us on Broadway.

This is the 7th, and we are actually going to open with this new play on the 18th, with the following cast:

TIOTE

The Gul Eray.....	}John Drew
Sidney Ferrers.....		
Jack Ferrers.....		
Darrel Crofton.....	Harry Lacy
Cecil Asper.....	George S. Robinson
Sir William Howden.....	John H. Swinburne
Sir Hugh Morgan.....	W. H. Bokee
Daddy Cadvan.....	Charles Leclercq
Jenkson.....	Earle Stirling
Owen.....	W. H. Beekman
Gwendolen.....	Emily Rigi
Lady Normant, widow of the Knight of		
Foulke.....	Fanny Morant
Dame Crofton.....	Mrs. Charles Poole
Nancy.....	Blanche Weaver
Gwillian.....	Sally Williams
Rosy.....	Isabelle Evesson

EYES AND RAWNIES

Issopel, queen of the gipsies.....	Ada Rehan
Sampriel, called the Panther.....	John Brand
Synfy, the Lurcher.....	Harry Macdonough
Crook Fin, a changeling.....	E. P. Wilks
Ursula, beldame of the Glen.....	May Sylvie

What with new scenery, costumes, and the play to get into shape, no one will have a chance to breathe

outside of this theatre. So for a while I think I must forego the pleasure of scribbling in my little book. Mamma says it is quite too much to keep up this writing at home when I should be resting. But I mean to begin again after the rehearsals and production are over—I couldn't cut my other self like that! But, just for a while, good-by, Other Me! a good many persons have been very curious to know what I was forever running away and telling you so privately, but I know you will never betray my confidence.





